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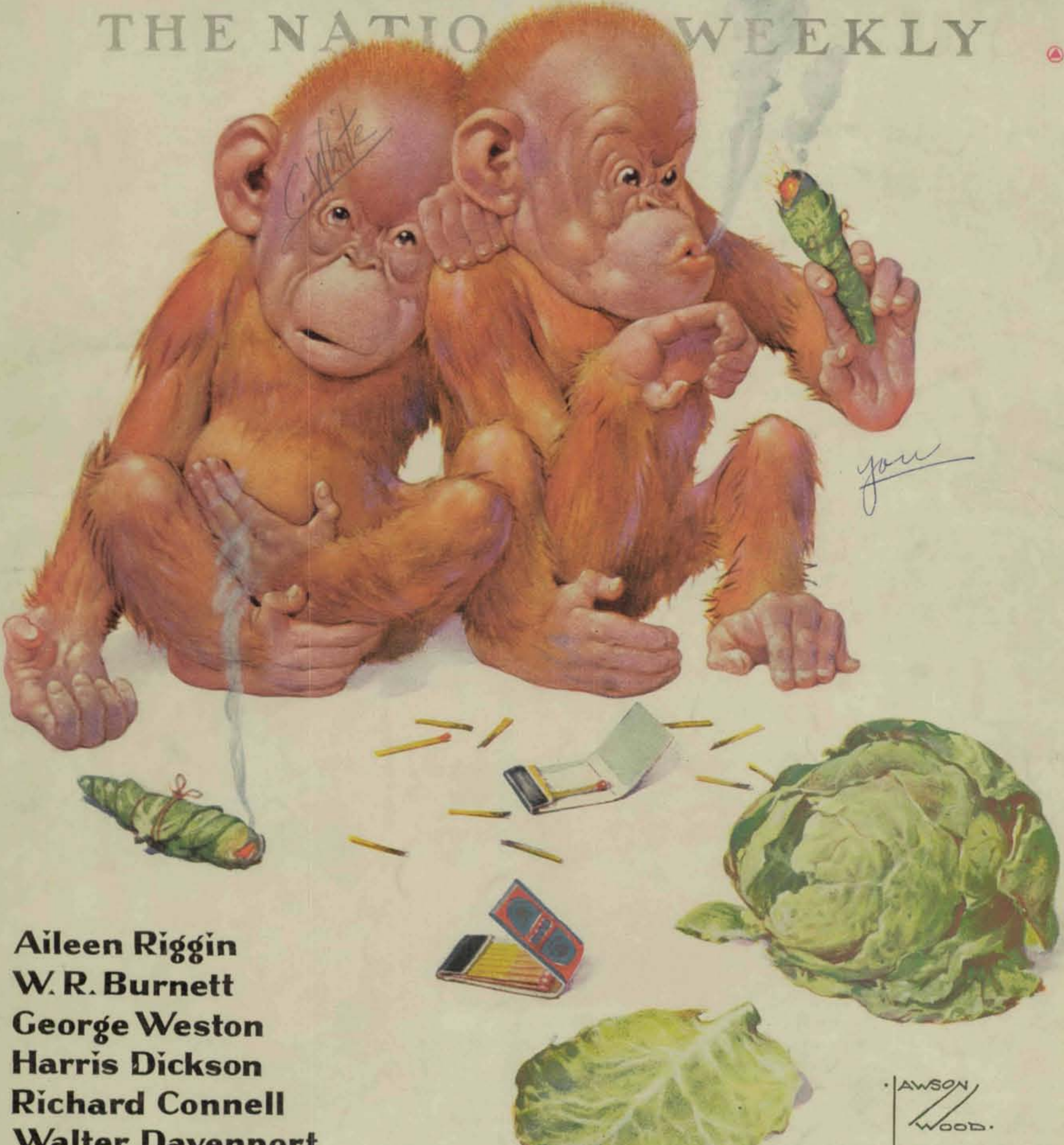
Collier's

THE NATIO WEEKLY


LAWSON WOOD.

C. White

you

Aileen Riggin
W. R. Burnett
George Weston
Harris Dickson
Richard Connell
Walter Davenport

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Sunshine Mellows

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The advice of your physician is: Keep out of doors, in the open air, breathe deeply; take plenty of exercise in the mellow sunshine, and have a periodic check-up on the health of your body.

LUCKIES are always kind to your throat

Everyone knows that sunshine mellows—that's why the "TOASTING" process includes the use of the Ultra Violet Rays. LUCKY STRIKE—made of the finest tobaccos—the Cream of the Crop—THEN—"IT'S TOASTED"—an extra, secret heating process. Harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos are expelled by "TOASTING." These irritants are sold to others. They are not present in your LUCKY STRIKE. No wonder LUCKIES are always kind to your throat.

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CIGARETTES

"It's toasted"

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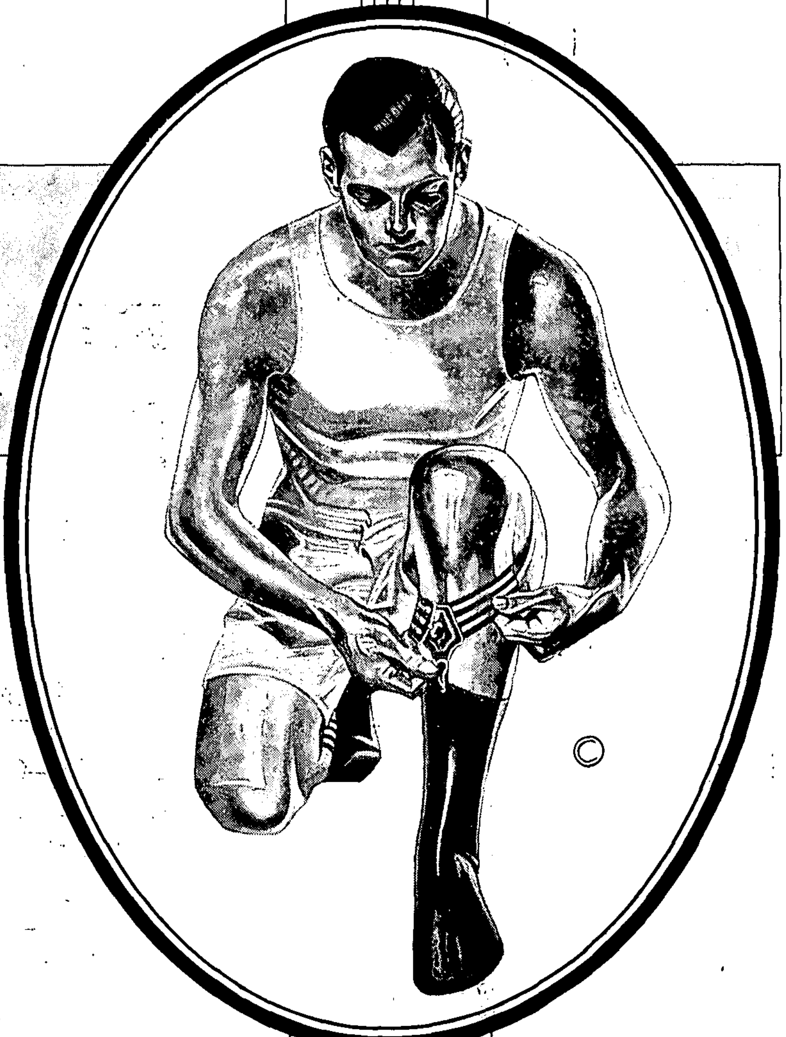

Recently over one thousand presidents of college and university fraternities were asked to name their favorite garters. Paris was mentioned *eleven times* more often than any other. Most of the men gave "best quality," "durability," and "No Metal Can Touch You" as their reasons for preferring Paris.

Dependable products, like dependable men, are always found in dependable positions. Dependability achieves leadership, reflects strength and manifests trustworthiness.

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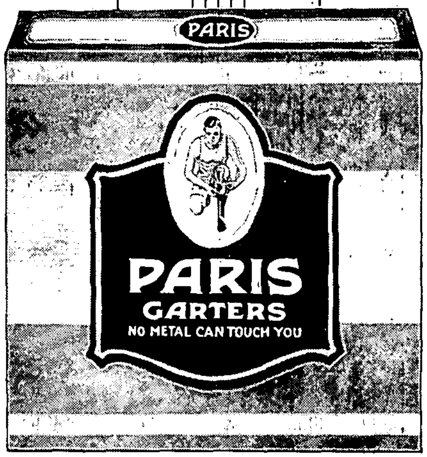
GARTERS
SUSPENDERS
BELTS



For your own protection, refuse imitations. Be sure that you receive Paris Garters when you ask for them. See that the Paris "kneeling figure" trade-mark is on the box—as illustrated here. When buying Suspenders or Belts—be sure the name Paris is on the identification label. Substitutes, at any price, cost YOU too much.

Paris Garters 25c to $2
Paris Suspenders 50c to $2.50
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A. STEIN & COMPANY, CHICAGO, NEW YORK, LOS ANGELES, TORONTO

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

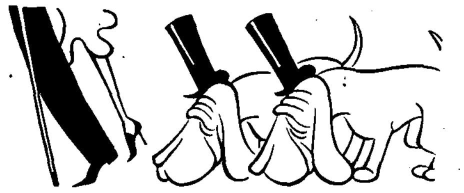
WIVES who need their husbands in the garden write plaintive protests saying that we should be restrained from continuing Mr. Burnett's story "Protection," and calling it a menace to spring gardening. What will be their consternation when we further imperil the future of horticulture —which we shall do without fail next week —by presenting the opening chapters of Charles Brackett's new novel. This will be a story of love and business—and a rare orchid in current literature. "Social Secretary" is the title—one of the loveliest blooms that ever delighted the heart. Even wives will not resist it. Pity the poor dandelions deserted in their beds.

—

LAST week W. B. Courtney told you of Professor Borchard's (Yale) record of miscarriages of justice due to mistaken identity and we promised another article on the subject. It appears next week and is fully as disturbing as the first. The innocent men about whom Mr. Courtney now writes were trapped, convicted and jailed by circumstantial evidence, or rather by the juries' blind faith in circumstantial evidence. The instances are not confined to any one section: There are Bill Wilson in Alabama, Henry Lambert in Maine (who served twenty-two years for a crime he did not commit), four Mexicans in California and a Negro in Virginia. Professor Borchard had many others, of course, but we have chosen enough to show you what happens and how easily it could strike anyone.

—

THE scene of Damon Runyon's short story, "The Bloodhounds of Broadway," is, as you have every right to suspect, Broadway, but it is that part of Broadway which is seen largely by the operators thereof and those visitors who happen to be exceptionally well heeled. The bloodhounds are real bloodhounds with long ears and wrinkled faces. They turn out also to be fairly good stool pigeons and it is the working out of this zoölogical paradox which makes an amusing and perhaps instructive story.



IN THE gambling world, with which we trust you are totally unfamiliar, the legends that have gathered about the head of Titanic Thompson are various and diverting. He is a "big shot" who was once a farm boy. His business is gambling and he devotes his whole life to it. Unless you are prepared to do the same thing you had better not gamble, he thinks. Above all, "Never Bet on an Even Chance"—the title of the article by Ruth Ridenour, and one of Thompson's rules. That's the lesson for today.

—

A LOVE story (a gamble we favor) by Hagar Wilde; a Peter Hames story, "The Luckiest Young Man," by E. Phillips Oppenheim; The Short Short Story, by H. H. Asbury; Grantland Rice; the conclusion of Sax Rohmer's "Yu'an Hee See Laughs;" Dr. Work's Bridge; Mr. Foster's fancy facts; The Gentleman at the Keyhole and other features calculated to delight the eye.

THIS WEEK

May 9, 1931

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LET'S GET MARRIED: Could it be anything but a love story?

Page 9—Hagar Wilde

A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE: A girl who didn't want to keep the doctor away.

Page 10—William MacHarg

FINGERPRINTS: Detective O'Malley, the clever fellow.

Page 11—Walter Davenport

FROM HERE TO THERE: Bridges and the fearless men who make them.

Page 14—Courtney Ryley Cooper

A WEST WIND: A drama of heroism on Hudson's Bay.

Page 16—Aileen Riggin

IN THE SWIM: What the well-dressed bather will wear.

Page 17—Harris Dickson

RIVER BOOM: The Port of Queer Cargoes in a departed era.

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PROTECTION, Part II: The new novel of Chicago.

Page 20—William G. Shepherd

WHAT'S MORAL TURPITUDE? There must be *someone* who knows.

Page 22—Sax Rohmer

YU'AN HEE SEE LAUGHS, Part XI: But he won't laugh long.

Page 24—Grantland Rice

DIZZY WHIRLWIND: A good man who knows he's good is terrible.

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THE BURNED MADONNA: By Guy Gilpatric

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A MOOSE ON ROLLER SKATES: A baseball comedy drama.

Page 38—The Gentleman at the Keyhole

THE FENCE MENDER: Republican activities.

Page 41—Freling Foster

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD!

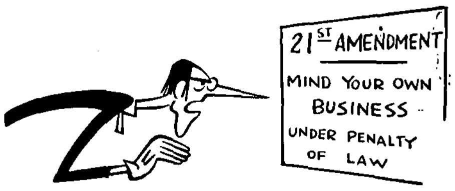
Page 44—Milton C. Work

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT?

Page 82—Editorial

Any Week

NOBODY could care less for anonymous letters than we, but here's one that commands us. The writer wants to know where we'd stand on a Twenty-first Amendment making it a crime for anybody to interfere in his neighbor's personal affairs.



FEARFUL of a trap, we withhold our opinion. But we unhesitatingly applaud Mrs. S. O. Austin, who writes from Flint, Michigan, that she has read us for sixteen years and grows more enthusiastic weekly. But what fetches us to our feet with an exultant bellow is her closing lines:

"You may be interested to know that we named our youngest child after Jennifer Challis, who appeared in your magazine in a serial over six years ago." (White Fire, by Louis Joseph Vance, in 1925.)

—

"NOTHING surprises me any more," writes Mr. James Arthur Messenger of Paducah, Kentucky. "Now that Senator Brookhart is going to demand that Congress forbid our soldiers and sailors to halt anywhere where liquor is obtainable, I'll bet he will pin a codicil or something to it, forbidding drinking in the United States too."

—

MR. SIMON G. WEISSKOPF of the Bronx, New York City, protests that Richard Connell didn't do right by the Bronx Weisskopfs in his story "Spring in the Heart." What Mr. Simon Weisskopf resents is that Mr. Connell's Weisskopf sat on a park bench, intent on holding hands with a Miss Kleinhaus of the Bronx, got green paint on his new trousers, *and did not mind at all.* This, he insists, is contrary to all good Weisskopf traditions. A true Weisskopf, keeping at least one piercing eye on the lady, would borrow her handkerchief and carefully wipe off the bench.

—

AT ELEVEN THIRTY-FOUR at night, Mr. Robert J. Beatty stepped into a telegraph office in Columbus, Ohio, and hotly informed us by wire that "Judge Throckmorton just broke up bridge game and went home because he had not read this week's Collier's stop Judge would adjourn court rather than not read Collier's completely before Sunday broadcast please stop broadcast so we can finish game Sunday nights."

—

MR. LUKE KILROE of Lexington, Kentucky, doesn't agree with us always. But, he says, our relations are like those of his grandpappy and the stranger on a mule.

"Stranger," said Grandpappy, "that's a right good-lookin' animule you're sittin' on. How much would you take for him?"

"Well, sir," said the stranger, "I'm attached to this here mule but a man like you could take him for an even hundred dollars."

"I'll meet you halfway," said Grandpappy, "and give you five dollars for that mule."

Whereat, says Mr. Kilroe, the stranger dismounted and removed the saddle.

"Brother," said he, "you just now made the purchase of one right interestin' mule. I ain't the man to let a little thing like $95 stand between me and you."

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$2.00 a year in the United States and Canada; $4.00 a year in foreign countries.

To an Executive who has earned $6,000 a year

ALONG the route of a business career, nearly all men get stalled temporarily at some point.

After going ahead nicely for a few years, passing milestone after milestone of salary increases, they suddenly find themselves "brought up with a short turn."

For most men, this occurs at about the $100-a-week or the $6,000-a-year mark.

What is there about round figures like these that buffaloes good men and stops them from going on and up?

Two types of men can answer that question.

One type might say: "Six thousand a year is my goal. It's a good income—much better than average. I'm satisfied."

The second type will answer: "Two years at the same salary! Me! That will never do. I've run myself out of gas, and now I'm due to get the tank filled. It simply takes *more power* to go on from here."

If you are one of the latter type, this page is addressed to you. What will give you the added power to go forward?

More knowledge? Yes—but not mere *volume* of knowledge. You might easily spend years increasing your store of knowledge, yet not affect your income in the slightest.

What you need is a *definite kind* of knowledge that will help you to meet conditions as they are today. Business today is entirely different from business ten, or even five, years ago. The old rules no longer work.

To progress beyond the $6,000 mark you *must know the new rules*. No matter what your job, you must have an understanding of the new influences that are at work everywhere. There is a new sales strategy, there are new production methods, a new export situation, new methods of determining security prices, a wave toward big consolidations—in short, a new era of business.

How can you get this new equipment?

Many men in precisely this situation are finding the answer to their problems in the Alexander Hamilton Institute's new Course and Service. This Course, new from start to finish—so new, in fact, that the latter part is barely off the press—is abreast of modern business down to its final detail.

WARNING

The next 5 years offer more opportunity for profit—and more danger—than any similar period in a generation

In order to make the Course as sound as it is up-to-date, we have enlisted today's foremost leaders in many fields of business as contributors. Among them are:

ALFRED P. SLOAN, JR., *President*, General Motors Corp.; FREDERICK H. ECKER, *President*, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company; HON. WILL H. HAYS, *President*, Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America; DR. JULIUS KLEIN, *The Assistant Secretary*, U. S. Department of Commerce; DAVID SARNOFF, *President*, Radio Corporation of America. And many others.

Can any ambitious man fail to get something of value from contact with minds like these? Here are a few examples, selected from many hundreds, showing how this organized knowledge is translated into added earning power:

CASE 1. Works Engineer, salary $6,000; now Vice-President and General Manager, salary $18,000.

CASE 2. Local Manager at $5,200; now Regional Manager, salary $15,000.

CASE 3. Production Manager, salary $6,000; now President, salary $21,600.

We invite you to send for the facts

The facts are contained in a booklet entitled, "What an Executive Should Know." It should be read by every man who is near that hazardous stage where men either stop or go on up, according to their own decisions.

This booklet is well worth half an hour of your time. Many men have said that in 30 minutes it gave them a clearer picture of their business future than they ever had before. It discusses *your* next five years in business clearly and helpfully. It contains the condensed results of 20 years' experience in helping men to forge ahead financially. It is interesting from the first page to the last.

This booklet costs nothing. Send for it.

To the Alexander Hamilton Institute, 464 Astor Place, New York City. (In Canada, address Alexander Hamilton Institute, Ltd., C. P. R. Building, Toronto.)

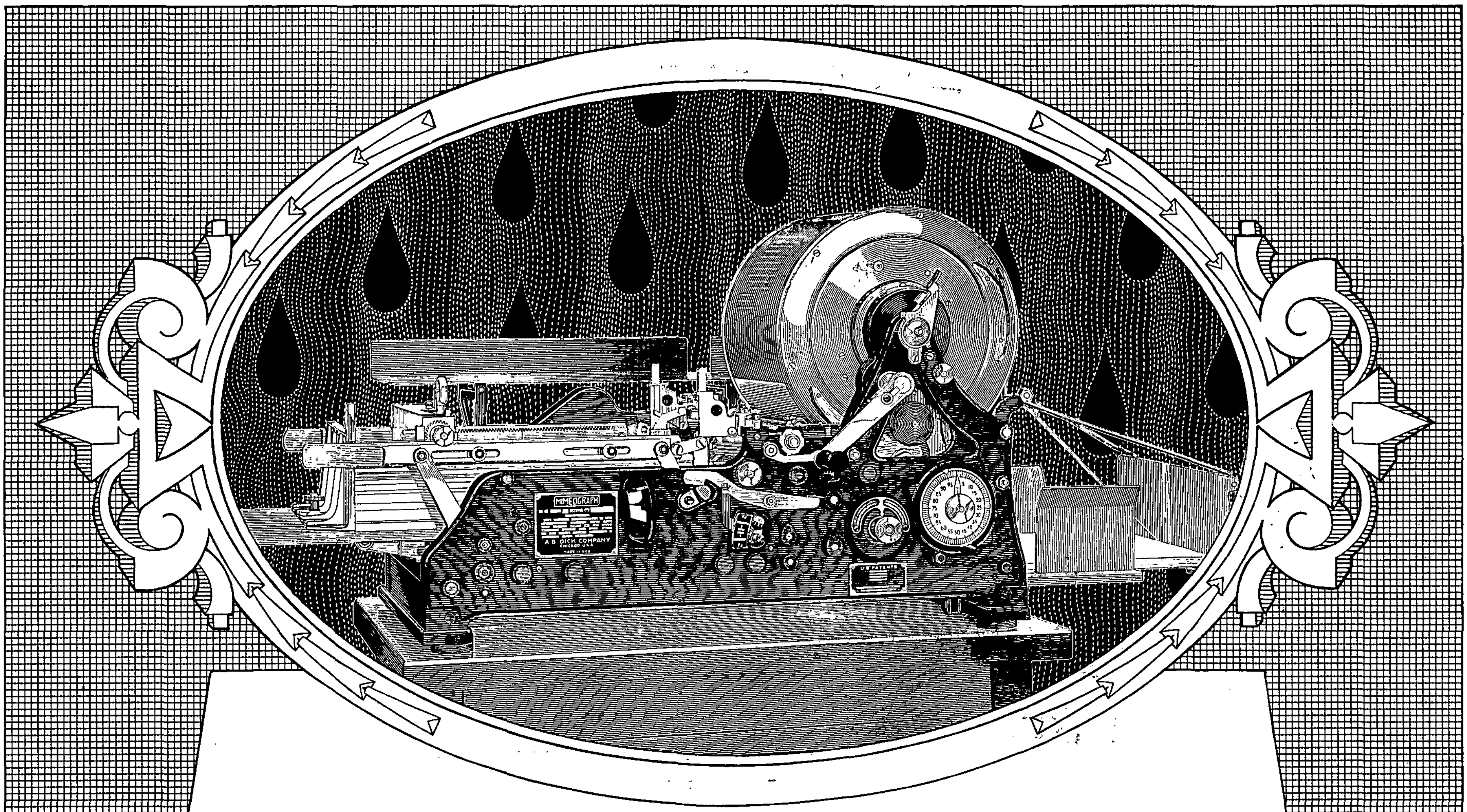
Send me "What an Executive Should Know," which I may keep without charge.

NAME..

BUSINESS ADDRESS..

....

BUSINESS POSITION..



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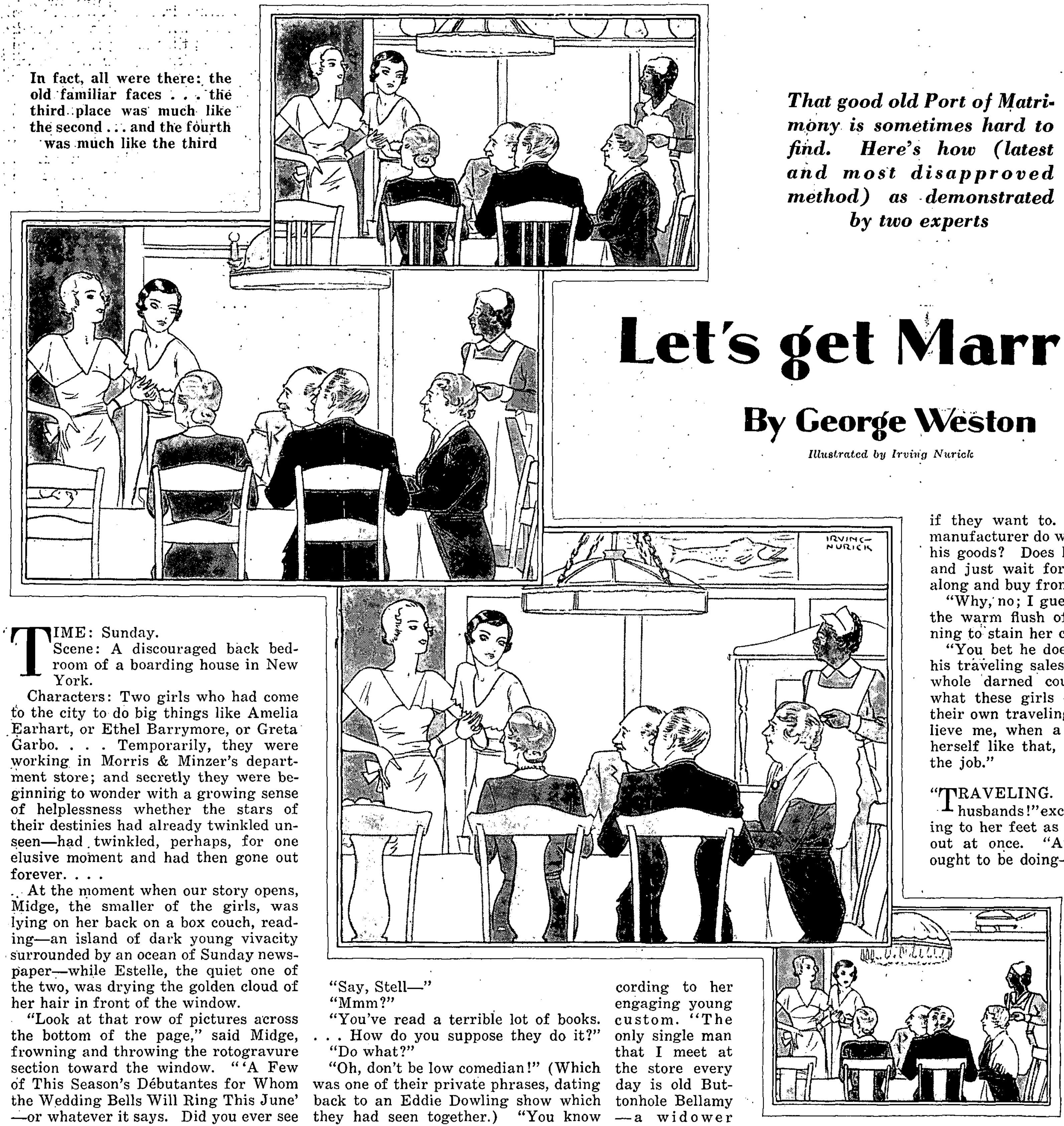


In fact, all were there: the old familiar faces . . . the third place was much like the second . . . and the fourth was much like the third

That good old Port of Matrimony is sometimes hard to find. Here's how (latest and most disapproved method) as demonstrated by two experts

Let's get Married

By George Weston

Illustrated by Irving Nurick

TIME: Sunday.

Scene: A discouraged back bedroom of a boarding house in New York.

Characters: Two girls who had come to the city to do big things like Amelia Earhart, or Ethel Barrymore, or Greta Garbo. . . . Temporarily, they were working in Morris & Minzer's department store; and secretly they were beginning to wonder with a growing sense of helplessness whether the stars of their destinies had already twinkled unseen—had twinkled, perhaps, for one elusive moment and had then gone out forever. . . .

At the moment when our story opens, Midge, the smaller of the girls, was lying on her back on a box couch, reading—an island of dark young vivacity surrounded by an ocean of Sunday newspaper—while Estelle, the quiet one of the two, was drying the golden cloud of her hair in front of the window.

"Look at that row of pictures across the bottom of the page," said Midge, frowning and throwing the rotogravure section toward the window. "'A Few of This Season's Débutantes for Whom the Wedding Bells Will Ring This June'—or whatever it says. Did you ever see such a bunch of dumb bunnies?"

Emerging with leisurely grace from the veil of her hair, Stell looked at the paper—looked at it with that air of critical young knowledge which, together with a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles which she only wore in business hours, had made her one of the best salesgirls in Morris & Minzer's book department.

"Oh, I don't know," she said at last. "They may look dumb, but they've got their men. And that's more than some girls can say," she added, with a glance toward the couch before retiring behind her veil, "—no matter how smart they are."

Once more there was silence in the room—but now this silence had suddenly attained significance. There was no sound, but in the stillness it was impossible to escape the feeling that at least one of the girls was wrestling with a problem which must be nearly as old as the human race.

"Say, Stell—"

"Mmm?"

"You've read a terrible lot of books. . . . How do you suppose they do it?"

"Do what?"

"Oh, don't be low comedian!" (Which was one of their private phrases, dating back to an Eddie Dowling show which they had seen together.) "You know what I mean. These society girls who are waiting for the wedding bells: How do you suppose they met the men they're going to marry? Is it a trick they learn in private schools?"

"NO-O-O," said Stell, speaking like a veiled prophetess from behind the bright gold of her hair. "From what I've read, I guess you can learn a lot in private schools. But some things just come natural."

"All right, then; how do they do it natural?" asked Midge, beginning to warm up. "You know yourself that you've got more class than most of the girls at the bottom of that page. And me—maybe I'm no Marlene Dietrich, but I'm not exactly cross-eyed, or pigeon-breasted, or anything—"

"You're a darned good-looking kid, if you ask me—"

"Then why do we meet so darned few men who are any good?" demanded Midge, growing warmer and warmer, according to her engaging young custom. "The only single man that I meet at the store every day is old Buttonhole Bellamy—a widower three times and out. And the only single man under fifty that I meet here at Mommy Mulholland's every evening is that kid upstairs who wants to be an aviator and put it all over Lindbergh, if somebody will only buy him a plane and show him how to work it."

"You don't have to tell me," said Stell with something like a sigh.

"Then how do those dumb debs do it?" demanded Midge, almost fiercely. "That's what I want to know!"

When Stell spoke next, she spoke slowly, absently—as a veiled prophetess should.

"Well, for one thing, they have money to travel. . . ." she began. "They aren't nailed down like us. . . . They can go to Bar Harbor and Southampton in the summer; and California or Florida in the winter. And if they don't find anybody interesting there, they can get on a boat and go to Europe, or the West Indies—or all the way around the world, if they want to. . . . What does a manufacturer do when he wants to sell his goods? Does he stay in his office and just wait for somebody to come along and buy from him?"

"Why, no; I guess not," said Midge, the warm flush of inspiration beginning to stain her cheeks.

"You bet he doesn't. He sends out his traveling salesmen and covers the whole darned country. And that's what these girls do. Only they are their own traveling salesmen; and believe me, when a girl's working for herself like that, she isn't loafing on the job."

"TRAVELING. . . . Traveling for husbands!" exclaimed Midge, jumping to her feet as though ready to set out at once. "And that's what *we* ought to be doing—right now!"

"Oh, don't be low comedian."

"I'm not low comedian!" cried Midge earnestly. "I mean it! I really do."

"You're crazy!"

"Is a fox crazy?" (Another of their private phrases.)

"Then where would we get the money to travel? Especially after quitting our jobs at the store?"

"We don't have to quit our jobs at the store!"

"Now I know you're crazy," retorted Stell.

"No; listen!" exclaimed Midge. "You said yourself that these girls were their own traveling salesmen. Well; do you know what a *real* traveling salesman once told me? He said that New York City was the biggest and the richest territory in the whole United States. . . . Now, I don't know how many boarding houses there are within a mile of here, but I'll bet there's easily a thousand. And in all those boarding houses, do you mean to sit there and tell me that there isn't a couple of nice young fellows somewhere—who wouldn't mind looking at a couple of nice young samples? . . . Like those two tall fellows who sometimes look at us when we see them coming down the steps of that boarding house next to the fur store, and who we thought followed us home the other night?"

Slowly, and yet with the shining eyes of one who gazes upon the bright face of Adventure, the prophetess emerged from her veil for the third and last time.

"Say . . ." she began (which was another of their private phrases.) "You've been eating fish again. . . ."

She was interrupted by the dinner bell downstairs. At Mommy Mulholland's they had dinner in the middle of the day on Sunday; and because the two girls had gone without breakfast so they could sleep late, they postponed further argument in favor of the more serious business of getting down to the dining-room.

"Now!" whispered Midge as they descended the basement stairs a few minutes later. "You look 'em over, and tell me what chance there is down here!"

AND indeed it was an unlikely looking lot of prospects that sat around Mommy Mulholland's tables, intent upon their soup. At the head of the long table sat Mommy herself, a grim old girl with a voice like a sergeant's, who hadn't kept a boarding house in New York for nearly thirty years without learning a few strange facts of life. At her right was Mr. Zollner, a retired accountant, who counted prune pits and things, and didn't like to be interrupted in his sums; at her left was old Dr. Donovan, the veterinary, who still believed that he would see the day when garages would be changed back into stables. Then came Mrs. Lowell, who always put on her hat to come down to dinner; and Mrs. Luderick, who had gone to Paris on her honeymoon "when it *meant* something to go to Europe, my dear," and Mr. Marlowe, who never left his room unlocked and was suspected of embroidering and keeping a large doll; and Mr. McNally, who had gone up to the Klondike in the big rush but had apparently come down again with nothing more important than a pair of frosted feet.

And Miss Spencer, the inevitable business woman with the gray hair and flat feet; she, too, was there. And Mrs. Larsen, who hadn't heard from her husband for nearly twenty years, but still looked every morning for a letter. And Mr. Muldoon, who managed the chain grocery store on the corner and had a wife in Detroit. And Mr. Zollner's niece, "senior statistician for the International Life and Fire." . . . In fact all were there—the old familiar faces—even to that young man of whom you have heard, who wanted to be better known than Lindbergh and who looked sourer than ever because no one seemed to care a darn about his great ambitions.

"HONESTLY, Midge," said Stell, when they had returned to their room half an hour later, "after what we'd been talking about, if I had stayed down there another minute, I think I would have screamed!"

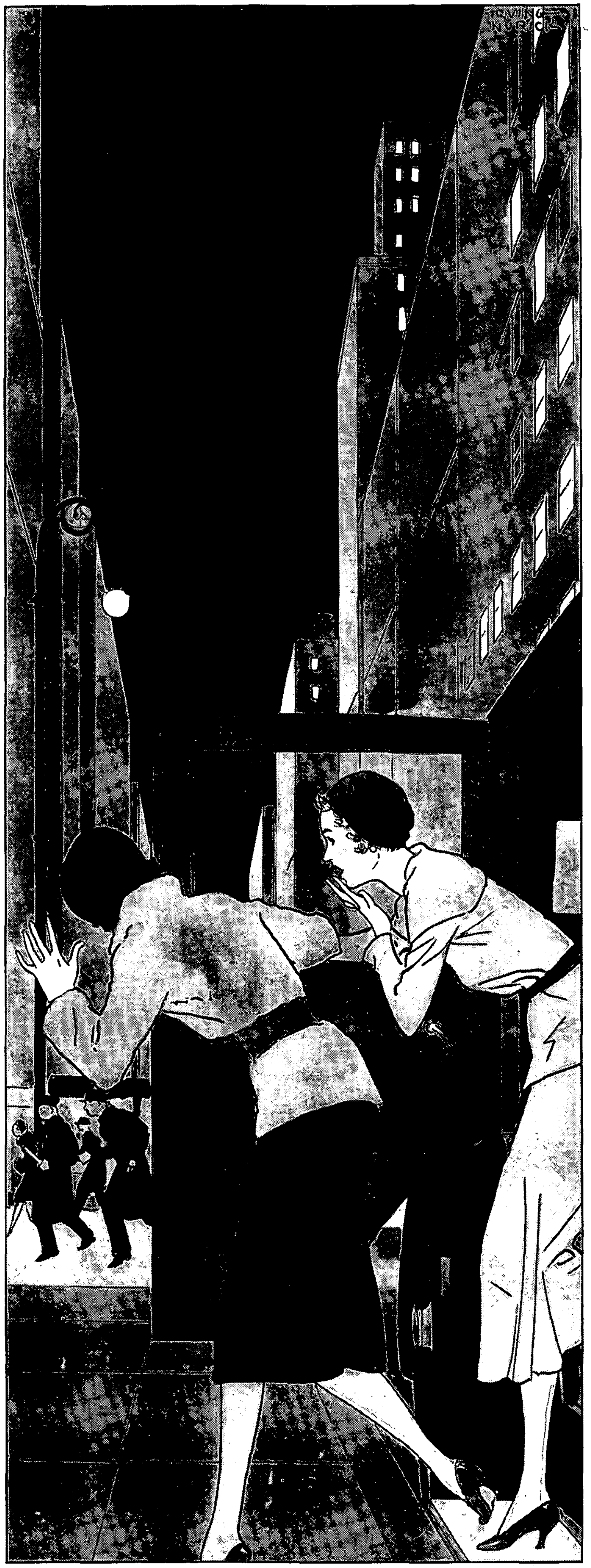
"Well?" demanded Midge eagerly. "What do you say?"

"I say, let's try a little traveling, if it's only for two or three weeks," said Stell after an earnest young pause. "One thing sure: if we stay forever, we'll never make a sale around here! . . ."

So the girls started traveling. Indeed, from the first, the whole thing might have been fated.

Midge and Stell were hurrying to work the next morning when in the distance they saw the two tall young men come sauntering down the steps next to the fur store—two tall young demigods who looked as though they should be riding dawns instead of subways.

"Look!" muttered Midge from the side of her mouth.



"Wait a moment; I'm coming—as soon as I've slipped this darned watch back of the cushions!"

"What do you think I'm doing?" murmured Stell.

"I'm sure they're the two who followed us home last week. When we walk past the house, take a good look under the bell, though anybody can see it's either a boarding or a rooming house."

The sign under the bell said "Board and Rooms," and the two girls called that night. They paid a week in advance for a room that was strangely like the one which had been their home for over a year, and they moved in the next morning, taking only their suitcases and best-looking clothes—leaving their trunks in Mommy Mulholland's basement.

"Gee, I'm excited!" said Midge that night, as she changed her dress for dinner. "Suppose they ask us out somewhere. . . ."

"If you want to do a little supposing: suppose they don't even notice us," said Stell, who was as busy with her complexion as Midge was with her dress.

"Don't you worry about that," said Midge serenely. "I'm going to give them the magnetic glance."

Which was another of their private phrases—this one dating back to a book which they had read that winter, How to Develop Your Personality.

"You be careful," said Stell. "You know what happened when you tried it on Mr. McNally!"

"Yes; but I was only practicing then, to see if it worked—"

YET if you could have seen them when the dinner bell finally rang downstairs, they would probably have drawn your eye without the adventitious aid of any man-made guides to personality. Stell was a cool, graceful study in luscious pistachio, while Midge was glowing in a silk which might have reminded you of a dark red rose.

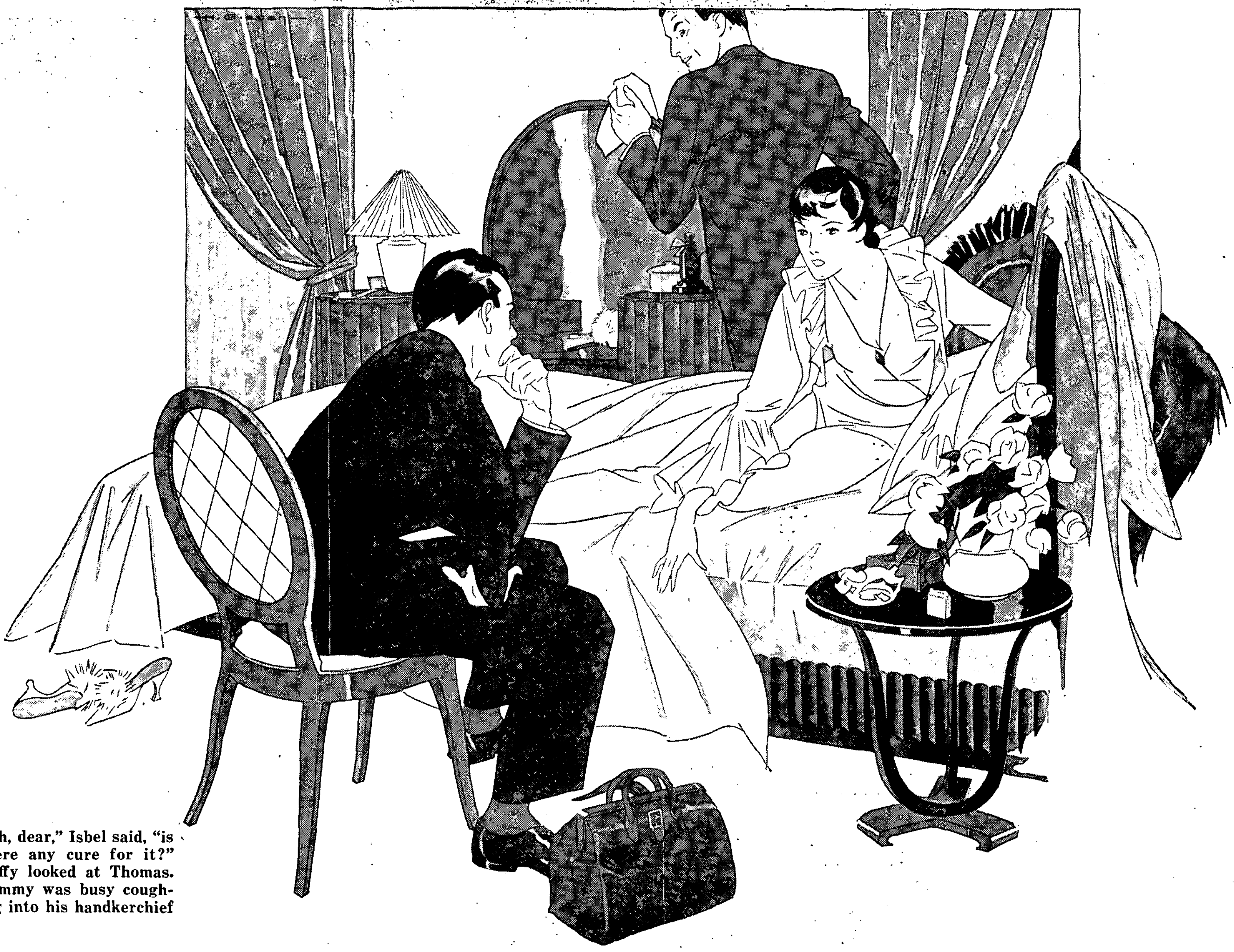
"Isn't it great?" laughed Midge, and indeed there was no doubt about her excitement. "And can't you see now how those debs get a great kick whenever they strike a new resort or a new ship—and go down into the dining-room for their first dinner?"

They timed their entrance with dramatic instinct—waiting five minutes after the bell before making their way down to the dining-room. As they had hoped, all the others were busy with their soup—but as they had also hoped, there was a general business of suspended spoons when the two new boarders gracefully entered and paused near the doorway—Stell modeling herself upon the blond insouciance of Ann Harding, while Midge had more of the colorful briskness of Nancy Carroll.

"Good evening!" exclaimed Mrs. Haustetter from the head of the long table. "My, how sweet you girls do look! . . . Right over here, please: these two chairs between Mr. Markoff and Miss McNab. Pearl—two more soups. And while she's bringing them, I must introduce you to my little family. . . ."

AS THE members of the little family bobbed their heads, one by one, over their soup spoons, the hearts of the two young travelers sank lower and lower. . . . With a slight change of names and similar unimportant details, these boarders might have been sitting that moment in Mommy Mulholland's dining-room. Mr. Markoff had three sparse locks carefully brushed over the top of his head. . . . Miss McNab had short gray hair and a chin like a prize fignter. Mr. Huckel smiled cheerfully through the few teeth which nature had left him. . . . Mr. Bloss looked at Mrs. Bloss before he smiled at all. . . . Miss Cooney evidently enjoyed some secret sorrow. . . . In fact, all were

(*Continued on page 73*)



"Oh, dear," Isbel said, "is there any cure for it?" Cuffy looked at Thomas. Tommy was busy coughing into his handkerchief

A Doctor in the House

This story, carefully compounded of love and laughter, is prescribed for those who suffer from ennui, acute solemnity and kindred ailments

By Hagar Wilde

Illustrated by H. Giesen

AT TEN-THIRTY o'clock on a Wednesday evening in November, Isbel Drake was moving into the Traymore apartment hotel. She was twenty, alluring, spoiled and tired.

Upon entering the elevator, she sprained her ankle. She held onto her maid's arm all the way up, limped down the hallway and into her apartment, where she called Dr. McCuffy Maxim. Dr. McCuffy Maxim had played robbers and Indians with her when he was fifteen and she ten. Dr. McCuffy took care of her colds and stomach aches, leaving the more important ailments to the Drake family physician.

Cuffy's office reported that he could be reached at another telephone number. Isbel called it. When Cuffy answered, she said, "Cu-ffy, I've ripped a tendon or a ligament or something, in my ankle. I want it bandaged."

"See here," Cuffy said, "this is the first time I've been to the theater in two months, and the hero is just telling the girl that her mother isn't her mother. Get somebody else, darling. Anybody can bandage an ankle."

"My tendons and ligaments are important to me if they aren't to you," Isbel said, "and, being a doctor, you have to look after me. I know the law. Besides, I don't know anybody else—any other doctors."

"Where are you?"

"I just moved into the Traymore."

"Good. Are you there now?"

"Yes."

"Call the house physician. It's Tommy Berents. He's a friend of mine. I'm going now. Probably the heroine has finished crying about it and I've missed the best part of the show."

So Isbel, after a few pointed remarks about serpents and their dealings with friends, called Doctor Thomas Berents, who had an office on the ground floor, and history was in the making.

THOMAS BERENTS had one interest and two aversions. The interest was medicine, and the aversions were, in order of their importance, women patients and calves' liver and bacon.

He left a thrilling report on Samuel Katz's basal metabolism and proceeded, with great reluctance, in the direction of the blue and gold elevator which was to bear him to his fate. A drawling little voice somewhere upstairs had a sprained ankle and knew McCuffy Maxim.

He found the voice and the ankle propped in cushions with the light shining on its hair. He noted, without interest, that its mouth was very red. That, to Thomas, meant good circulation.

"C-u-uffy didn't tell me you were handsome," Isbel said.

"Let me see it," Thomas said.

"What?"

"The ankle."

"It's right here at the bottom of my leg," said Isbel.

Thomas bandaged it in silence, plopped his tape back in the black bag and snapped it shut. He looked at a pair of ridiculously high-heeled slippers under the bed and said, "If you'd wear sensible shoes, you wouldn't sprain your ankles."

"You must have worked for years to get this perfect bedside manner," Isbel said.

"Keep off your feet tonight. Your ankle will be all right tomorrow." He hurried back to Samuel Katz's basal metabolism with a sigh of relief.

Isbel was disappointed the following day upon awakening and finding the ankle practically as good as new. She wandered around with a discontented expression and finally called Cuffy at his office.

"Cu-uffy," she said, "I thought I'd invite you for dinner."

"What do you want now?" Cuffy said, knowing her.

"I WANT you to bring Doctor Berents," Isbel said, laying her cards on the table because they were too heavy to hold up.

"Don't waste your time, angel. He's a misogynist."

"Oh, that's all right, I'm broadminded."

"He wouldn't come. Be a good girl and find yourself another plaything."

"Cu-uffy, I want that doctor."

"You can't have him. He wouldn't come, I tell you."

"How do you know he wouldn't come if you don't invite him?"

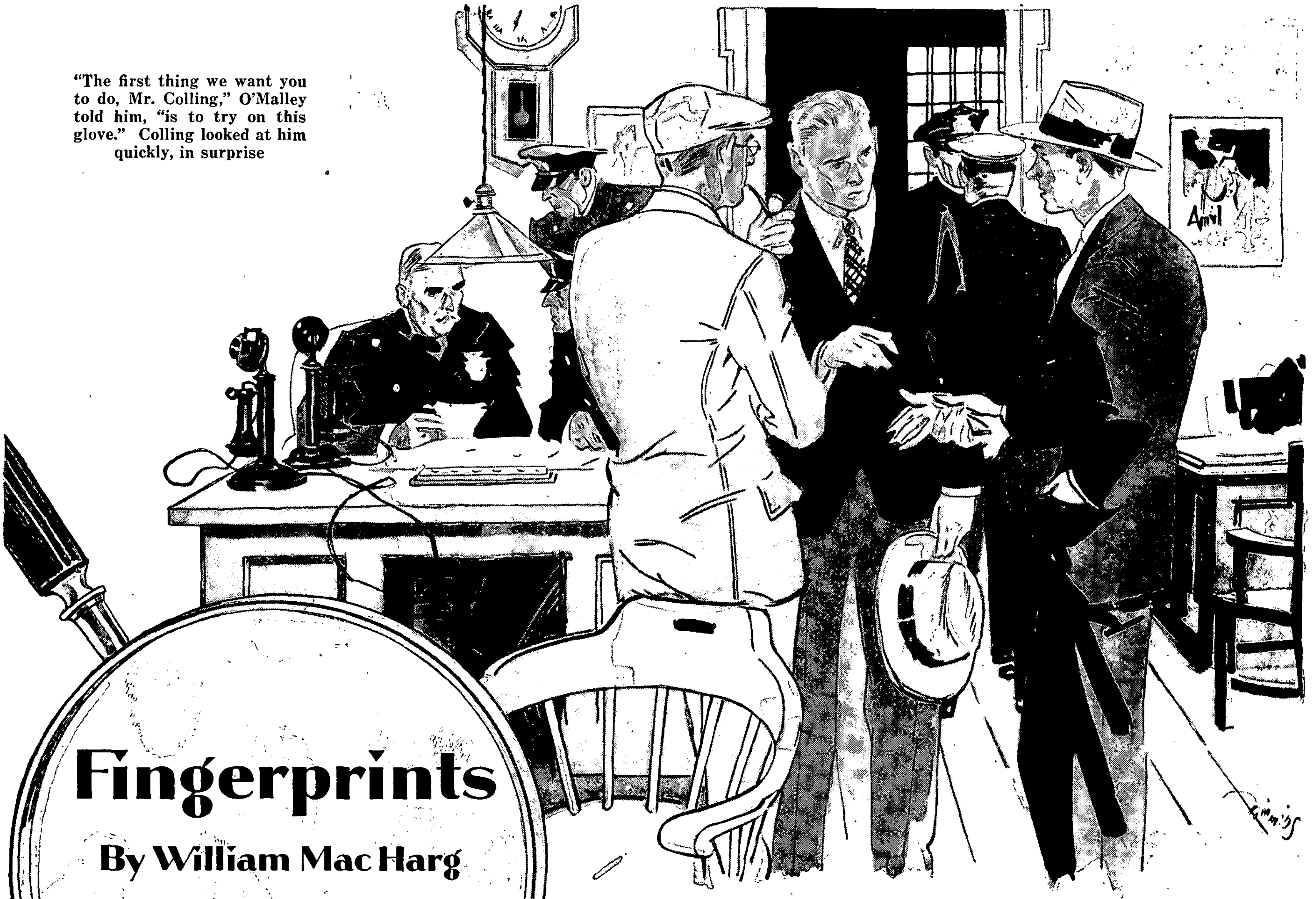
"Instinct, lamb. He hates women. Every woman patient he has is in love with him."

"I know a lot of jokes and funny sayings, Cuffy."

"The moon is out of reach this time,

(*Continued on page 78*)

"The first thing we want you to do, Mr. Colling," O'Malley told him, "is to try on this glove." Colling looked at him quickly, in surprise



Fingerprints

By William MacHarg

Detective O'Malley finds a murder suspect, and resorts to the use of some helpful fingerprints and some even more helpful psychology

Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins

"THIS is a case," said O'Malley, "where they thought a girl had been hit by an automobile, but when they come to look her over a few times they found that she'd been shot. They don't know who she is or where she come from, and there's some good men working on the case but they ain't found out nothing. Now there'll be one more good man, because I got to go and look at her, but I don't expect to find out any more than they have."

We went and looked at her. She was a very pretty girl and she had been shot twice in the back of the head. They had her clothes at the station house and we looked them over carefully. There were no marks of any kind on any of them. The manufacturer's name in her shoes could not be read and the makers' labels had been carefully cut out of her hat and the fur coat she wore.

"These people that get knocked off," O'Malley stated, "seem to try to make it hard for us. It looks like she cut those labels out herself."

"We got another thing," the desk sergeant offered. "We got a traveling-bag full of clothes that got picked up out of a ditch about a half-mile from where they found this lady. It might not be hers."

"But then again it might," O'Malley answered. "People don't generally throw away full traveling bags without some reason."

We examined that too. There were no initials on the bag or on the toilet articles it contained and there was no marking on the clothes. We took the clothes out of the bag and compared them with the ones she had had on and it seemed that they ought to fit the same person.

"ALL this ain't natural," O'Malley concluded. "A woman carries more things than this in a suitcase. She carries letters and most always photographs. Where's her other glove?"

"She didn't have but one," the sergeant answered.

"A woman wears two gloves."

"This one didn't."

"That's a man's glove, O'Malley," I objected, "not a woman's."

"Sure, it's a man's glove and one time it was cleaned, but she might wear man's gloves if she was driving. She have it on?" he asked the sergeant.

"No; it was found near her."

We went back into the outer office of the station.

"So you got nothing more than that?" O'Malley asked.

"Well, we might have one more thing," the sergeant answered. "A guy was driving along the road last night where she was found and he saw a parked car and heard a man and woman quarreling; so this rubberneck stopped his car to listen. When they seen him the quarreling stopped. He couldn't see 'em; it was dark. So he drove on; but before he done that he wrote down the number of the car. He was the kind of guy that would. He called us up just now and gave us the number and they're looking up who the car belongs to. It might not have anything to do with this."

"Probably not," O'Malley decided.

We went out and got back into our car and drove out to where the woman was found, and then on farther to where they found the suitcase, and we looked everywhere along the road to find the other glove, but didn't find it. So O'Malley went into a house and called the station.

"They found who owned that car yet?" he inquired.

"Sure," the sergeant answered. "The name's Norman." He gave us the address. "They've gone over there now," he added.

We were in the Bronx, but now we drove back to Manhattan. It was one of a row of apartment houses very much alike, which had garages behind them. There were police officers all over the place. "They got anything new on this?" O'Malley asked one of the officers.

"Certainly. We got it all solved. This Norman, he's her husband, done it. We found him in bed asleep in the middle of the afternoon and his car has been parked since morning in front of his garage and there's blood in it."

We went behind the house to where they were working on the car. They were powdering it for fingerprints.

"Getting anything?" O'Malley asked them.

"You bet. Two kinds, on the doors and on the windshield—hers and another kind that must be her husband's. Nobody else's."

"Anything on the steering wheel?" O'Malley asked.

"Nothing on the wheel. Those are smeared so they can't be read."

We looked into the car.

"She wasn't driving," O'Malley decided. "There's blood on the right-hand seat but none on the driving seat."

"THAT was a man's right-hand glove, O'Malley," I insisted.

"Sure. And a man takes off his glove before he pulls a trigger."

We searched the car thoroughly for the other glove, but didn't find it, and then we went up to the apartment. The police had finished questioning Norman but had not taken him to the station house. He was a good-looking young man who sat staring straight before him, paying no attention to anything that went on.

"What's his story?" O'Malley asked the officer in charge of him.

"Says he was in Boston and got home this morning. His wife wasn't here but he didn't think nothing about that because it was morning. Don't know if the car was here then or not, because he was tired and went right to bed."

"Say," O'Malley said to Norman, "you got a pair of brown gloves with yellow stitching?"

"Sure. In the dresser drawer."

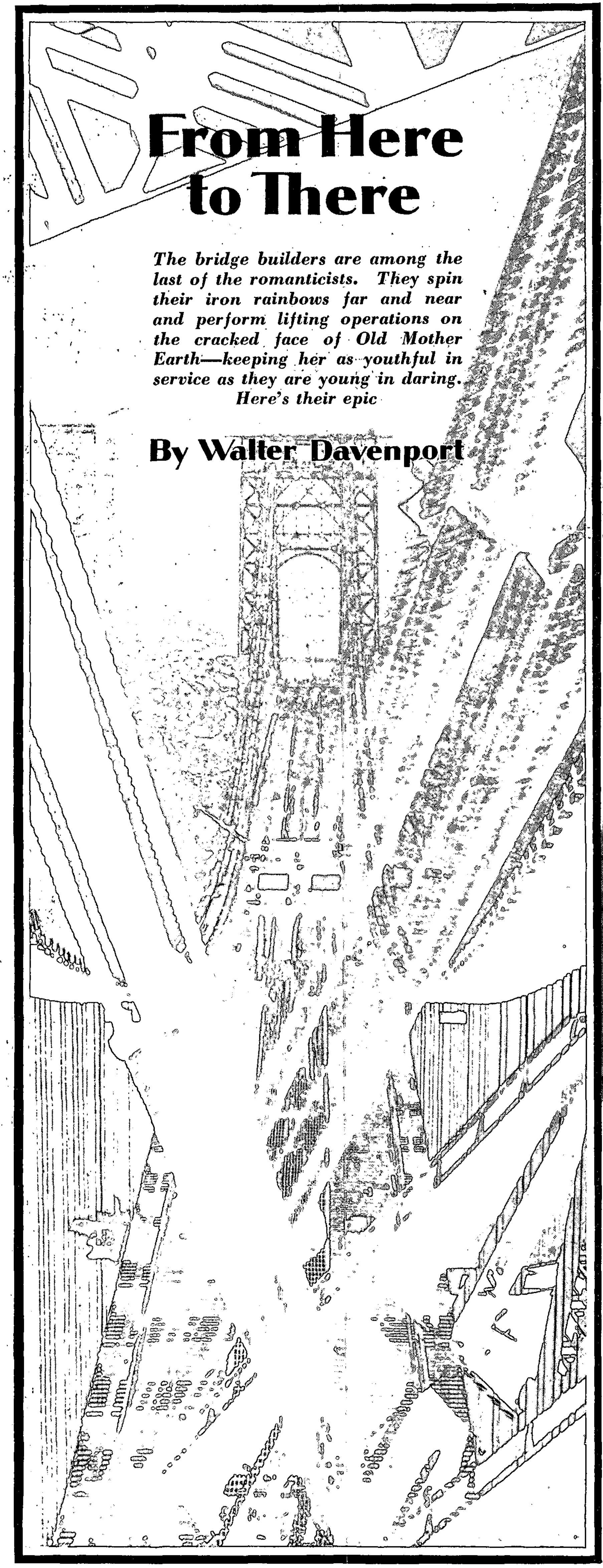
We looked in the dresser drawer. There were several pairs of gloves there, but none like the one that had been found, and there was no odd glove.

(*Continued on page 68*)

From Here to There

The bridge builders are among the last of the romanticists. They spin their iron rainbows far and near and perform lifting operations on the cracked face of Old Mother Earth—keeping her as youthful in service as they are young in daring. Here's their epic

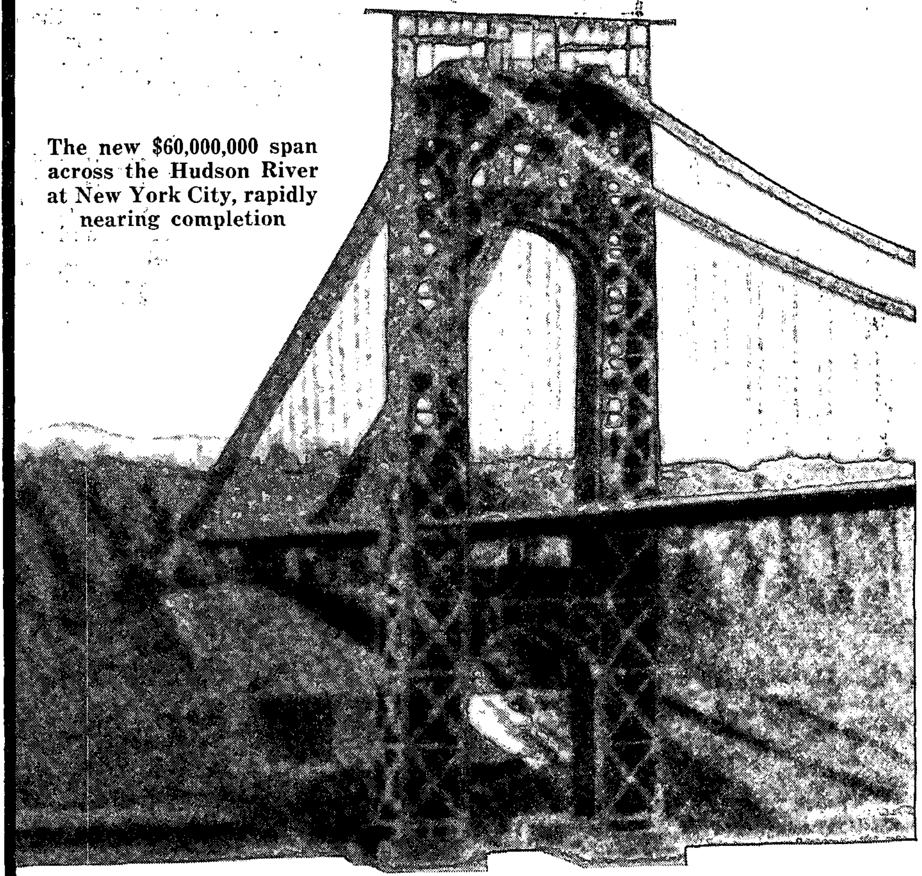
By Walter Davenport



EVERYBODY knew, in 1779, that Abraham Darby had gone a bit queer. His neighbors in Coalbrookdale, England, were loath to agree that Mr. Darby, the erstwhile conservative iron founder, had softened aloft; but what were they to do with the evidence right at their feet?

The news of Mr. Darby's sudden lunacy had traveled as far as London; in Parliament members for Shropshire had given notice that they would eternally oppose the squandering of public money on the dreams of a crank—Abraham Darby.

The trouble was not so much that Mr. Darby had begun to bridge the Severn with iron (although that in itself was absurd) but that he intended spanning the river with one leap, so to speak—to throw a single cast-iron arch, one hundred feet long, right across the stream. Nettled by these scoffers, Mr. Darby had given further evidence that sanity had deserted him. He announced that he was sorry the Severn wasn't twice as wide.



The new $60,000,000 span across the Hudson River at New York City, rapidly nearing completion

Yes, and he went on to say that, save for memorial and decorative purposes, the masonry bridge would soon be obsolete and that the time would soon come when metal bridges would rear themselves over waters ten times as wide as the Severn. There was talk of committing Mr. Darby; and it is likely they would have done just that had not his cast-iron span been an enduring success. Looking back at Mr. Darby, one is grieved that he isn't with us today to behold the thirty-five-hundred-foot rainbow that his successors have so nonchalantly spun across the Hudson River—the beautiful monster that ties New York City to the eternal Palisades—and, presently, to behold the vast suspension bridge that will span the glittering Golden Gate at San Francisco and which will be even longer than the Hudson River yoke.

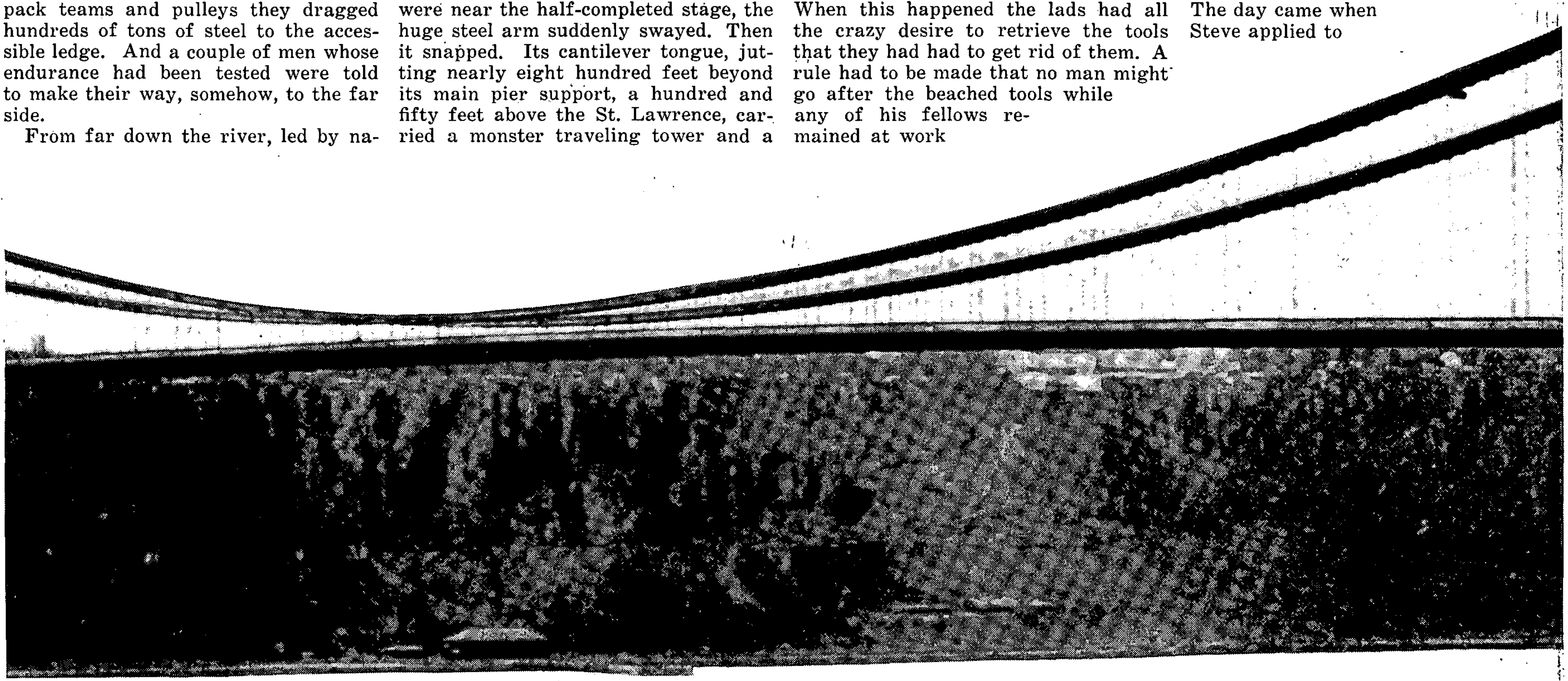
To him generally is conceded the honor of being the first successful builder of iron bridges. Others had tried it before him and had failed; more because they lacked finances than because they lacked skill.

After him came engineers to fling steel through the air as calmly and as surely as a herder whips his lariat, men who invented as they went, who laid steel paths on air and through blue space that their fellow men might go forward. Abraham Darby founded a race of defiant giants, like Andes McClellan, who need only a commission and enough steel blithely to bridge from hell to breakfast. I use Andes McClellan's own words.

They have taken on Nature at her most formidable and have won. They fought lions and fever but bridged Uganda's rivers that the African road from Mombasa to the coast might join the Cape-to-Cairo rails. They lashed peak to peak in the Himalayas in Upper Burma to shorten a trade route a thousand miles and open a door for a million people to visit the rest of the world. They scaled the sheer walls of the Zambezi's valley and lassoed a mountain peak with steel ropes on which they marched into a virgin country. Some of them died but none failed. And out of their daring and airy courage has come the calm serenity with which we now go about bridge building. The only question the bridge builder asks today is: "Where is the money?"

In stature these and their far-flung brothers are dwarfed by today's spans but their romance was ruddier. Twenty years ago a little group of steel men grinned at one another in an office in Pennsylvania. A brief letter had come from Africa bidding them (or even daring them) to come on and build the viaducts they had offered to raise across the Uganda bottoms. Here was adventure.

An engineer and a few erectors to whom bridges were merely structures



and space just something to be eliminated set forth armed with rifles, medicine chests, blue prints and maps. Inasmuch as they would be in Uganda many months they planted vegetable gardens that they might maintain something of their American diet. They saw rhinoceroses take possession of the gardens. Then they beheld the engineer stalked and felled by a lion. They saved him and went on with their bridge building.

As they built they saw other lions leap in and out of their camps, now and then carrying a native laborer with them. And presently they found themselves spanning streams and bridging chasms with armed guards patrolling the roadway, keeping off the beasts that, apparently, were determined to die in defense of their jungle.

Then the call came to throw a span across a gorge that earlier engineers had pronounced unbridgeable. Five hundred feet below flowed the Zambezi River. The walls of the canyon, five hundred feet apart, were as sheer and as perpendicular as the sides of the room you sit in.

A crew of British lads looked it over casually, then yelled for steel. One cliff was the edge of no man's land—no man had visited it, no man knew what it contained. They hauled the metal up the mountain that they knew, all of it. By windlass, by cranes, by pack teams and pulleys they dragged hundreds of tons of steel to the accessible ledge. And a couple of men whose endurance had been tested were told to make their way, somehow, to the far side.

From far down the river, led by natives who knew the jungle but had never seen the unknown ledge, they hacked their way up. And in the meantime the engineers sitting on the steel had hooked a thin line to a rocket. A flare in the night sky told them that their men had reached the far cliff and had rested from their fight with the wilderness. And into the blackness, in a high arc, they shot their rocket with its tail of rope.

The line fell into the trees and was made fast by the isolated men. In the morning they hand-hauled the light line in, dragging with it a heavier line. On the second line came a small trolley-suspended basket. In it were a few parts of a machine that would reel in heavier lines. And presently all the parts were across and the machine set up.

Thus through the air a spidery arch five hundred feet long was set up, piece by piece. And five hundred feet below, raging like a wild beast, infuriated because it could not get at its conquerors, was the Zambezi. The engineers were a little cowed by the distant torrent, a little fearful that men would grow dizzy as they saw the boiling water and heard its roar. So they spread nets below the wires—nets that would catch men who had lost their balance.

Those nets caught trouble, not men. It was noticed that the roughnecks didn't go to work with the customary zest. Here and there little groups of them gathered in sullen resentment. And then the engineers demanded reasons.

"It's them bloody nets," protested one of the gang bosses. "We don't want no nets. They make us nervous."

Where Error Means Disaster

It was different then—bridge building. In those days you took your steel and a general plan and set forth for the place where they wanted their bridge. You put it up, but you never knew how until you had done it. And they were good bridges, too; as good as Abraham Darby's, on which men crossed the Severn for more than a hundred years. But today the last rivet, the ultimate nut, is planned in the engineering offices and errors are so rare that bridge builders forget all but those that make great disasters.

Disasters like those that haunt the mighty Quebec bridge, with its huge span of 1,800 feet. In 1907, while they were near the half-completed stage, the huge steel arm suddenly swayed. Then it snapped. Its cantilever tongue, jutting nearly eight hundred feet beyond its main pier support, a hundred and fifty feet above the St. Lawrence, carried a monster traveling tower and a lighter platform for a steel derrick.

With a slight shudder, as if stricken, the groping arm sagged. Then, carrying more than eighty men, it fell. It lies today on the floor of the river. And under it lies what remains of more than seventy men. The Canadian government tried again. All went well until they were hoisting the central or connecting span into place. The erection had progressed from both banks simultaneously. All that remained was to put up the span that would connect these two.

This span had been built on the shore, several miles downstream. They perched it on huge barges and carefully towed it to a position under the cantilever arms it was to join. Derricks on these cantilever arms took hold of its ends and pulled upward. The falling tide dropped the barges and the span swung free.

They hoisted the five thousand tons of steel to the track level. And then a casting at one corner of the connecting span cracked. A dozen men rode with the span into the river and stayed there.

But the third time they made it. Today the Quebec bridge is regarded as one of the finest of its kind—as safe as bridges made by man may be.

This, the greatest disaster in the history of bridge erection, had no demoralizing effect upon the breed of men who spin those great steel roads through the air. When you think of such lads as Doc and Bridges and the Peer boys who helped repair the Niagara River suspension bridge, below the falls, you know that death means nothing more to them than—well, another leap into space.

Two hundred and forty feet above the river, Doc and Bridges worked and skylarked on the eight-hundred-and-twenty-foot span. They and their comrades were as wild a bunch as engineers have ever directed. On the American side worked men whom police warrants awaited on the Canadian shore. On the Canadian span there were roughnecks who were wanted in the States. That kind.

Life and property meant nothing to them—their lives and the contractor's property. Now and then tools slipped from their hands; sometimes they dropped them for no better reason than they felt like dropping something. The tools that fell into the river were forever gone. But some fell on the shore. When this happened the lads had all the crazy desire to retrieve the tools that they had had to get rid of them. A rule had to be made that no man might go after the beached tools while any of his fellows remained at work above. No telling what might happen to him. No telling what whim might possess the men above. They might test their marksmanship with a rivet, a wrench, a sledge hammer. Their humor was as hard as their hands. So the contractors set Saturday afternoons for the rescue of tools that had fallen on the shores.

Because the wind swept that gorge, steadying guy ropes sloped off from the construction work to the Niagara's banks. Doc, deciding not to waste time running down the long ladders at the end of the bridge, grabbed a guy cable and began an insane hand-under-hand trip to the river bank, a crazy journey of six hundred feet.

A Perilous Race

Bridges, his rival, decided it should be a race. So he grabbed another guy cable, one nearer the center of the bridge and therefore longer—about seven hundred feet. The construction superintendent, arriving too late to stop the men, roared orders to them to come back. But they had gone too far to return. There they were—hand-walking themselves down the long ropes from the lofty span to the shore, pure suicide. Their faces showed that they had begun to regret. Above them their buddies cursed them, threw bolts at them, thinking thereby to keep the minds of Doc and Bridges off their peril.

Presently Doc was able to throw a leg over the cable he was on and, thus hooked, slide the rest of the way. But Bridges couldn't summon the strength. How he held on, no one knows. But he did until he was thirty or forty feet from the ground. Then he let go. Doc reached the ground on the wire. Luck was with Bridges, too. His fall had ended easily in the branches of a tree! They caught him like a cradle—and prevented him from being hurt. Together they fetched back the tool they had raced for—and were fired.

Bill Saves the Day

On the same bridge worked the Peer boys—cousins. One of them, Steve, had seen Jean Blondin walk a slack rope across the falls—one hundred and sixty feet above—pushing a wheelbarrow. Steve had seen that when a boy and had never forgotten. Blondin was his life's hero and under the spell he had learned to walk a slack rope slung between trees and houses. The day came when Steve applied to his bosses for permission to pay a real tribute to his hero. He wanted to walk the traveler rope that hung slack far above the bridge, three hundred feet above the river. Permission was refused.

But his cousin, Bill, came to the rescue of the Peer honor. Bill would jump from a still higher bridge below the cataract. And he did. The miraculous part of it was that he bobbed serenely to the surface and swam ashore unhurt. Steve almost died with chagrin but Bill was a hero. You will understand how remarkable it was when you realize that now and then twelve-by-twelve timbers, twenty feet long, had fallen into the river from the bridge. Those that struck the water lengthwise were instantly shattered.

News of Bill's exploit traveled far. He had passed the hat before his leap and had collected two or three dollars—no more. But he would jump again and this time he expected a larger and more generous crowd. He got both. This time he went about it like a business man. He enlisted the backing of hotel men. A publicity expert notified the country. Newspaper reporters came running to the Falls. Special trains fetched crowds from as far as Cleveland.

On the great day, in the presence of a great crowd, Bill appeared in beautiful tights and made his bow. He and cousin Steve passed the hat. Before they had finished they had collected several hundred dollars. Steve put the money in a large carpetbag and crossed to the Canadian side. Then Bill mounted the little platform from which he was to jump.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he cried, "six weeks ago I made this leap and you disappointed me. My heroism was rewarded with less than five dollars. Yes, you disappointed me. But, ladies and gentlemen, this is another day—my day. Today, friends, I am going to do the disappointing."

And Bill left his platform and ran like a deer to join Steve on the Canadian shore. They had retired from bridge building—in that part of the world anyway.

Photograph by D. Jay Culver

Such men built our bridges. Their spirit survives in the huskies who have spun the steel web across the Hudson. Industry's discipline is sterner today and the steel weavers less bizarre. The erection of a bridge has become a commonplace. As a people we take too much for granted, are oversophisticated. Our imaginations have gone fat. A bridge is a bridge—and why not? A bridge, in the immortal words of the Pennsylvania Dutch schoolboy, is something to put water under.

Not until we start analyzing that Hudson River bridge part by part, now that they are putting the finishing touches on it, do we get excited. Perhaps nothing appeals more to the jaded imagination than the four great cables—those two magnificent curves which seemingly grow like fabulous vines out of the banks of the river, up over the lofty steel towers on either side of the stream and span the tide with a swallow's swoop.

These cables, thirty-six inches in diameter, were spun right on the bridge. One hundred and seven thousand miles of wire, .0195 inch in diameter, were delivered on reels containing 150,000 feet—28,370 tons of it. Then these slender tendrils were passed from one end of the bridge to the other, over and under wheels like skeined yarn, until ropes four and a half inches thick were made, each containing four hundred and thirty-four strands of the thin steel wire.

When they had spun sixty-one of these ropes and had combined them, they had an enormous cable, forty-eight inches in diameter. They had bunched together 26,474 thin wires more than a mile long. They had created, in rough irregular shape (practically hexagonal), one unfinished cable.

A Mile of Solid Steel

Then huge rings or clamps were slipped around the monster and a million and a half pounds pressure put on each clamp. In a few seconds that section under the clamp was squeezed from forty-eight inches in diameter to thirty-six. This along the entire length of the cable until it was a mile of solid steel.

These monsters can support five times the load they will ever have to carry. They cost $12,500,000—more than a fifth of the entire cost of the bridge. It took nearly four hundred men two years to make them with equipment costing $2,000,000.

The live load—the traffic load—these cables will be asked to support is 28,000,000 pounds, a bridgeful. Add to that the weight of the 3,500 feet of span between the supports and you have loaded them with 164,600,000 pounds. Not that you need worry. In addition to the dead weight of the span, those cables could carry five times the live load of 28,000,000 pounds. It is not the desire of this writer to stagger you nor fret you with statistics; but somehow we feel you might like to know about those cables.

How, and to what, are they fastened? Well, on the New York side they are tied into a block of concrete weigh-

(Continued on page 70)

DONALD TEAGUE 1931

A West Wind

Joe Brossert chooses aster—a drama of a heroism has

THE supply boat Northern Star was sailing away; already it was only a smudge on the slate-gray waters of Hudson's Bay. Hesitantly, the ravages of fear still quickening his glance, a huge man moved from a fringe of gnarled timber, where he had been in hiding ever since dawn, when the boat's whistle had signaled danger. But now the Northern Star was sailing away, after a harmless visit. Still, he did not feel safe. One could never feel safe with the Provincial Police after one. They wanted Joe badly, particularly Sergeant Healy, from whom he had escaped when his every slow-witted attempt to prove his innocence had failed.

At last, at the door of his ramshackle cabin, Joe Brossert paused, looking timorously down over the muskeg and granite to where the broad waters of the Churchill River joined the turbulent waves of Hudson's Bay. Freeze-up was in the air; the smoke hung low about the few low-built cabins down at the river. This was north of 57; winter came early and stayed late. There was consolation in that. There would be no more supply boats until June.

Joe did not worry about the twenty or more members of the engineering crew down there in the cabins. They were all from the East, Montreal—even to Jimmy Davis, their chief—with little knowledge or interest in what happened in the Prairie Provinces. But he must not take chances. Joe Brossert knew that the Provincials often made use of such boats to send descriptions and photographs into far-away places.

"I ought to have gone on when they first showed up here!" Joe Brossert mused.

There was a queer reluctance about his conclusion, as though this were a place beloved, this weirdly cruel country. The reason lay in that row of cabins and what they stood for. Here, some day, if plans came true, a city would rise. Those cabins represented the advance guard of hordes of men, an army which next spring would begin the erection of a sub-arctic metropolis. Two hundred miles to the south, through fair weather and foul, a railroad was building across the wilderness, with this place as its objective. Here great elevators would rise, and business houses; this was to be the port by which the agricultural provinces of Canada might find a new and shorter outlet to the sea, and thence to the markets of Liverpool.

That fascinated Joe Brossert. Pioneering had always fascinated him. His forbears had fought the frontiers of Quebec and the tangled bush of northern Ontario; he had been reared to a faith in far horizons. So, in his time, he too had set forth, out Brandon way, in Manitoba.

That had been when he was known as René Thibault. He'd had great dreams then. They'd all ended quickly enough when Ed and Harry Boyce, his neighbors, had turned him in to Sergeant Healy as the man who'd killed Old Man Marshal.

JOE BROSSERT brushed a big hand over his eyes, and rounded the cabin to a lean-to where he fed the six husky dogs which bounded and whined at his approach. Then at last, hobnails scratching, he started slowly down over the granite mound toward the engineers' camp.

No suspicion met him there. Nor welcome, for that matter; everyone seemed gloomy and taciturn. Brossert went on to Jimmy Davis' office; he was always welcome there, he knew. But this time the chief was little better than the others.

"'Lo, Cheerful," he grunted from his desk, and went back to his blueprints. Joe Brossert stood clumsily hesitant; a slow-thinking man at best, he could not understand this change of attitude. Davis usually joked with him; it was Davis who had named him Cheerful because of his enthusiasm over the new post. Davis was young, alert, usually laughing. But now he scowled and, with a sweeping motion, crumpled a sheet of scratch paper upon which he had been working.

"Well, they handed us a fine deal!" he snapped at last. "Here we are, twenty men who've never spent a winter in the bush before—men out of drafting offices, railroad terminals, main-line construction, all of us up here in a hell-hole for eight months of freeze-up. So the Know-It-Alls down in Montreal scratch off every requisition I made for the winter!"

"I thought all those things were coming on the Northern Star," said Brossert.

"Try to find 'em!" Davis rose from his desk, and began to pace. "You don't see any wireless set, do you? Or a phonograph? There's what they sent!" He jerked the wrapping from a bundle of newspapers. "That and an armful of old magazines!"

Cheerful said nothing. Suddenly intent, he had moved forward and allowed a big hand to paw at the papers. Some of them were from Winnipeg and Brandon and Saskatoon; evidently the supply depot had selected a variety. Davis walked to his cupboard and poured a drink, gulping the rum straight.

"Want to take one or two of 'em?" he asked. "Bring 'em back when you're through. The gang will be howling for 'em all soon enough."

That night, when the northern lights were streaking the sky, and the bay was thundering with a freshening gale, Joe Brossert stepped outside his cabin. The dogs were howling in the lean-to, wolf-like cries, always more lonely, more eerie, as freeze-up approached. Below, a few lights gleamed from the engineering camp. Joe Brossert raised his hands to his hot face.

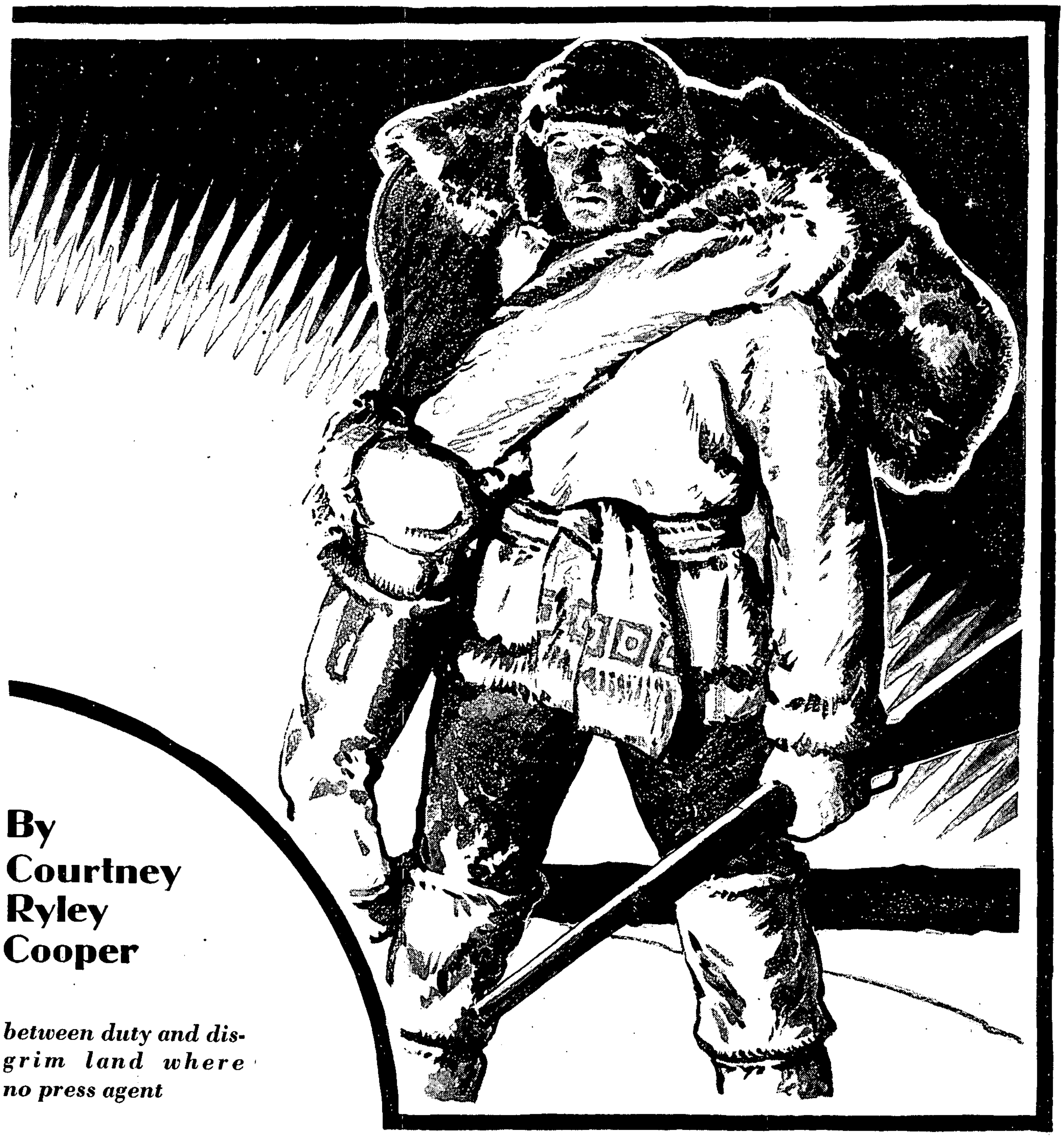
"I've got to get out of here!" he groaned. "The minute freeze-up hits—go some place where Healy can't follow!"

Those western newspapers had carried two grueling bits of news. One was a paragraph stating that Sergeant John Healy of the Manitoba Provincial Police had been transferred from his old post, down Brandon way, to the job of keeping law and order up at the end of steel on the new railway building into Hudson's Bay. If he were that close, he might come closer.

"I've got to go on!" the man moaned. "Some place where they'll never find me!"

BUT when his hands had dropped to his sides and he stood facing the biting wind, there came again that strange, indefinable emotion which had held him here, against his better judgment, ever since the arrival of this crew had invaded the loneliness of his hideaway. The lights suddenly had grown brighter, creating strange imageries; their brilliance seemed to transform the land before him. Street arcs twinkled along broad thoroughfares, forms moved, great ships lay in the harbor, tremendous buildings rose where now there were only slime and swamp and rock and muskeg.

A queer throb came into Joe Bros-



Then, while the northern lights still flickered, Brossert halted, and stared into the darkness

By
Courtney
Ryley
Cooper

between duty and dis-
grim land where
no press agent

sert's heart; this was the sort of thing he had always dreamed of; a vague, jumbled ambition which some way included him in the birth of great achievements. But gradually it all passed. The lights changed to evanescent figurations; the vision faded with them. Joe Brossert stumbled back to his cabin with its flickering oil lamp, its newspapers and its smoky stove.

Joe had a queer hatred for that stove. He seemed born to smoky stoves; his stove on the farm near Brandon had been that way too. It was smoking terribly the night Old Man Marshal was killed. As if that had helped. Sergeant Healy had paid no attention to him when he'd said that he'd been in the house all night trying to get it to draw.

At last Brossert clumped onward to the table where lay the Brandon *Monitor* and jerked the sheet closer to the uneven light of the oil lamp, his eyes centering again upon an item in the Bensonville notes:

"Ed and Walter Boyce were the purchasers last week of a new combination harvester and thresher. The Boyce brothers are certainly making some fine additions to their farm. Good luck, boys."

Brossert reread the item.

"How can they buy a combination?" he asked himself. "I never could buy a combination. And they didn't raise as good crops as I did."

Then he folded the paper quickly. All this awoke memories. That and the stove yonder, gusting wisps of smoke. It made this cabin seem like the other one, down in the Brandon country. He'd just opened the door, he remembered, to let the smoke get out, after the stove had been drawing well for a half hour or so. There stood Sergeant Healy, to put him under arrest for killing and robbing Old Man Marshal, who lived a half mile or so toward town.

THE Boyce boys had heard some shots, they said, from their cabin, a mile past Joe's place in the other direction. They'd telephoned Sergeant Healy, and told him about seeing Joe that night with his gun, going toward the Marshal place. Nor had it aided Joe to protest that he had only been looking for a deer, and had not fired, even once. He could have cleaned the gun, Healy said.

"Wish I'd never had that squabble with Old Man Marshal," the man groaned, "or called him an old miser. That made everybody think I did it." Suddenly he straightened. "I can't stand around like this. I've got to be ready to get out of here when freeze-up comes!"

The next day he went to his work, as usual, an extra laborer in the ax crews. But when night came and he was all alone, he made the first of his preparations. Where he was going he did not know; he must drive on, deeper into the wilderness. He'd live somehow—or die. After all, it didn't make much difference. He'd die by a rope if Healy got him.

A week went by in glowering days, or faintly sun-splotched. The fun of labor was gone now; Cheerful became secretive, silent at his work. It was not noticed. The other men were silent also, and grim. Eight arctic months lay before them, without even the comfort of a portable wireless set for communication with the forces of the railroad, across the intervening universe of the Barrens. The sharp commands of Jimmy Davis revealed an evidence of strain. The work of the men had lessened; no one spoke now of the future. No one cared. There was only one thought in twenty minds: of how they would weather the winter.

Then, after a hard day, a new whine came into the wind, rising steadily to a blasting roar, with the white enemy of freeze-up driving straight before it. Careening, storm-tossed men hurried to the shelter of the combined cache-house and mess hall. That night, Joe Brossert piled the rusty stove tight with wood, and prepared for his get-away. But as he worked, he again found himself glaring at the glowing bit of metal, with its acrid smoke darting between the cracks.

But suddenly he halted his thoughts, and swung about, arms extended as if to hide the evidences of packing about him. Someone was kicking the snow from his boots at the door. The latch raised. It was Davis.

"Hello," he said in a tone of surprise. "What's all the packing for?"

Joe Brossert swallowed jerkily.

"I—was just coming down to tell you," he said at last. "I guess I'd better be moving on. You see, everybody's running through the bush here; I can't get anything in my traps."

Davis stood for a moment in quizzical survey. Then he moved impulsively forward and grasped Joe Brossert's huge arms.

"Look here, Cheerful!" he commanded. "Don't you know that it's up to you whether any of us live through this winter or not?"

"ME?" the man stared. "Up to me?" He laughed. "I ain't no use to anybody."

"You're just this much use, that if you should go away, we'd all have a hard time pulling through." He broke away then, into nervous pacing. "Maybe it doesn't hit you that way. You're accustomed to it; you're an old-timer up here."

"Yeh, I've been up here a long time," Joe said. It was his most frequent lie.

"That's why we need you," Davis said. "I came up to talk about it. Everybody's getting a little sourer every day—they'll be at one another's throats in another month if we can't get their minds off it. They'll listen to you. You know—you're an example. You've wintered it a dozen times up here."

A queer pride began to course Joe Brossert's veins.

"Oh, I guess I could keep 'em cheered up all right," he said.

"Sure you could. You could shame them into being game, if nothing else. We've got to have something to lean on. I've felt it myself lately," he said nervously, "wanting to get out, wondering what's going to happen. Haven't let the men know anything about it, of course."

Joe Brossert rubbed nervously at his stubbled chin.

"I ought to get on into new territory," he fenced.

Davis faced him.

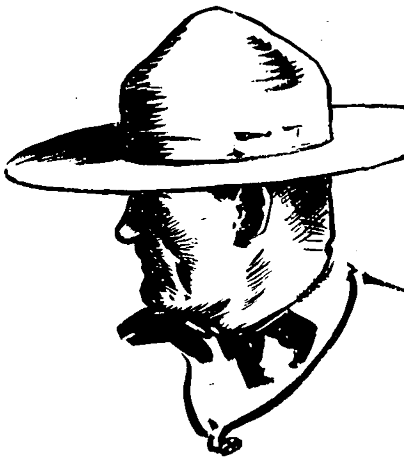
"I thought this project looked pretty big to you. Do you want to see it fail, just for some new trapping territory? What if we're not ready for them when the railhead shows up in the spring?"

It made Brossert think suddenly of Healy, moving forward with the rails.

"Maybe some of them'll come through this winter."

"How'll they get through? For

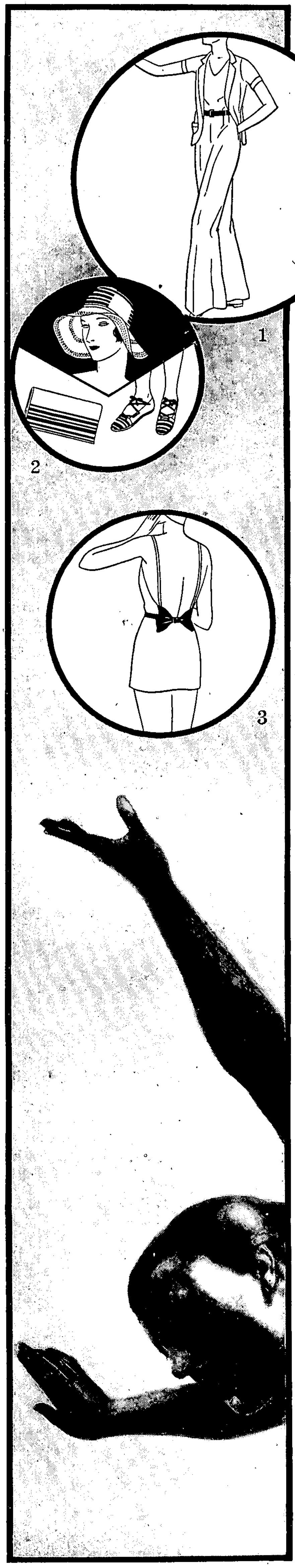
(*Continued on page 35*)



In the Swim

The beaches this summer will be dressed for action. No bathing suit is now content just to go paddling. All are getting into shape to dive in with the honest-to-goodness swimming suits. Aileen Riggin, famous swimmer, applauds the whole colorful scene and describes it for you

By Aileen Riggin



THREE or four years ago I worked in a motion picture called The Evolution of a Bathing Suit. In one scene I had to wear a voluminous skirt, a blouse with sleeves in it, heavy cotton stockings, shoes that laced halfway up my legs, and an enormous hat. It was exactly the sort of costume that smart bathing America was wearing before Annette Kellerman shocked the public by appearing in tights.

The director insisted that I swim in that modest and enveloping outfit. I tried. The skirts belled up over my head, the shoes weighed me down, the hat got wet and flopped over my eyes. I had to fight to keep my balance. I came as near drowning as I ever have.

When I finally managed to fight my way back to shore, I refused to go in again. I was frightened. The director insisted that I was being temperamental. Women used to swim in those things, and there was no reason why I couldn't. And then, while we were arguing, my skirt fell off.

There was a delighted shout from all the spectators. I snatched off my hat, pulled off my shoes, threw the blouse down beside the skirt, and dived into the water in my usual swimming suit. Bathing suits had evolved a little more rapidly than the continuity writer planned, but not into the 1931 model. That is a story all by itself.

As a professional swimmer, my idea of the perfect swimming suit is one that fits well without hampering, that is becoming and not too revealing. And now we are lucky enough to have such suits, born in America, popping up in shops and waters all over the world. They loll on beaches, too, for they have been cut with as much style as the less hardy bathing suits, so that many people wear them for all beach occasions.

These suits are cut to the length I like best—about halfway between the knee and the waist. Trunks that are too short cut the leg and are always uncomfortable. If they are too long they hamper freedom of motion.

As for materials, I think there is nothing to equal wool jersey. It is warm. It is comfortable, and it conceals the figure sufficiently. It dries quickly. And it wears long and well, especially if you will take ordinary care of your suit—rinsing it in fresh water, wringing it without twisting and drying it thoroughly.

Color is just as important in a swimming or bathing suit as it is in any other costume. If you are young enough, and slim enough, you can carry off, or carry on, with any color. You can even wear white jersey, though it is wise not to put on the white suit until you have achieved a coat of tan, for there is nothing quite so woebegone as a pale face above a paler suit.

I usually wear black. The A. A. U. insists upon it for contests, and so it has become a habit with me. But, contests aside, it has distinct advantages. It photographs well, and no season at the beach is a proper holiday without photographs. It is becoming, wet or dry, and it makes me look thinner than I am. Dark blue has the same advantages as black and is very popular this year.

Until the last few seasons, with the exception of the swimming suit, it has been difficult to find anything that was practical for swimming. Bathing suits might be exotic, interesting or alarming, but they were rarely practical. In Europe this was even more true than in America.

When we went over to the Olympic games in 1920, they provided us with suits—and such suits! Funny little tight sleeves, necks high and tight as a mid-Victorian nightgown, skirts down to our knees. We promptly decided that we couldn't swim in such things, and the team managed to lose them before the diving contest—which was not quite so drastic as it sounds, because we had our sturdy American suits with us.

Last summer, when I was abroad, I discovered that styles had gone to the other extreme. Bathing suits at Le Touquet, Cannes and Deauville were not bathing suits. They were squares of cloth and a pair of shoulder straps.

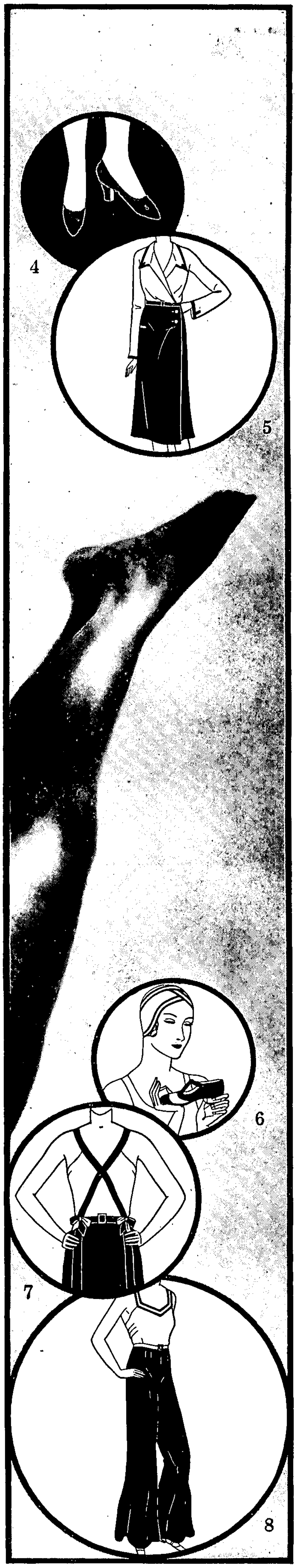
I tried to buy a bathing suit in Paris and I might as well have been shopping for a new dinner gown. The French designer threw up his hands in horror with a great deal of volubility when I suggested that he take my measurements and have the suit ready when I got back from Spain somewhat later. "Mademoiselle," he cried, "but the try-ons! What will you do for them?"

As it turned out, I had to put off my trip to Spain for a week for those "try-ons," and then the suit was not satisfactory. I decided then and there that I was all for the American method of going in and demanding a thirty-six or a thirty-eight—or being weighed and buying a suit to cover the number of pounds shown by the scales.

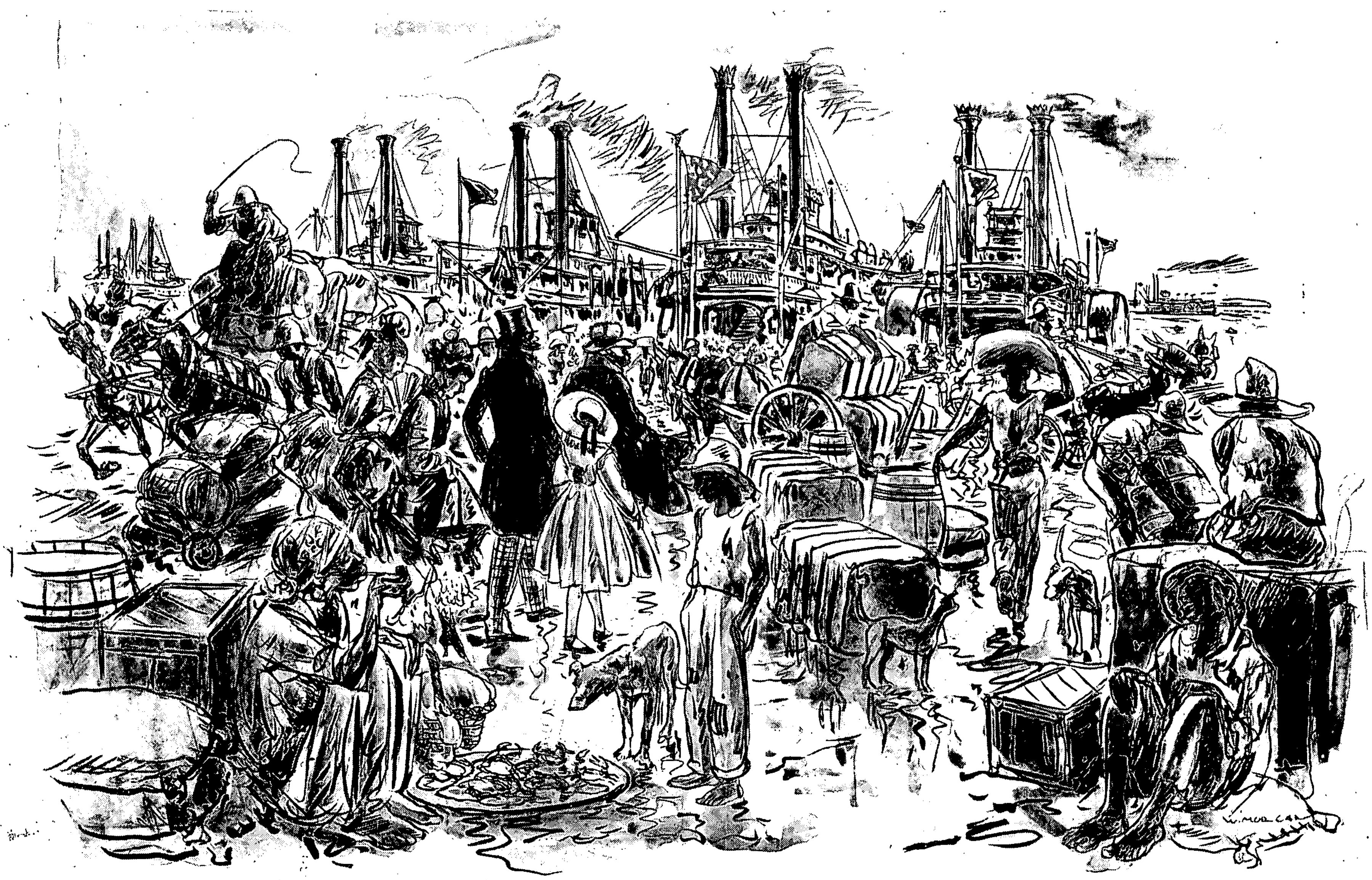
When I got back to America recently, I found that a great change in bathing suits had been taking place. They may have been decorative before, but they were not very useful.

The designers had a complex problem. There was need for a better bathing suit, but what would it be? There had been no previous satisfactory mode, and Paris was no help at all. Then a certain manufacturer of sports clothes had a brilliant idea.

(Continued on page 70)



1. One of the new beach pajamas. 2. A beach set, hat, bag and shoes, in white linen striped in colors. 3. "The evening-back" suit. 4. The popular high-heeled rubber beach pumps. 5. A practical beach robe in contrasting colors. 6. A molded rubber turban, with sandals to match. 7. One of the new "dressmaker" suits. 8. Jersey trousers to be worn over the jersey suit



Side by side, many, many riverboats nosed against our muddy landing place

River Boom

A boy views the riot of Mississippi traffic on his way to the Port of Queer Cargoes

By Harris Dickson

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

THE big blue eyes of a very small boy had always gazed upon "The River" with a mystical sense of kinship which the grown man may remember but is not able to describe. The River was part of the child; the child was part of The River, for Mississippi water flows thicker than blood and links all of the Father's children into a clan that hates and loves and fights The River.

At the crude beginnings of our civilization in this valley, all things, either good or evil, came from Father Mississippi, and human affairs depended upon his magnificent caprices. "If the levee holds," planters often said, "I can pay my debts and take the family on a visit to New York. If the levee breaks, my plantation will be destroyed."

Memory begins for the little boy just when the last burst of romance flared up on The River. He lived at Vicksburg where great white wraiths, ghostlike and beautiful, came floating more gracefully than swans to lie at the base of her bluffs. Side by side, many, many of them, they nosed against our muddy landing place, and picturesque Negro roustabouts "coonjined" across their stageplanks.

Long before the frenzy and bustle of the busy, building eighties, Vicksburg had developed into a thriving port. Uncounted tons of valley products The River brought to our door, and much of it stopped here for interior distribution, or transshipment by rail. Draymen cracked their whips over teams of struggling mules; rough-voiced mates swore at the rousters; long-skirted lady passengers picked their dainty way aboard; wheels of fortune whirred and men died with their boots on in gambling shanties along our Levee Street; powerful compresses roared as they crushed the cotton bales. Dozens of packets and barges took regular turn at our wharf boat where an "elevator" lifted their cargoes to the warehouse.

The Passing of the Packet

An "elevator" was like a moving staircase such as is used in modern department stores, but with steps wide enough to carry a bale of cotton. For hours the child would stand and watch that staircase, mounting up and up continuously from the steamer's deck, where singing rousters loaded it with salt, with bagging and ties, cases of canned goods. On the warehouse floor, at the head of the staircase, a clerk received the freight, and behind him a line of Negroes stood ready with their trucks—not motor trucks, but small two-wheeled affairs that were operated by hand. As a roll of bagging or a flour barrel came up the staircase, the clerk examined its mark, and directed a Negro, "Put that on the Ace of Spades" or "the Queen of Diamonds." Then the black man caught it, and his truck whirled away.

This seemed very mysterious to the little boy. It was because the truckers could not read. None of them knew a letter in any book, but every Negro knew the "Jack of Spades" from "Big Casino." So the warehouse floor was divided into sections, and each post, instead of being numbered or lettered, bore a painted square of tin which showed a playing card. Miscellaneous lots of freight were disentangled by this simple method and delivered to their consignees.

For years the glamorous packets came and went, until a creeping paralysis blighted our river, and they brought no more cargoes to the elevator. The moving staircase became immovable with rust. Its roof fell in. Then one day a gang of wreckers tore down the rotting derelict. Meantime the city prospered, and commerce grew, but warehouses had turned their faces from the waterfront to the railroad tracks, where switch engines set the freight cars beside their platforms. Transportation by rail had superseded transportation by river.

A sturdy sea wall now protects Levee Street from the floods, and concrete driveways wind upward to our hills. But no packets lie moored at our modern landing place.

Within the memory of living men a prodigious river trade had sprung up, flourished and died. As the little boy grew older he learned how the packets that he loved had been driven out. And it shocked him mightily to discover that Robert Fulton had built the twelfth steamboat, not the first.

Pioneering in Steam

Nicholas Roosevelt, in connection with Fulton and Livingston, did set afloat the first steam craft that ever attempted to navigate our western rivers. At Pittsburgh, early in 1811, Roosevelt constructed the Orleans and made the fatal blunder of using a deep-sea hull, suitable for the tidewater Hudson, but not for the sandbars and currents of the Mississippi. Worse than that, her machinery was too weak.

So the inevitable happened. Downstream the Orleans moved gallantly at the unbelievable speed of fourteen days from Pittsburgh to New Orleans. But Pittsburgh never saw that boat again. With her feeble engines and dragging keel she could not ascend the river higher than Natchez.

The Fulton boat had failed and no

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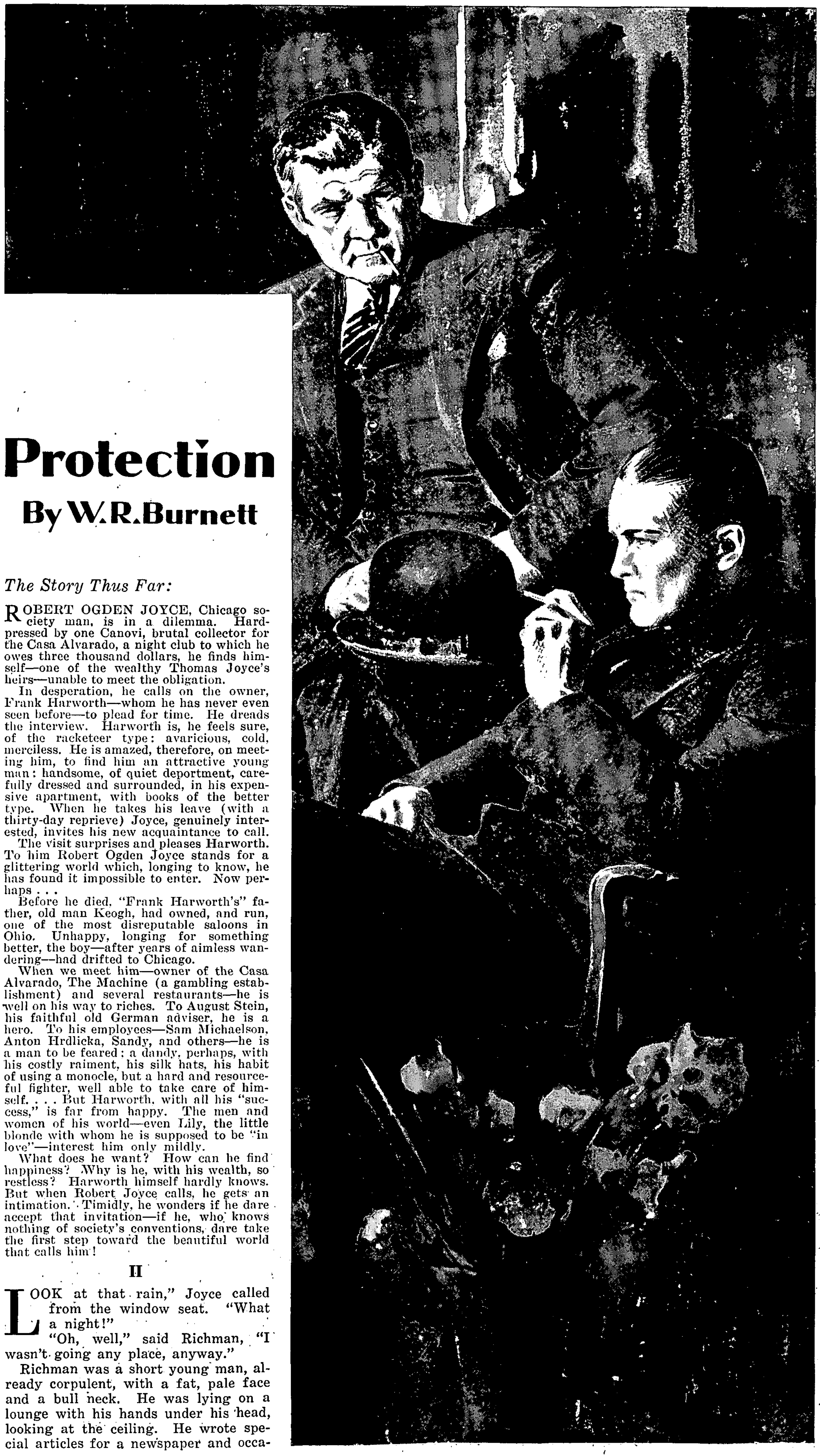


"Couldn't you use twenty grand?" he demanded. "That's only pledge money, see?" Harworth started slightly but said: "No"

Protection

By W. R. Burnett

The Story Thus Far:

ROBERT OGDEN JOYCE, Chicago society man, is in a dilemma. Hard-pressed by one Canovi, brutal collector for the Casa Alvarado, a night club to which he owes three thousand dollars, he finds himself—one of the wealthy Thomas Joyce's heirs—unable to meet the obligation.

In desperation, he calls on the owner, Frank Harworth—whom he has never even seen before—to plead for time. He dreads the interview. Harworth is, he feels sure, of the racketeer type: avaricious, cold, merciless. He is amazed, therefore, on meeting him, to find him an attractive young man: handsome, of quiet deportment, carefully dressed and surrounded, in his expensive apartment, with books of the better type. When he takes his leave (with a thirty-day reprieve) Joyce, genuinely interested, invites his new acquaintance to call.

The visit surprises and pleases Harworth. To him Robert Ogden Joyce stands for a glittering world which, longing to know, he has found it impossible to enter. Now perhaps . . .

Before he died, "Frank Harworth's" father, old man Keogh, had owned, and run, one of the most disreputable saloons in Ohio. Unhappy, longing for something better, the boy—after years of aimless wandering—had drifted to Chicago.

When we meet him—owner of the Casa Alvarado, The Machine (a gambling establishment) and several restaurants—he is well on his way to riches. To August Stein, his faithful old German adviser, he is a hero. To his employees—Sam Michaelson, Anton Hrdlicka, Sandy, and others—he is a man to be feared; a dandy, perhaps, with his costly raiment, his silk hats, his habit of using a monocle, but a hard and resourceful fighter, well able to take care of himself. . . . But Harworth, with all his "success," is far from happy. The men and women of his world—even Lily, the little blonde with whom he is supposed to be "in love"—interest him only mildly.

What does he want? How can he find happiness? Why is he, with his wealth, so restless? Harworth himself hardly knows. But when Robert Joyce calls, he gets an intimation. Timidly, he wonders if he dare accept that invitation—if he, who knows nothing of society's conventions, dare take the first step toward the beautiful world that calls him!

II

"LOOK at that rain," Joyce called from the window seat. "What a night!"

"Oh, well," said Richman, "I wasn't going any place, anyway."

Richman was a short young man, already corpulent, with a fat, pale face and a bull neck. He was lying on a lounge with his hands under his head, looking at the ceiling. He wrote special articles for a newspaper and occasionally had a story published. He leaned toward satire and, mildly satirical in ordinary life, in print he was ferocious.

The phone rang and Richman made a move to answer it, but Arthur Burne, who had been sitting at the piano, pecking at the keys, beat him to it.

"Who is it?" shouted Joyce. "If it's a woman I'm not here."

"It's your cousin," called Burne. "She's coming over with Larsen."

"Oh, lord," said Joyce.

"He'll be delighted," said Burne over the phone. "We all will." Hanging up the receiver he added: "And I mean it."

"What you see in her is beyond me," said Joyce. "Nice enough looking, but what a disposition!"

Without speaking, Burne went back to the piano and began pecking away again; he played a certain progression over and over and, as it ended on an excruciating dissonance, Joyce finally called:

"Good lord, Arthur!"

Burne turned.

"Does that make your flesh creep?"

"It does."

"Good."

Richman sighed and closed his eyes. Joyce got up and began to walk back and forth. The rain drummed steadily and occasionally a gust caught it and flung it against the window with a splash.

BURNE went over and over his progression, bending down from time to time to listen. He was a small man, swarthy and hairy, with heavy eyebrows and soft, irregular features. He was very alert and agile, moved quickly, and was very restless. His face was lean and healthy, his glance keen.

"There," he said, raising his hands from the piano; "for muted strings, oboe and English horn. It's fine!"

"Short, isn't it?" asked Richman without smiling.

"That wasn't funny," said Burne.

"Play something! Play something!" Joyce's voice sounded tired.

"Oh, have a drink," put in Burne, getting up and crossing to a chair, where he sat, smoking and swinging his feet.

"If I had any money, I'd go East for a couple of weeks," said Joyce. "This place is getting on my nerves."

"I like it," said Burne.

"So do I," Richman agreed. "It gives you perspective. If you live here long enough any place will look good to you."

"No, I really like it. It's the rawest town in the world."

"I don't like 'em raw," said Richman. "I was born in Arkansas."

"Well, I was born here," Joyce yawned. "And it's always been this way."

"I hope it stays this way," said Burne.

Richman yawned and sat up.

"If I stay here much longer I'll be asleep."

"So'll I," said Joyce.

"Oh, look here," said Richman, "let's talk."

"I've heard everything you've got to say."

"A perfect host!" laughed Richman.

He got up and walked around the room humming, looking indifferently at the pictures and fingering the magazines.

THERE was a long silence and then the doorbell rang.

"Oh," said Joyce. "It's Louise and Olaf."

Burne went to the door and opened it.

Louise Joyce ran in, shaking water from her hat, which she was carrying.

"Hello," said Burne.

"Look at me," cried Louise. "I'm dripping. It's a wonder that they wouldn't have a marquee here."

"They have," said Joyce. "Where are your eyes?"

"No, they haven't." It was Larsen who spoke, coming in and shaking water from himself like a dog. "It blew down."

"Oh, well," said Richman.

Louise turned to him.

"Don't say 'Oh, well,' Berg; I've heard you say that a thousand times."

"Now, now," Burne put in. "Berg accepts the universe and that's his way of saying so. No matter what happens he says 'Oh, well!'"

"Thanks," said Richman.

Louise threw her coat and hat on a chair, sat down and accepted a cigarette. She was very slender, with ash-blond hair, which she wore long, and large blue eyes with black lashes. She was broad-shouldered and narrow-hipped and had long, slender, well-shaped legs.

"Drink?" asked Burne.

Louise looked at her cousin, who was lying on the lounge.

"What's the matter, Bob; bored again? Yes, I'll have a drink."

Burne went to get the drink and Joyce said:

"Tolerably."

"Well, it's no wonder. The company you keep."

"What's wrong with us?" Richman demanded. "Eh, Larsen?"

LARSEN had sat down across from Louise and was looking at her. He was a big young man with white-blond hair and a red face. He started at the mention of his name and said:

"Sure."

"I don't mean you," said Louise. "Don't be so touchy. I mean a certain brunette who shellacs her face."

"Her name is Gladys," Joyce explained.

"We saw you at the Drake," Louise looked at him—an amused light in her eyes.

"Who's we?" asked Joyce.

"Helen Magnussen and I. You might at least've taken her some place else."

"That's where his money goes," sang Richman.

"Well, who's Helen Magnussen, anyway!" Joyce demanded. "She's not so particular. Gladys is all right. Her husband left her."

Richman burst out laughing.

"No wonder," said Louise.

Burne came back with a tray full of drinks and passed them around.

"What do you get for this?" Richman inquired.

"The pleasure," Burne replied. "Somebody's got to do it. Bob won't move. And his Filipino boy left him since he stopped paying wages."

"I made my own bed this morning," said Joyce.

"Well, you've got to start to work some time," laughed Louise.

"I'm up to my neck in debt right now," said Joyce.

"You've got company," Richman put in.

"Sure," said Larsen. "I owe."

There was a long silence and they all sat sipping their drinks. The rain had slackened a little and the wind had died down. Joyce opened a panel of the window and fanned the smoke out. In the stillness they heard the siren of a lake boat. Then Richman spoke:

"'He knew the melancholy of packet boats.' That's a quotation from Flaubert. Say, what is a packet boat, anyway, and why are they melancholy?"

No one answered. Burne got up and went over to the piano bench but sat without playing, looking at the keys and sipping his drink. There was a prolonged silence, then Richman said:

"Let's play post office."

"There isn't a man in this room I'd kiss," said Louise.

Joyce laughed shortly.

"There are men in this room you have kissed."

"Who?" demanded Larsen, opening his eyes wide and looking around.

Louise laughed, then she smiled at Larsen.

"Thanks for that laugh, Olaf."

Larsen smiled and studied the toes of his shoes.

"Well," said Richman, "let's get back to Gladys."

"Fine," Joyce agreed. "I think I'll call her up and have her come over. When she gets a few drinks you'd be surprised."

"Oh, no, you won't," said Louise, "not while I'm here."

"Aren't women funny?" said Richman.

BURNE began to play a Chopin waltz, but after a few bars he struck some discords and changed to Oh, How I Miss You Tonight. Then he stopped and turned round on the bench, facing the rest. In the stillness Larsen's stomach rumbled loudly and he flushed painfully and cleared his throat.

"How's the portrait coming, Olaf?" asked Burne, feeling sorry for him.

"Fine," Larsen replied; "only," he went on, pointing at Louise, "she won't sit still. She wriggles, wriggles."

"I sit still as long as I can," said Louise, "but when Olaf gets to work he forgets all about you; he thinks you're a piece of bric-a-brac."

"Oh, not you," said Larsen; "others, yes."

"I've got it!" cried Joyce, leaping up.

"Keep it!" said Richman.

They all stared at Joyce, but Louise said:

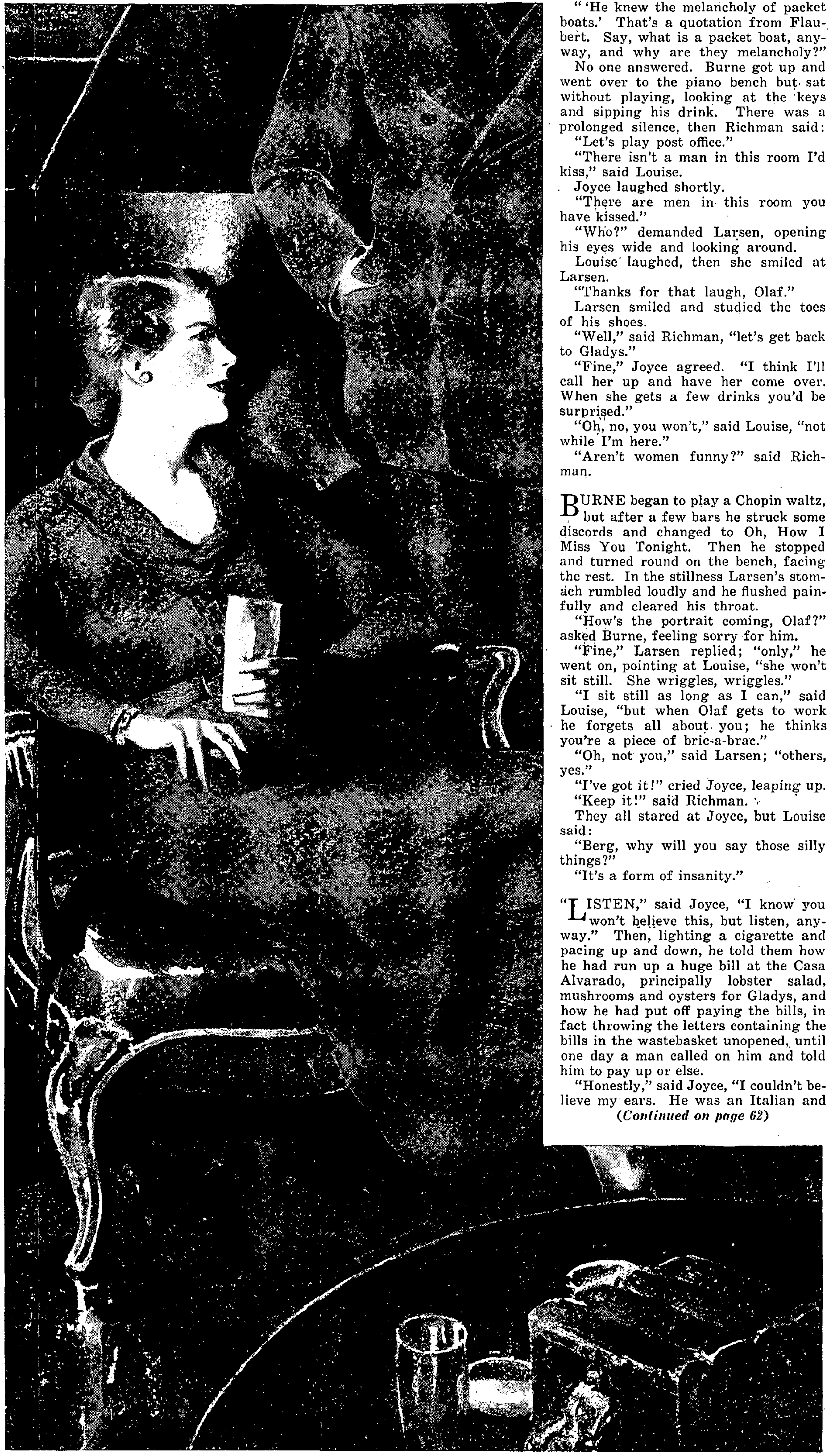
"Berg, why will you say those silly things?"

"It's a form of insanity."

"LISTEN," said Joyce, "I know you won't believe this, but listen, anyway." Then, lighting a cigarette and pacing up and down, he told them how he had run up a huge bill at the Casa Alvarado, principally lobster salad, mushrooms and oysters for Gladys, and how he had put off paying the bills, in fact throwing the letters containing the bills in the wastebasket unopened, until one day a man called on him and told him to pay up or else.

"Honestly," said Joyce, "I couldn't believe my ears. He was an Italian and

(*Continued on page 62*)



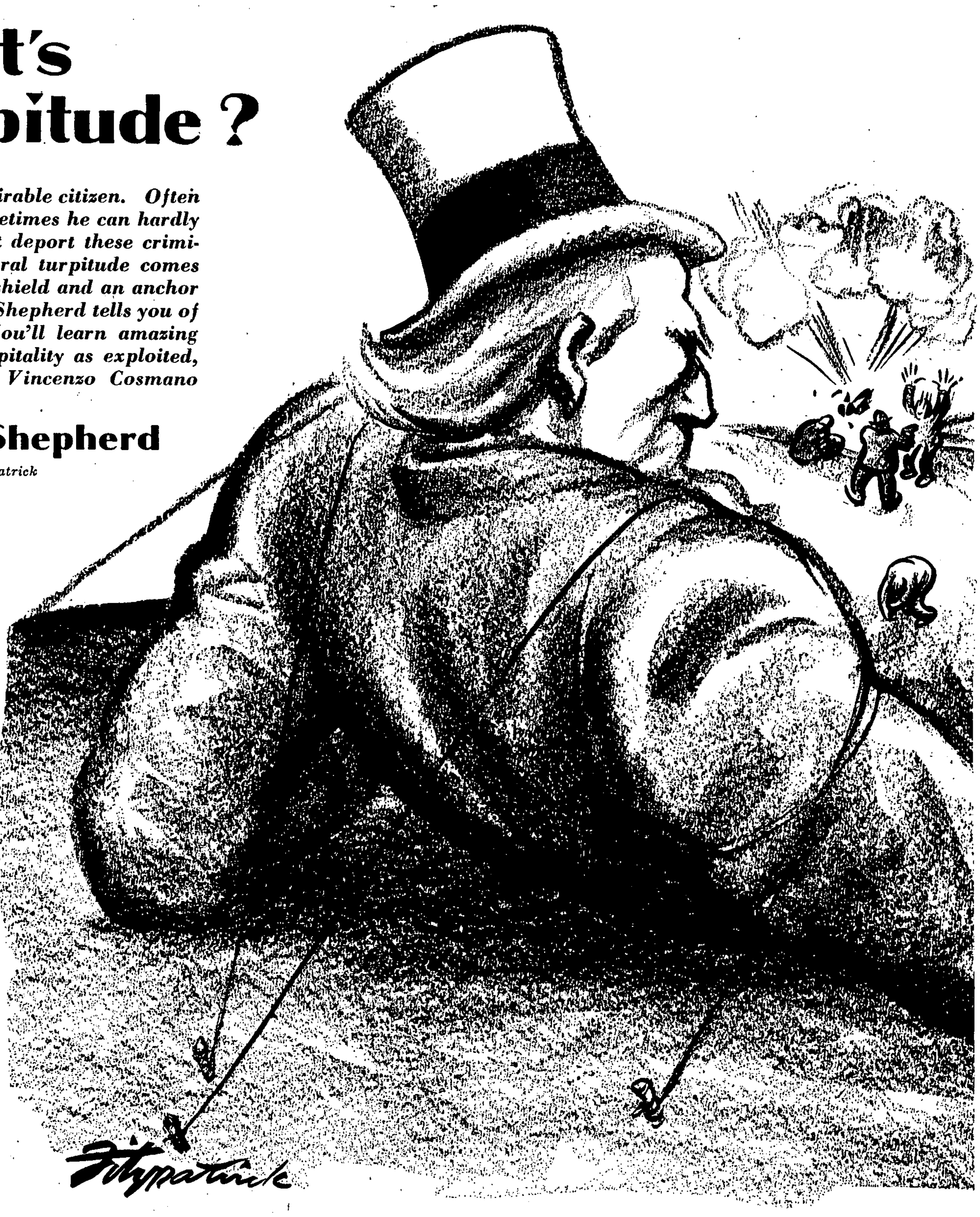
"Really?" Louise was evidently interested. "Do you like boxing? I've always wanted to see a real match"

What's Moral Turpitude?

The racketeer is a pretty undesirable citizen. Often he isn't a citizen at all and sometimes he can hardly speak English. Then why not deport these criminal aliens? That's where moral turpitude comes in. There's a phrase that's a shield and an anchor —for the criminal alien! Mr. Shepherd tells you of its practical consequences. You'll learn amazing things about our national hospitality as exploited, for instance, by the colorful Vincenzo Cosmano

By William G. Shepherd

Cartoon by D. R. Fitzpatrick



VINCENZO COSMANO—there's a living illustration of how far a criminal alien can go in this country without being sent back home. He's supposed to be back home now, somewhere in Italy. What a story *he* has to tell as he sits under his vines in the sunshine! Only perhaps his folks won't believe such a crazy traveler's yarn!

It's a story of shooting and of being shot, of being kidnapped by friends from a hospital, almost from an operating table. He was shot in a street fight in 1911; six months later he was shot again, in Chicago's "red-light district." Less than a year later he was stabbed twelve times in a fight. What Sicilian bandit in the old country has a better record than that?

But that's far from being all! In February, 1920, he was taken to jail in company with two of Chicago's most élite gorillas—"Big Tim" Murphy and "Dago Mike" Carozzo. It was after the murder of "Mossy" Enright.

The boys who killed Enright made sure of their job. Here's how: They opened the shells used in their sawed-off shotguns and refilled them with slugs, bits of jagged steel and carpet tacks! But first they dipped this hardware in poison. Enright must die one way or another. He was killed instantly in his car on one of the boulevards.

The state's attorney insisted that Cosmano himself fired one of those charges at Enright. After five months in jail, however, Cosmano and the others were freed. No one else was arrested for the deed.

It was the Enright killing that started the Chicago system of killing, by means of sawed-off shotguns, machine guns and motor cars. Police found a veritable arsenal at Cosmano's home. Yes, Cosmano has plenty to tell about, even if he lives to be a hundred.

Please remember that all this time this man was not even a citizen of the United States. But the day came when he went too far, and he was ordered deported.

Cosmano stood on a pier, in the city of New York, one January evening, three years ago, ready to board the good ship Roma bound for his home in Italy. His farewell gifts to many friends and to the government officials who were seeing him off consisted of twenty-five-cent cigars. He didn't give the cigars out singly, either, but in boxes of twenty-five. In spite of his good cheer, Cosmano didn't want to go home; he would have preferred to remain in this glorious America which had been so good to him.

With him at the shipside stood W. J. McQuillan, a sturdy official of the United States government, whose duty it was to see that Mr. Cosmano boarded the Roma and remained aboard until the ship got so far from shore that Mr. Cosmano could not make a jump for it and again find footing on the foreign soil where he, an utter alien, had been so considerately treated by the hospitable and sometimes highly appreciative citizens of the United States.

A Congressman Interferes

It is granted that Cosmano was not at that moment being treated just exactly like a gentleman. It is true that a congressman from the city of Chicago, where Cosmano had made his home, had personally requested the Department of Labor in Washington to call off its immigration and deportation officials and not to be so rude and rough with this departing alien but to permit him to depart voluntarily like any decent traveler without deportation proceedings that might reflect on his character. But the Department of Labor had flatly said, "No," even to the congressman. And now Cosmano found himself in the humiliating plight of a criminal alien about to be kicked most unceremoniously out of our land.

One thing of all others that Cosmano was not accustomed to was being humiliated. In his "home city" of Chicago he was a hero of parts, in the underworld. He was one of Murphy's right-hand men. Murphy said he was "a twenty-one jewel wop." Though he possessed not even the right to vote, and had never even sought it, he was a power in Chicago's politics, as we have seen from the congressman's appeal. Of course he might have applied for citizenship papers at any time, but becoming a citizen of the United States had never appeared necessary to him; he had ten thousand times more power, anyhow, even as a stranger from Italy, who could not speak English clearly, than the average citizen of Chicago.

"Well," he told his guard, McQuillan, in broken English, but using the most up-to-date phrases of the Chicago underworld, "I had my breaks. I'm ahead four hundred grand. Had to work for it, though. Why, there was a time when we had to practice with our guns every day so that we could hit as well with the left mitt as with the good one."

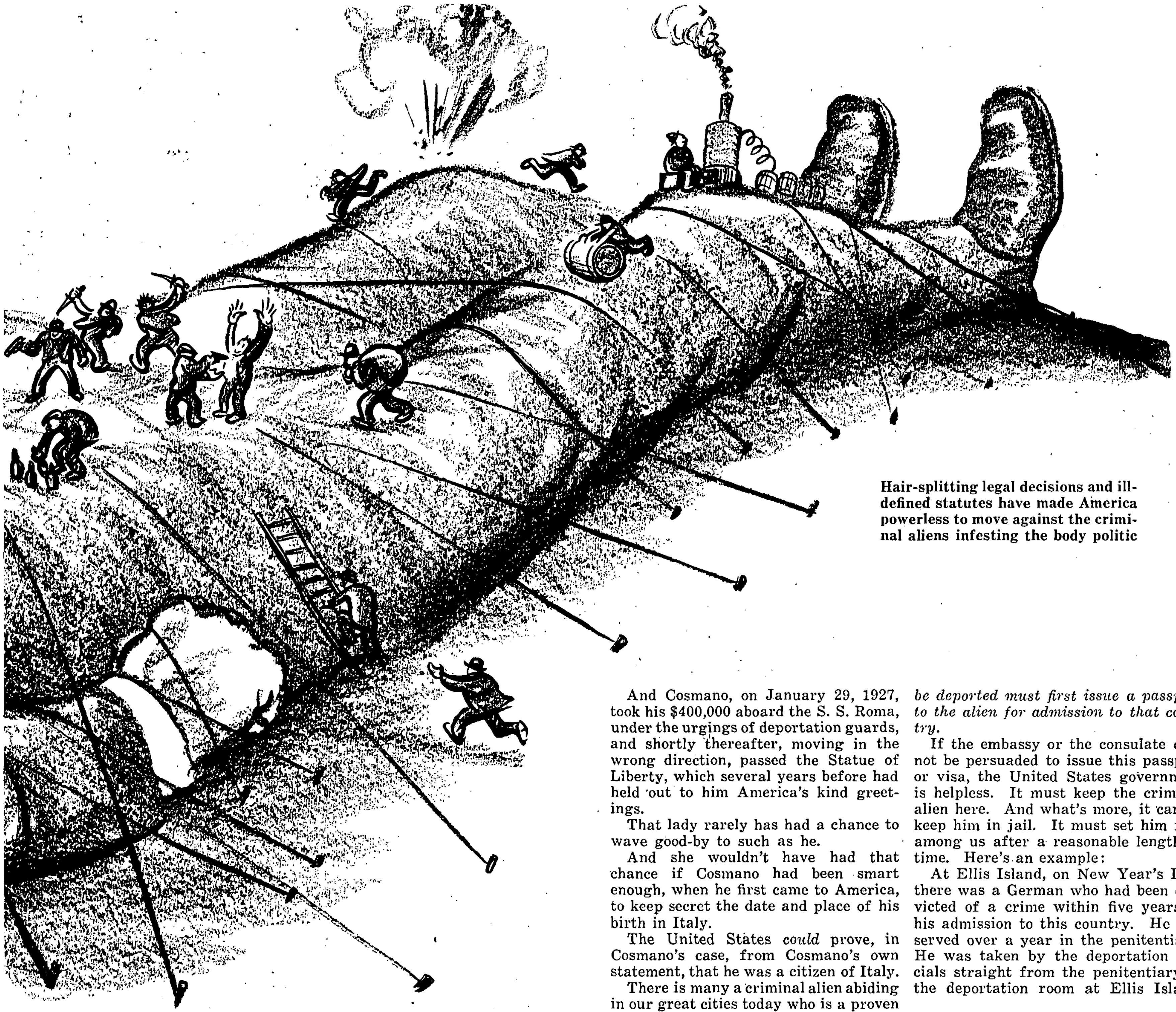
What had Cosmano done in Chicago to deserve deportation? Broken the prohibition law? Surely! But they can't deport you for that. Mixed up in the night-club racket? Yes, but where do moral turpitude and the deportation officials come in on that charge—especially if you're not arrested and sent to the penitentiary as a felon for at least a year?

What sort of crime was it, then, that Cosmano had to commit to make him deserve this humiliation of being driven out of this rich and prosperous land? Oh, not much, maybe! Only helping to rob Uncle Sam's mail trucks of $385,000 right in the Dearborn Street station in Chicago.

A Little Too Thick!

A group of young men, one day, stood quietly watching a baseball game in an empty lot near the station. When the mail clerk or the "inside" signaled to the ball players that a certain truck moving past them contained money sacks, they stopped watching the game and drove off with the truck, after threatening the driver and guards with murder. Federal agents traced the job to Murphy and Cosmano. They had corrupted two mail clerks.

That was putting it on a little too



Hair-splitting legal decisions and ill-defined statutes have made America powerless to move against the criminal aliens infesting the body politic

thick. And it wasn't Chicago or Cook county or the state of Illinois that sent him to jail, either. The crime was against the Federal government, so Uncle Sam had Cosmano in his clutches.

Cosmano could have gotten away, safely, too. Indeed, he did get away; he went back to Italy after the crime. His accomplices were arrested. Now, if you need any commentary on how soft these criminal aliens think we Americans really are, consider what Cosmano, safely tucked away in Italy, did next.

He decided, perhaps with the advice of Chicago lawyers, that America was too good for him to lose. Crime pickings in Italy, or anywhere else in the world, were too poor and too dangerous to suit him. America was his best hunting ground. He would go back, take his punishment, serve his time, and then become again a free resident of this free-and-easy, happy-go-lucky land. Indeed, it was later proven that he told persons in Italy that he'd rather be in jail for a while in America than free forever in Italy.

And come back he did, on the S. S. Giulio Cesare, landing in New York on February 13, 1923, two years after the robbery. He was arrested, as he expected, convicted, and sent to the Federal penitentiary at Leavenworth. And when his term of less than three years was ended, he found the deportation officials waiting for him.

What a fight he made to stay here! He had batteries of lawyers to prove that there was no "moral turpitude" involved in his crime; it was just plain crime, with guns; not any vile, base, shameful deed. "Moral turpitude" must be shown in any crime before an alien can be expelled from this country for committing it.

If He Had Been Smart

He was given sixty days on bail to fix up his extremely extensive business affairs in Chicago. His bail, humorously enough, consisted of good $5,000 tax-free United States Liberty bonds.

He was still so powerful politically, though he had never voted in his life, that he was able, as we have seen, through his friends to persuade a congressman to plead for him. But Cosmano had gone too far.

"This man has received enough consideration," replied the Department of Labor in effect, to the congressman.

And Cosmano, on January 29, 1927, took his $400,000 aboard the S. S. Roma, under the urgings of deportation guards, and shortly thereafter, moving in the wrong direction, passed the Statue of Liberty, which several years before had held out to him America's kind greetings.

That lady rarely has had a chance to wave good-by to such as he.

And she wouldn't have had that chance if Cosmano had been smart enough, when he first came to America, to keep secret the date and place of his birth in Italy.

The United States *could* prove, in Cosmano's case, from Cosmano's own statement, that he was a citizen of Italy.

There is many a criminal alien abiding in our great cities today who is a proven criminal but who cannot be deported because the land of his birth refuses to accept him. It will not accept him until the United States government proves, almost by actual birth certificate, that he was born in a certain town on a certain date and is undeniably a citizen of the foreign nation involved.

All that a criminal alien, be he forger, burglar, murderer, rapist or what not, has to do to keep himself as safely buried away in America as a drop of water in the midst of the Atlantic Ocean, is to keep his mouth shut about where he was born. The law, in this respect, puts a protective wall around him as strong as a fort at Golden Gate.

The law doesn't force him to give the facts. "Keep your mouth shut," advises his lawyer, when deportation officers ask him his nationality. This puts the burden of proof of the criminal alien's nationality onto the shoulders of Uncle Sam.

And for Uncle Sam it's almost a hopeless job.

Uncle Sam can't put criminal aliens onto boats and dump them, willy-nilly, into some foreign land; or take them to some point within a mile of some foreign shore, dump them overboard and say, "Now swim to land."

Whenever a criminal alien is deported, the embassy or some consulate of the country to which the alien is to be deported must first issue a passport to the alien for admission to that country.

If the embassy or the consulate cannot be persuaded to issue this passport or visa, the United States government is helpless. It must keep the criminal alien here. And what's more, it cannot keep him in jail. It must set him free among us after a reasonable length of time. Here's an example:

At Ellis Island, on New Year's Day, there was a German who had been convicted of a crime within five years of his admission to this country. He had served over a year in the penitentiary. He was taken by the deportation officials straight from the penitentiary to the deportation room at Ellis Island.

Helpless Government

He had the whole United States government at a standstill in its efforts to send him back to Germany. It was absolutely helpless.

"I won't tell you anything about myself," he said to the immigration officials. "I didn't tell the judge my right name and I didn't give my right name to the penitentiary officials. I won't give my right name to you, either. My family stands high in Germany. I won't disgrace them. Put me down as Otto Schmidt or anything you please."

The German consul was called in.

"I can't issue a passport to a man who is using an assumed name," he said. And, under the law, he was right. "What's more, he may not have been born in Germany," added the consul.

It just happened that this particular criminal alien was willing to go back to Germany and did not plan to make a fight against deportation.

"Get me a job as a seaman on some vessel and I'll go back to Europe," he proposed. And, at last report, that evasive plan was being followed by the august but helpless deportation officials.

"What would you have done with him, if he hadn't been willing to go home?" I asked an official.

"Well, we would have had to turn him

(*Continued on page 71*)

Yu'an Hee See

The Story Thus Far:

LED by the shadowy Yu'an Hee See, a weird Oriental, the world's most dangerous band of criminals is plotting to capture, rob and sink the steamship Wallaroo, en route to Australia, loaded with passengers—and gold! Trailing the conspirators is Dawson Haig, of Scotland Yard. The girl he loves, Eileen Kearney, has been abducted by the plotters; and, disguised as a member of the gang, he has found her—guarded night and day, in Yu'an Hee See's harem, in a small Red Sea port. But the attack on the Wallaroo (now in the Red Sea) may occur at any moment. How can he save the vessel? How can he save Eileen?

Ordered to patrol the harem's gardens, with "The Jackal," a killer, Haig obeys; and there, under Eileen's window, he makes his plans. . . . Eileen, too, is in peril. Yu'an Hee See admires her—makes frequent advances to her. And "Orange Blossom," the Oriental's mistress, observes them. Insanely jealous, the woman summons Aswâmi Pasha, her lover's most trusted lieutenant, and suggests that he abduct her rival. The man is tempted. Dare he act on the suggestion? . . . Meanwhile, the Wallaroo has left its course in response to a mysterious S O S. While Captain Peterson is discussing the matter with Jack Rattray, an officer, a small *dhow* appears, and, to the amazement of the observers, a huge submarine pokes its way to the surface. Then—

The sub opens fire! The mainmast (supporting the wireless) crashes down. Boats put out from the *dhow* and the undersea craft. Aswâmi Pasha comes aboard, demands the surrender of the gold.

Captain Peterson yields. Powerful blacks carry the gold away. . . . The Wallaroo's engines start again. "Full speed ahead!" orders Captain Peterson. Then, leaping to the bridge, he looks over—and *knows that he is too late!*

XI

YU'AN HEE SEE sat in the control room of the submarine; his eyes were widely open, revealing their unnatural whiteness. Seen through the periscope, the towering hull of the Wallaroo seemed almost to overhang the vicious little warship. Yu'an Hee See spoke softly.

"First tube," he said.

And the first torpedo was launched against the helpless liner.

Frightened faces of stewards and other members of the crew, some of them with war experience, peered out of portholes. Men were running—there was tumult—desperation.

Yu'an Hee See began to laugh. That weird, piping laughter swept around the oily little compartment like a breeze from hell.

The torpedo buried its wicked nose—Jo Lung was clever!—squarely into the engine room.

Yu'an Hee See checked his laughter, and:

"Stand by fore and aft turrets," came an order.

There was a monstrous explosion which shook the submarine from stem to stern. Smoke and steam dropped a veil between the doomed liner and the watching eyes of Yu'an Hee See. Yet he trusted the Wasp, his chief torpedo operator, and:

"Second tube," he directed.

The second tube, operated by the Italian, spewed its deadly contents into the sea.

If the first explosion had been a terrific one, the second was such as seemed to rend the very heavens. It desecrated the ocean and the sky, denied the meaning of peace, rendered thought impossible. Its monstrous detonations echoed and reëchoed like rolling of thunder.

The second torpedo had registered in Number Two hold, where twenty cases of potted Stilton for Colombo were stored. They had come aboard in Marseilles just before Dr. Oestler went ashore. They contained enough high explosive to destroy a small town. . . .

Yu'an Hee See rubbed his plump hands together, and began to laugh again. He laughed so shrilly and so long that all were afraid to approach him.

Although they had drawn away from the Wallaroo, a veritable tidal wave swept them, but Yu'an Hee See laughed on. At last, recovering himself:

"Order Ali to cast the boats off and head the *dhow* back," came his high-pitched instructions.

He glanced up to find Len Chow at his elbow. He took the message which his second-in-command had brought, adjusted his spectacles, and still chuckling, read:

NEWS OF EXPLOSION RELAYED PORT SUDAN H. M. S. PANTHER HEADED FOR YOU.

Yu'an Hee See nodded, read the message a second time, and began very softly to hiss.

JACK RATTRAY, who had seen the torpedo, was racing for the bridge, and had just reached the ladder when it crashed into the engine room. One of the boilers went, and he was heaved off his feet, lost his hold of the rail, and pitched into the scuppers.

Dazed, temporarily confused, he staggered up. Somewhere behind and below there was a shambles—shrieks which he was never to forget to his dying day. A choking, deathly smell, a loud and continuous hissing, then a second minor explosion which, nevertheless, shook the broken ship from stem to stern.

Intent upon his errand, he tottered again for the ladder and was actually halfway up when the second torpedo, which he had not seen, found its billet in the secret cargo. . . .

The whole of the Wallaroo forward of the bridge burst upward like a volcano. There was a blaze—a crash which seemed to split his eardrums. The deck planking beneath his feet bellied upward and shot him into the sea as if he had been propelled by a catapult.

Always in such catastrophes, seeming miracles occur. The case of Jack Rattray was one of them.

THE shock of the first explosion, which had cast him into the scuppers, had done more damage than he received as a result of the second fiendish torpedo, which practically blew the bows of the ship off.

He performed a sort of extravagant dive, an exaggeration of one of those exhibitions which professional swimmers give at the Lido and elsewhere. That is to say, he shot some ten or twelve feet into the air, describing a complete semicircle and making a perfect dive into the oily sea.

Physically he was unhurt. Mental confusion, due to bumping his head upon the rail and the deadening effect of that titanic explosion, was cleared by his plunge into cool depths.

He came to the surface immediately beside a floating deck chair. Upon this he rested his hands. He wore no life-jacket and would have been glad to be rid of his uniform coat, which badly clogged his movements; yet for the moment he was content to be alive.

But he would have gambled a year of the chance of life that remained to him to have been spared the spectacle he was now compelled to witness. . . .

The Wallaroo was sinking fast. And—impelled by a natural instinct of self-preservation and pushing the timely piece of wreckage before him—he ducked his head and kicked off wildly. He swam until thirty or forty yards lay between him and the scene of the outrage. Then, resting on the fragile chair, he watched.

He could do nothing to help—he could do nothing to help! One thing, and one thing only, he must pray for . . . to survive to bring this bloody horror home to those who had planned it.

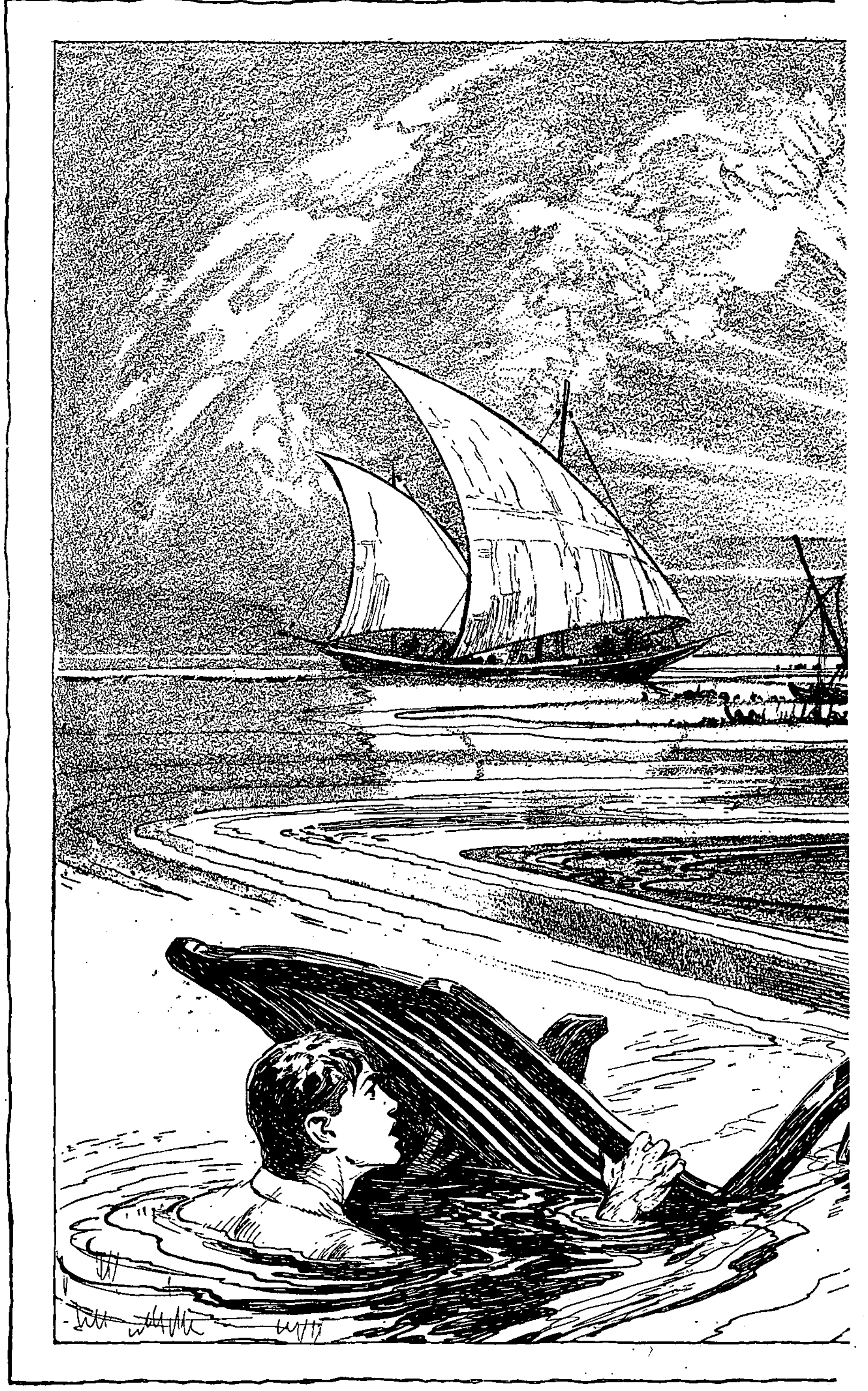
Behind him, the sun was sinking, a red torch dipped in the sea. Before him, the Wallaroo, in flames, was settling down.

Heartrending cries reached him from the sinking ship, picked out in the red glow of sunset as though a master of stage lighting had directed the tragedy. Figures were leaping from her decks. He saw a man spring from the rail with a woman in his arms. He saw the fo'c'sle head, enveloped in flames, sticking up like the tail of an earwig. The stern of the ship was rising too. She was breaking in half, just under the bridge.

CLOUDS of steam enveloped her amidships, and now, as he watched, another boiler went. He clenched his teeth, closed his eyes, and clung to the frail support which Fate had cast to him.

His last memory, one to stick like a poisonous leech, was that of the white-haired skipper on the port wing of the Wallaroo's bridge.

Bolt upright he stood, although the ship in sinking listed sharply to starboard—an impotent but unforgettable



The stern of the ship broke water

Laughs

By Sax Rohmer

Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

figure, his clenched fists raised above his head.

The stern of the ship broke water and reared grotesquely to the sky. The bowels of the Wallaroo dropped out of her through a gaping hole—and the big ship dived. . . .

Rattray, clutching his deck chair, threw one arm across the folded wooden slats and was violently sick.

Shaken though he was, he knew the chair alone spelled salvation. And pushing it before him, he began to swim slowly, yet farther out to sea, towards where, a hundred and forty-five miles due southwest, Port Sudan nestled on the African coast, and H. M. S. Panther, Captain Harwood, raced towards him.

The mass of wreckage was spread over a great surface of the sea. A pall of smoke and steam was rising, slowly rising. The two machine guns in the submarine's conning towers crackled into activity, sweeping that area where survivors struggled in the flotsam of the wrecked liner.

From the deck of the *dhow*, men armed with rifles picked off more distant swimmers.

And now—darting actively about amongst that marine shambles—now came the fins of the sharks. . . .

Yu'an Hee See, from the deck of the submarine, watched thoughtfully.

"I had counted on the sharks," he said, "but nevertheless, we must take no chances."

JO LUNG had ordered the machine gunners to cease firing, but rifles still cracked, both on the deck of the submarine and from the *dhow*. A mulatto, built like a gorilla, fired three times at a distant target, but without scoring.

"You cannot shoot, my friend."

The man turned as the flute voice spoke almost in his ear. He started, and stood paralyzed, it seemed, with fear.

"You cannot shoot, my friend."

Yu'an Hee See took the rifle from the hand of the mulatto, raised it to his shoulder and looked along the sights. A blond head, perhaps that of a man, but more probably that of a woman, gleamed golden in the rays of the setting sun, nearly a quarter of a mile out to sea.

Yu'an Hee See fired. . . .

The golden head rose high above the swell—and disappeared.

"You see?"

Yu'an Hee See returned the rifle.

From the deck of the *dhow*, black marksmen were making good practice. Kid Brown, his face very white, fired once or twice, but wildly, and never at a living target.

In his capacity as Aswâmi Pasha's bodyguard, he knew that he served a soulless villain and that his own record was far from unblemished, but somehow he had made terms with his elastic conscience.

He knew that the German freighter had been sunk with all hands nearly two years before, but he had not been present at her actual sinking. He had been on the submarine when the American yacht was held up. Explosives had been smuggled into her hold in some way, and he had seen her go up like a Crystal Palace fireworks display.

Although no rescues were attempted, there had been none of this sniping. The sniping was too much for his stomach. He threw his rifle onto the deck of the *dhow*, and:

"Gor' blimey!" he shouted, clenching his fists, "I can't do it! It's bloody murder! That's what it is—bloody murder!"

"You are conscience-stricken again, Mr. Brown?"

The Kid turned.

Aswâmi Pasha stood behind him, a vicious-looking automatic pointed straight at the Kid's stomach.

"I have watched you with interest for some time," the Egyptian went on; "in Paris, and in Egypt, as well as here. I regret it, but I can no longer trust you."

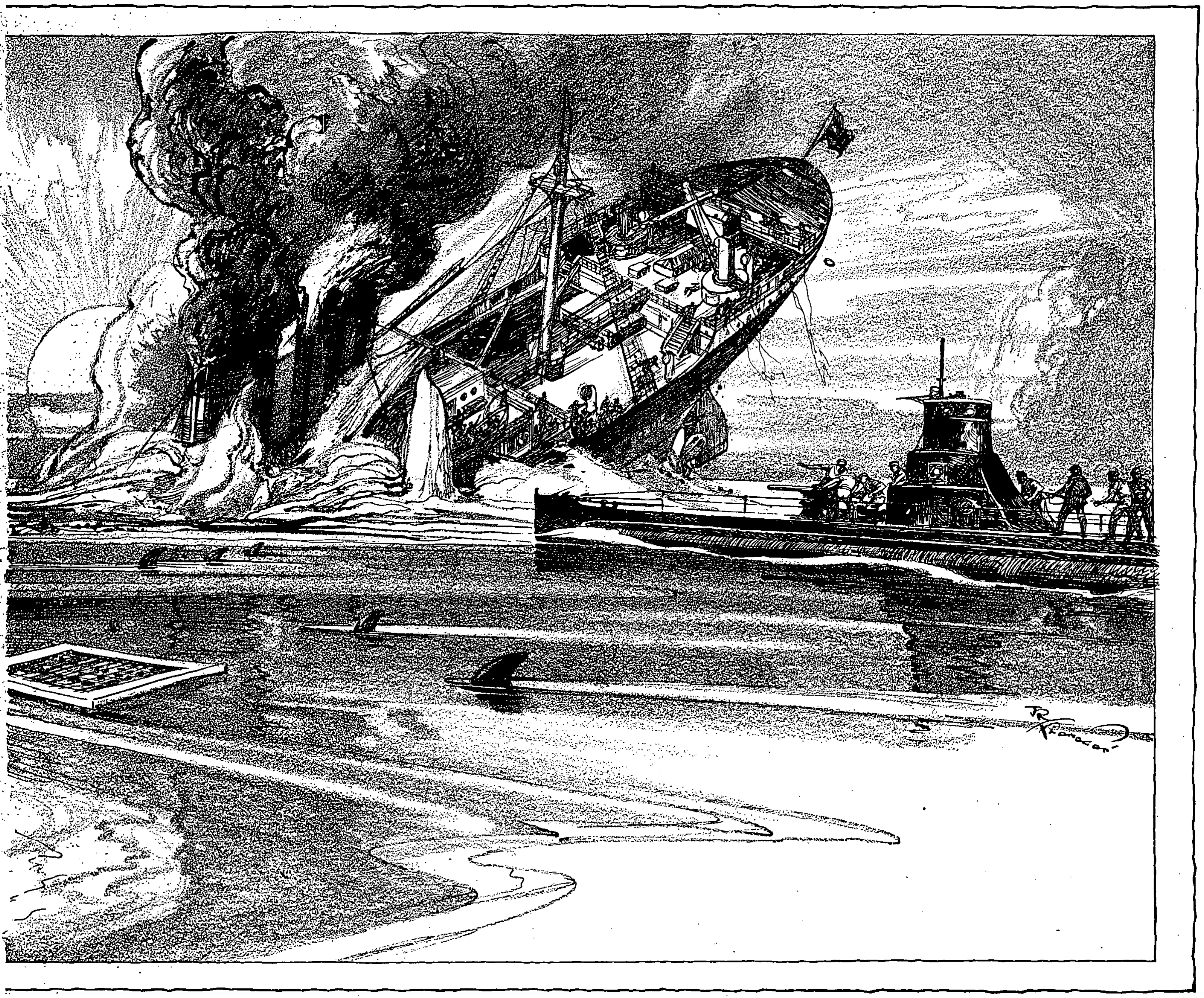
Aswâmi Pasha pressed the trigger.

But, swiftly as he acted, he nevertheless acted too slowly to check that "Maxim silencer" left of the Kid.

AS THE boxer dropped, coughing, to hang over the side, pumping his life's blood into the Red Sea, Aswâmi Pasha temporarily passed into forgetfulness, his once classic nose a mere memory. . . .

On the submarine, Yu'an Hee See gave the order to cease firing.

(*Continued on page 50*)



and reared grotesquely toward the sky. The bowels of the Wallaroo dropped out through a gaping hole—and the big ship dived

Dizzy Whirlwind

What would you think of a twenty-year-old rookie who held the slugging Pirates down to three hits? Well, that's exactly what the Cardinals think of their eccentric Mr. Dean, and he thinks likewise

By Grantland Rice

THE time gaps between the Rube Waddells, Bugs Raymonds and other baseball freaks are wide. A year or two ago Art (What a Man!) Shires came out of Texas like a hurricane, but he tried to cover too much ground. So they railroaded him to Milwaukee.

That was a tough blow to jaded sports writers, for Shires had as much color as the average rainbow, and color makes good copy. But the scribes didn't grieve long. Last fall a young pitcher blew into St. Louis—Jerome H. (Dizzy) Dean of Holdenville, Oklahoma, who had more color at the start than either Waddell or Shires.

Dizzy Dean, barely twenty years old, six feet three and weighing 190 pounds, asked Manager Gabby Street of the Cardinals for a shot at the Pirates, who happened to be on the Cardinal menu at that moment. In a few select words he told manager Street that in taking this shot at the Pirates he would also blow them clear out of the league, leaving nothing but débris in his wake.

The Cardinal manager was willing to oblige in a pinch and that September afternoon Dizzy Dean pitched his first big-league game. The Pirates got two hits in the first inning and just as Gabby Street was about to send in reinforcements the Holdenville Kid got started and let the other team down with one lone hit throughout the next eight innings.

This episode sent the statisticians probing into the records and they discovered that in 1930, his first year out, Dizzy Dean had worked in three leagues and had won a total of twenty-six games against ten defeats. He won seventeen and lost eight for St. Joe, Missouri, and he then left for Houston, Texas, where he won eight and dropped two. And his latest victory, a National League performance, indicated that one company looked the same as another to Dizzy Dean.

Naturally there was much interest in Dean's début this spring at the Cardinal camp. But a few days before the Athletics series was opened Dean had to have a tonsil operation and everyone gloomily predicted that he would be out of commission most of the early season.

Everyone but Dean. He gave out the information that he had too much iron and hickory in his system to let a little thing like an operation keep him away from the ball park.

Then the Athletics came along. Operation or no operation, tonsils or no tonsils, the Holdenville Sniper insisted on working against the champions of the world. "These guys will be just a breeze for me," Dean told Street. "They couldn't hit me with a handful of shot, five feet away."

So the Cardinal leader decided to take another chance. He sent Dean in at the start of the sixth inning with the Cardinals then leading 5 to 4. When the first man up hit a rousing double, Street began to figure he had made a mistake in using a sick man with so little experience against Cochrane and Foxx.

But Dean only grinned. He then struck out the next three men. The crafty Jimmy Dykes dodged two balls that swerved over, and Dean even had some of Mack's best men missing.

It's Easy for Dean

In the next inning young Dean floundered into an even tougher spot. With one out, two hits and a walk filled the bases. But he fanned the next man up and retired the third on an easy out. And in the last inning he retired the side in order, apparently without trying.

Dean announced on his arrival this spring that if given the chance he would win thirty games for the Cardinals. And it was no wild chatter on his part. He believed it. Like Rube Waddell, he had that form of supreme confidence which goes beyond mere conceit.

No one ever thought of Waddell in terms of conceit. The Rube merely had complete faith in his ability to do what he chose. I recall one game he pitched against the slugging Cleveland team more than twenty years ago. The Athletics were leading two to one in the ninth inning when a hit, an error and a pass filled the bases, with only one out. The big Rube had some friends waiting in a field box. At this critical spot he was about as badly worried and upset as a cross section of Gibraltar. He walked out of the box halfway to the coaching line and told his waiting friends he would be with them in a minute or two. He then stepped back and struck out Lajoie and Flick, two of the best hitters in any league.

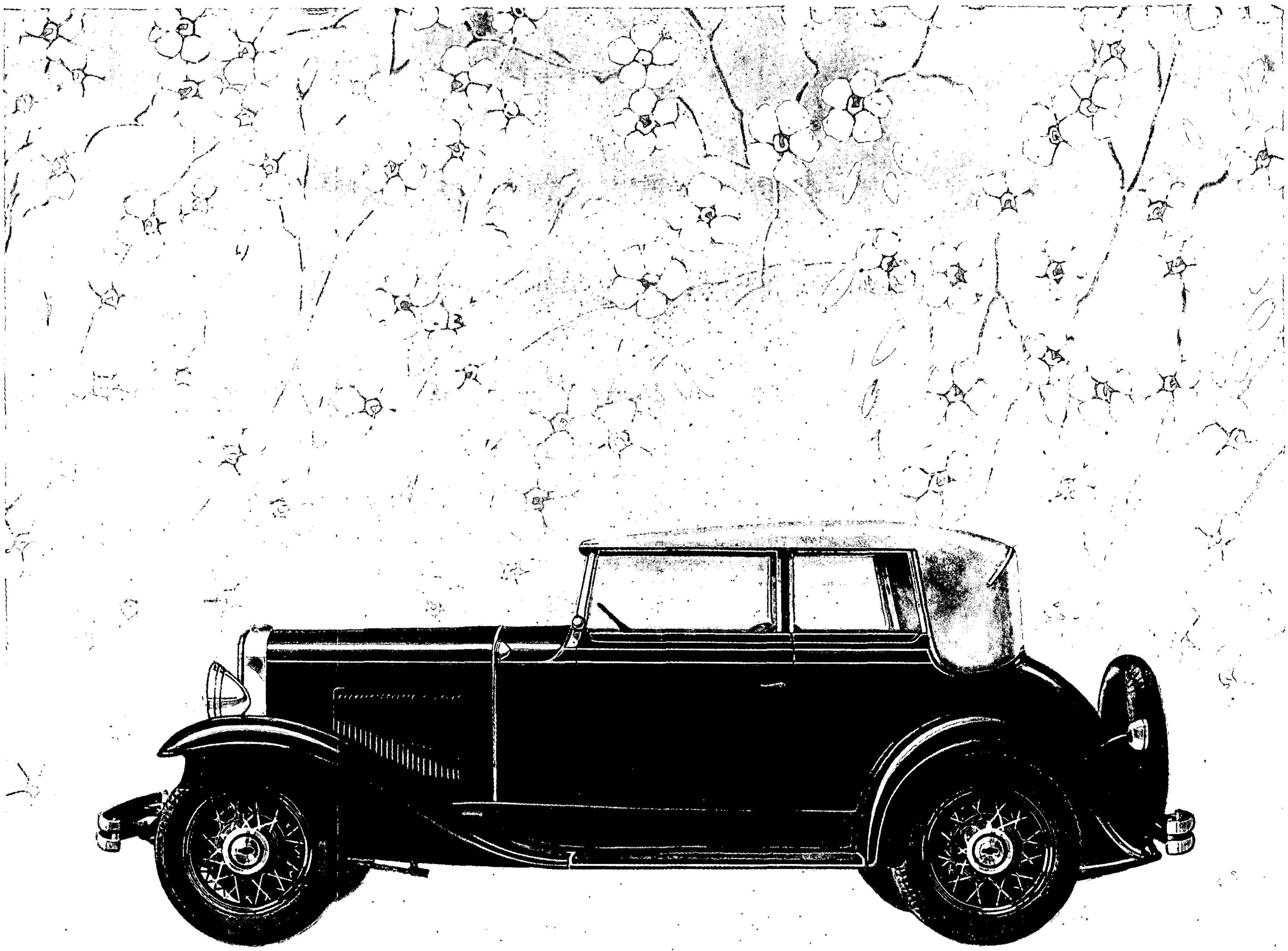
"You know," Dean recently remarked, "they may think I'm goofy off the field but I'm a smart guy in that box. I know what I'm doing and why I'm doing it." This was also true of Waddell. Off the field Rube was erratic to the last degree. But when he started to wind up he was cool and crafty, one of the smartest pitchers of his time.

Many of these self-proclaimed stars lack the ability to make their orations stand up in the box score. The great Shires was never quite as good as he said he was going to be. On the other hand Bugs Raymond and Rube Waddell were even better than their promises, because they carried a confidence merited by more than one brilliant performance.

There has been no doubt about Dizzy Dean's ability. Any twenty-year-old pitcher who, with only one year's experience in professional baseball, can stop the Pirates and Athletics in their astonished tracks at the first chance offered must have rare promise.

But the job of handling these eccentric types is another matter. Only Connie Mack could handle Rube Waddell. For example, after one manager had offered the Rube an advance check for two thousand dollars, Mack signed him up with an advance payment of five hundred one-dollar bills. That big pile of greenbacks looked ten times more attractive to the Rube than a drab certified check.

This season or the next should show just how far the colorful Dizzy will go. But there is a good chance, considering his start, that he may be the Rube Waddell of this generation. Remember a young pitcher by the name of Walter Johnson blew in from Weiser, Idaho, unheralded and unknown, and within a year was the sensation of the whole campaign. And he remained a sensation for about twenty years.



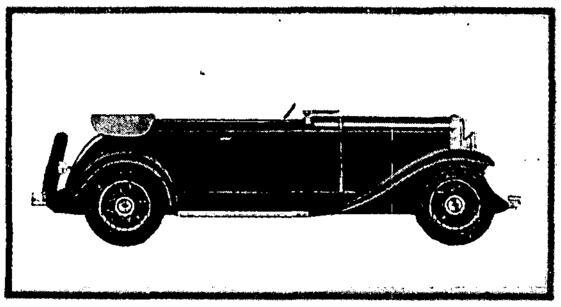
In creating a fully convertible Landau Phaeton for the Chevrolet Six, Fisher adds another brilliant triumph to its long record of achievement in coachcraft.

Heretofore, this distinctive body type has been offered solely in the costly custom field. Today, in a spirited interpretation, solidly constructed and handsomely finished, it is available at Chevrolet's low price.

The Landau Phaeton is racy in its design, with bold moulding treatments, wide doors, and rakish roof line. The ingenious top mechanism is solid and rattleproof, but lowers easily and compactly. Upholstery in leather, deep, restful cushions, side arm rests, and recessed ash trays are among its fine-car features. Thus Fisher's skill in design and craftsmanship plus the resources of Chevrolet and General Motors brings a model long popular for custom use within the reach of every car buyer.

Fisher is proud to have had a part in this achievement and to join with Chevrolet in offering for the first time at modest cost a car of such pronounced charm, all-season utility, and high value.

FISHER BODY CORPORATION · DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors

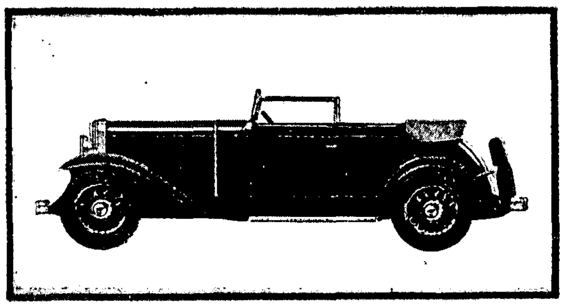


Lowering easily, the top fits neatly into a compact boot. Windows lower into the doors, windshield folds forward.

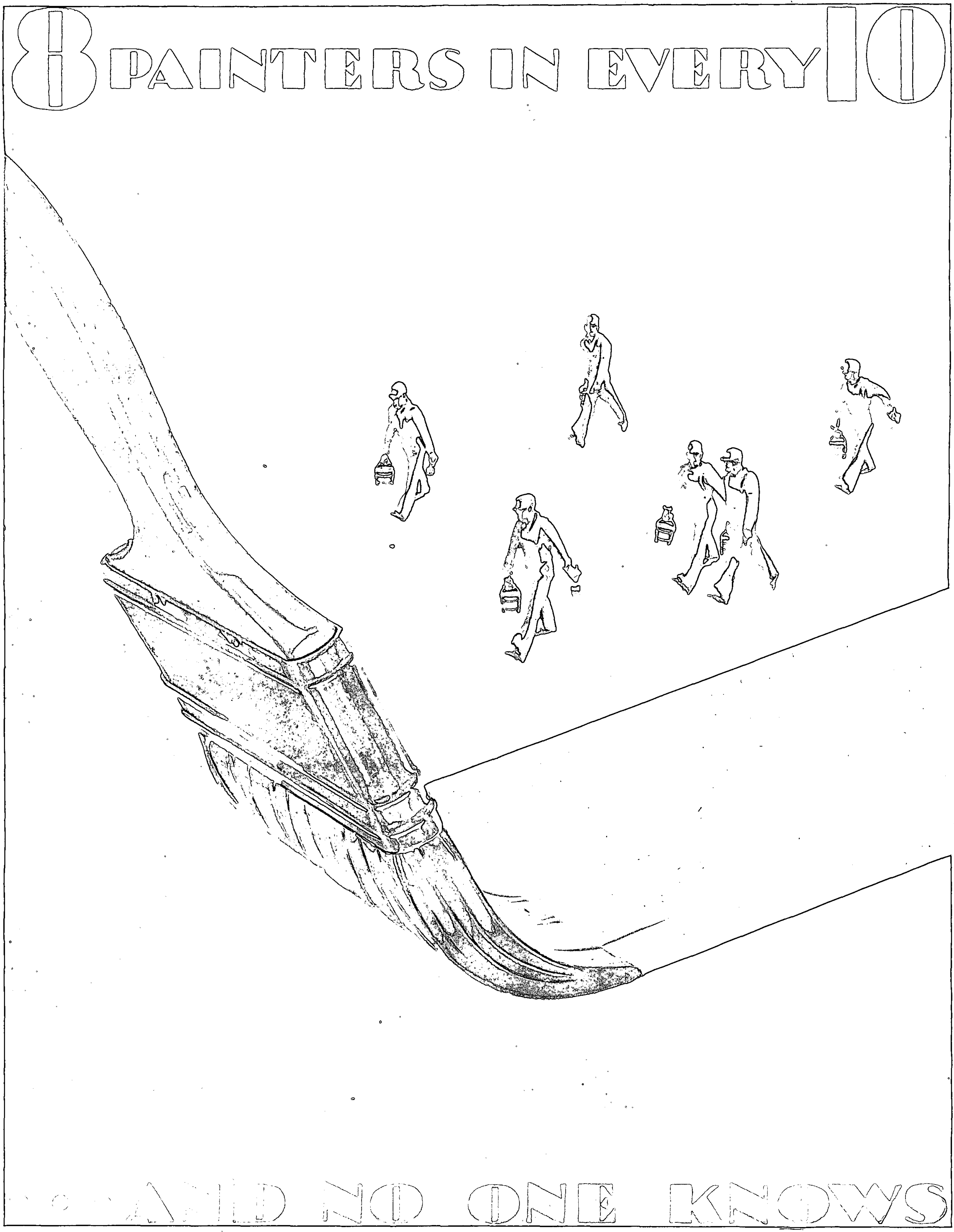
CHEVROLET

BODY by FISHER

LOOK TO THE BODY!



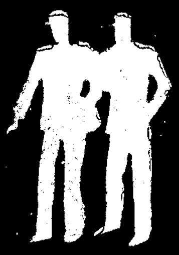
With top lowered and windows raised, this car combines the freedom of an open car with protection against drafts.


8 PAINTERS IN EVERY 10
AND NO ONE KNOWS

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

USE DUTCH BOY

(According to an impartial, country-wide survey)



Paint Arithmetic Argues Against "Cheap" Paint

The amount you pay for paint or for a paint job doesn't determine how much it costs. Years of wear are the determining factor.

If you use a "cheap" paint on your house...pay $250 for the job, and get as much as two years' service out of it, you *do* get "cheap" paint but you *don't* get a cheap paint job... not when you pay for it at the rate of $125 a year!

If a Dutch Boy paint job, on the other hand, at say $270, stands up only four years...and most painters claim it is good for at least five or six...your paint cost is only $67.50 a year.

And mark these important facts, too: First, for every *extra* year that Dutch Boy lasts...that is every year *beyond* four...you save an additional $125. Second, the "cheap" paint may *double* your cost at next repaint time by cracking and scaling, which means expensive burning and scraping. A Dutch Boy job has the advantage of wearing down smoothly by gradual chalking, leaving a perfect surface for repainting.

After all, the answer to the painting problem is found in this simple statement of fact—"8 painters in every 10 use Dutch Boy White-Lead."

Write for free booklet..."The House We Live In"...which gives suggestions on the decoration and protection of the home. Address the branch office nearest your home.

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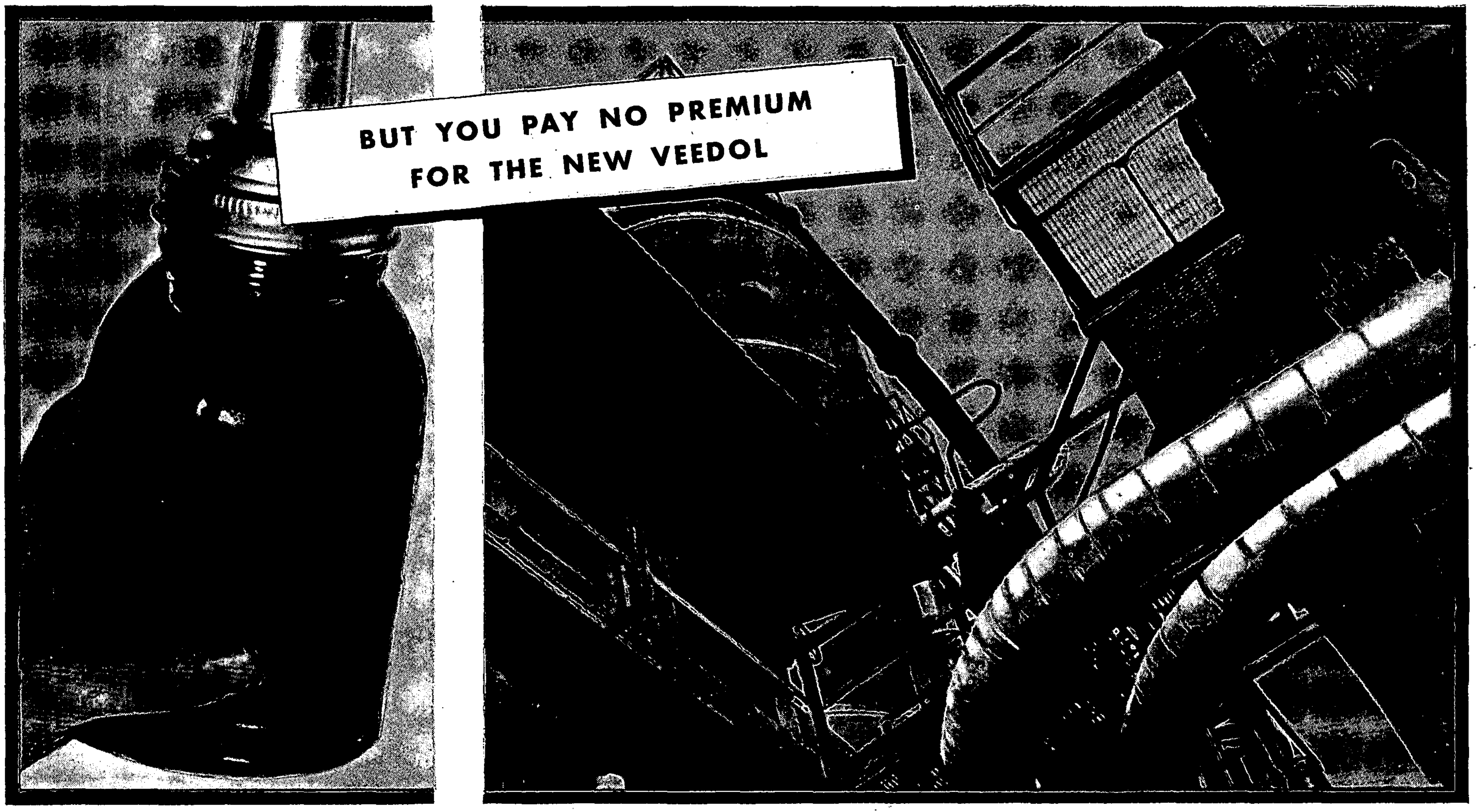
DUTCH BOY
WHITE LEAD
"Save the surface and you save all"

PAINT LIKE A PAINTER

THE FIRST QUART COST $2,000,000



Tide Water selects the cream of the Pennsylvania crudes . . . puts them through entirely new installations of stills, filters and centrifuges costing $2,000,000 . . . developed and used by Tide Water exclusively . . . Result, the New VEEDOL . . . 100% Pennsylvania oil made 100% better.

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In the New VEEDOL . . . 100% Pennsylvania oil has now been made a *double duty* oil, to give you flawless lubrication below freezing, above boiling.

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1. ANTI-CARBON . . . 99.1% carbon-free. Gums, resins and carbon-forming impurities disappear with new refining processes.
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VEEDOL MOTOR OIL

100% PENNSYLVANIA MADE 100% BETTER

The Burned Madonna

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Guy Gilpatric

Illustrated by Mario Cooper

"NO, I'M afraid not," said Mr. Frederick G. Connet, casting a final glance upon the seven old masters which comprised Signor Ludovisi's current stock in trade. "They're important pictures, no doubt, but they're all a mile too big. As I've told you a dozen times, Ludovisi, the room I want this painting for couldn't stand anything bigger than about three feet by five."

Signor Ludovisi made a wry face. He was a business man, and he hated to lose a customer—especially a customer like Mr. Frederick G. Connet.

"Just a moment," he said, wagging his head mysteriously. He hurried across the room and closed the door. Then, lowering his voice, and assuming an air so confidential that it was almost furtive: "You want a picture of a size perhaps one meter by one meter fifty, not so? Ah! About the size of the Bertoldo Madonna, let us say. Perhaps—perhaps even the Bertoldo Madonna itself would interest you, Signor Connet! Yes, what you say to that, ha?" He leaned forward, his hands clasped tensely and his eyes searching Mr. Connet's face.

Mr. Connet chuckled cynically. "If you mean that you've got the Bertoldo Madonna for sale, I wouldn't say just 'ha,' Ludovisi, I'd say 'ha-ha!' I know as well as you do that the Bertoldo Madonna was burned in 1908."

"So?"

Signor Ludovisi's voice was now a mere whisper, although there was no one in the gallery to overhear. He permitted just a trace of patronage to show through his politeness—a suggestion of pity, almost, for Mr. Connet in his ignorance. "Burned, eh!" he continued. "Well, so the world thinks! But the world, signor, is wrong, wrong, and so are you. You must come with me to my home, signor! You must come with me —and learn! Pardon me one moment, please, while I go to telephone for my car."

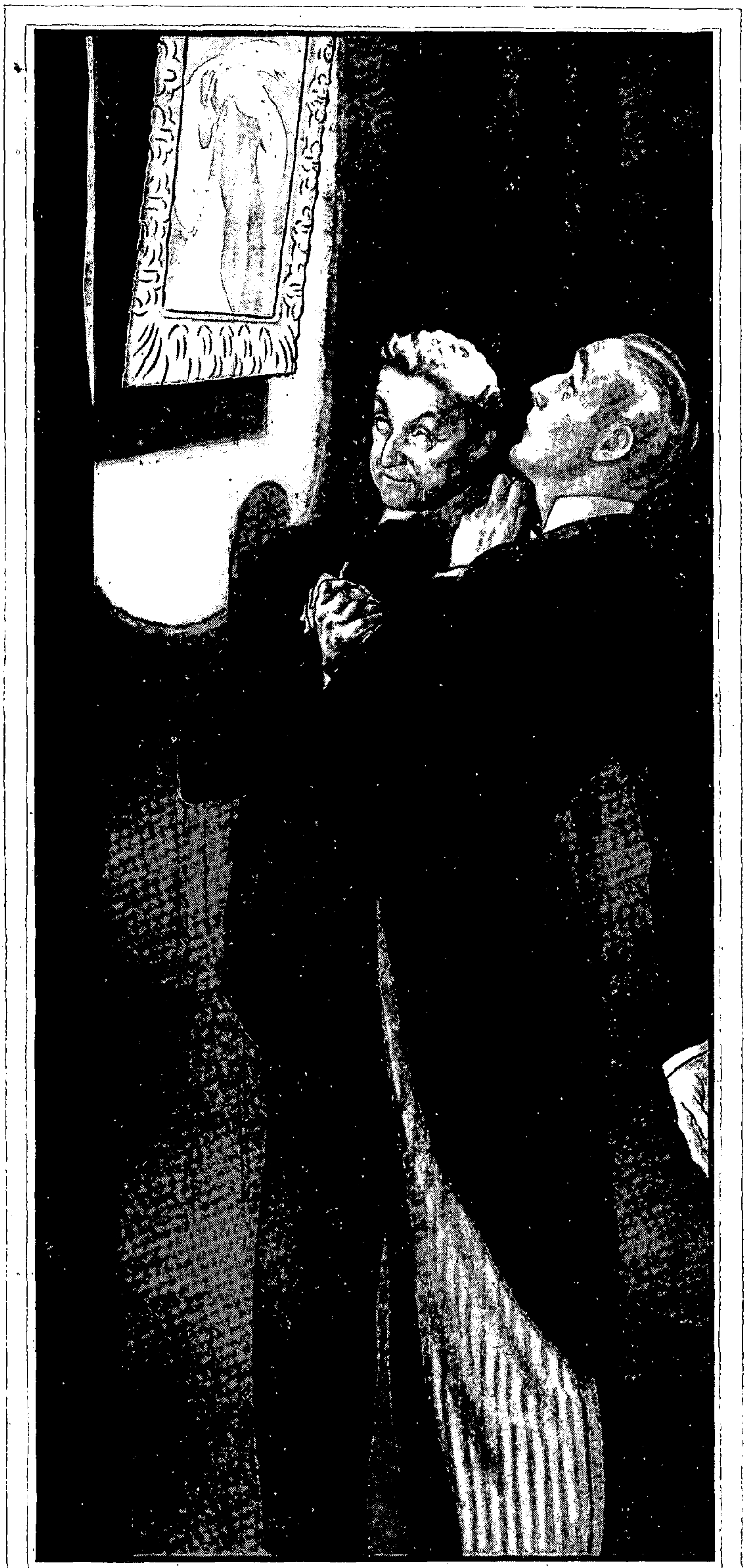
AFTER an excellent lunch at the Villa Ludovisi at Fiesole, Mr. Connet's host unlocked a massive nail-studded door and ushered him into a room which was almost as dark as night. There was the click of an electric switch. "Behold!" said Signor Ludovisi, "Behold!"

Mr. Connet gasped. On the wall before him, glowing in all its mystic beauty, was the Bertoldo Madonna, just as he remembered seeing it twenty-two years before. It was the one picture, the one thing in the world, which he wanted above all else.

"Tell me," he said at length, and there was awed reverence in his voice, "tell me, Ludovisi, how in the world did you get it?"

Signor Ludovisi filled two tall and ancient Florentine goblets from a bottle upon which spiders, long defunct, were mummified beneath the dust. "I got it," he said, "legitimately, if that is what you mean. Prince Corradini needed money. He needed it, ah, so sorely! I advanced him a certain amount, purely as between gentlemen, and without the formality of notes and papers. He insisted, though, that I accept the Bertoldo Madonna as security. He was my friend, and to spare him all embarrassment, I kept the matter secret. Two years later befell the catastrophe of which you know. The Palazzo Corradini was gutted by fire, and the poor prince died next day in the hospital of the Misericordia. He was the last of his line, and I hoped that in his papers would be something, something, which would establish my title to this painting. But there was nothing. And so, according to the laws of Italy, this treasure of art became automatically the property of the government.

"But I vowed, signor—and I think you will understand me—that such it would never be in fact. The painting was mine, mine, by every moral law. Everyone believed that it had been destroyed. Why should I surrender it? And so I have kept it, enjoyed it, loved it until this day. . . . But now, alas, it is my turn to need money. Signor Connet, I ask you: would you like to buy the Bertoldo Madonna for one million lire?"



It was the one picture which he wanted above all else

Mr. Connet's eyes narrowed. One million lire, a little over fifty thousand dollars, for the long-lost Bertoldo Madonna!

He cleared his throat, and licked his lips. "The price," he said, "would be fair enough. But I couldn't get the picture out of Italy. And besides . . ."

"Besides what?" asked Signor Ludovisi. "I assure you again the Madonna is mine to sell and yours to buy. In order to make your title clear, and to enable you to take the picture out of Italy, it merely remains for us to fool the government experts, who, *sapristi*, are fools already."

"How?" said Mr. Connet.

By way of answer, Signor Ludovisi produced a box containing tempera water-color paints and brushes. Switching on additional lights, "We will make of this beautiful masterpiece one damn' fake!" he said. "We will make of it, Signor Connet, a fake so flagrant that even the so-called government experts will laugh at it!"

FOR three hours he applied tiny brush strokes of tempera upon the lovely varnished surface, subtly coarsening the master's line, distorting his drawing, his perspective.

"There!" he said, when his work was done. "We have transformed the Bertoldo Madonna into a worthless copy. Tomorrow morning I will, with the airbrush, spray shellac over the tempera, so that no eye can see in the gloss of the patina a single telltale flaw. But when you, Signor Connet, take the painting to New York, twenty minutes' work with a little cotton, some wood alcohol and some water will restore it to the glory which you saw today."

"Fine!" chuckled Mr. Connet. "Fine and dandy!"

The following afternoon, in the Royal Pitti Gallery, Mr. Connet sat by while Signor Ludovisi vociferously endeavored to convince Doctor Ettore Paribeni, *Sovrintendente all' Arte in Lombardia*, of the genuineness of the Bertoldo Madonna.

"But, Doctor," cried Ludovisi, "I'm not trying to sell you this painting. I do not want money—I merely wish to return to the government that which rightfully belongs to it!"

Doctor Paribeni shrugged his shoulders. "Signor," he said, "the painting you have there is a copy. The government is not interested in it."

"Well, now, that's just what I've said right along," chimed in Mr. Connet, who had studied his part and taken his cue from Signor Ludovisi. "It's a very fine copy of the Bertoldo Madonna. Surely, Doctor, the Italian government won't object if I buy it and take it back to the States?"

"Of course not," said Doctor Paribeni. "The Italian government will have no objection whatsoever. The thing is exactly as you say, Mr. Connet —merely a very beautiful copy."

SOME weeks later, Mr. Frederick Connet spent a thrilling evening in his apartment, daubing with pads of cotton upon the surface of a painting.

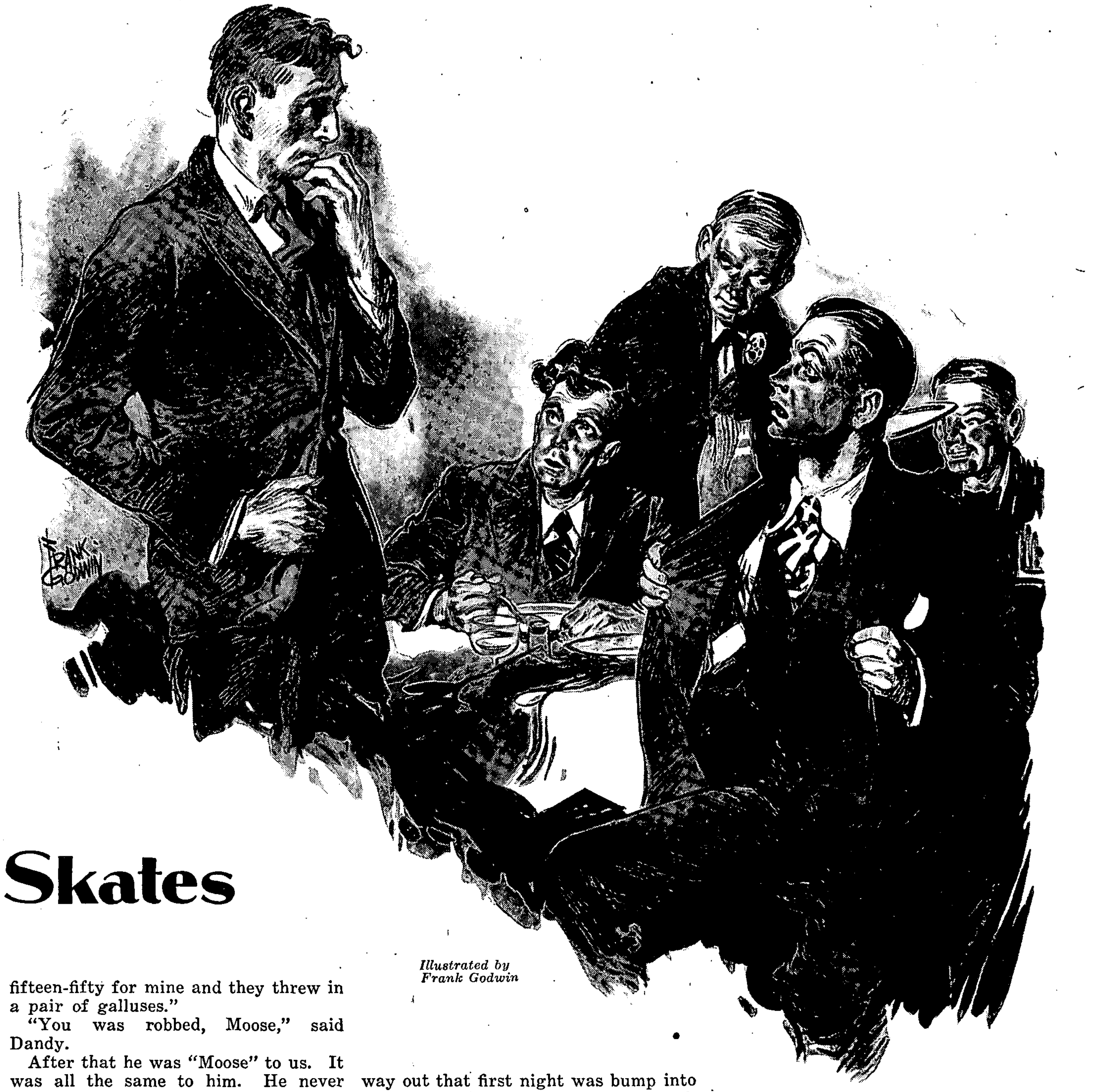
"There!" he said to Mrs. Connet, when the last vestiges of shellac and tempera had been removed. "There, by George! Now I guess we've got something to make 'em take notice!"

As a matter of fact, visitors to the Connet apartment are deeply impressed with the picture. And they should be. For it really is almost as beautiful as the original, which was destroyed by fire in 1908.

By
Richard
Connell

The story of a baseball rookie, whose headwork could have been better —but whose heartwork couldn't

A Moose on Roller Skates



Illustrated by
Frank Godwin

"Think I can get a suit like this for twenty berries?" growled Dandy, the best-dressed right-fielder in baseball

RUSTY TRACEY, dean of big-league pitchers, told me this one. We were stiff and sore [he said] after our first day of spring training, but our appetites didn't have charley horse. Just as they were toting in the soup—crash! Bam! Boomp! A long-legged rube in a hickory suit had nose-dived through the dining-room door and shot along the floor like he was sliding home. He tripped over his own feet. He got up, looking like a cornered giraffe, and backed into a potted palm. Then he saw us, lumbered to our table and sat down so hard the dishes rattled.

"Boys," said the Old Man, from the head of the table, "meet Zeb Grouper from Tennessee."

Grouper gave a jerky jump like he'd been prodded by a bee, meaning to bow, I suppose, and just then the waiter was handing the cream of tomato to Dandy Demotte and Zeb's elbow hit it and Dandy got a soup shower all over his swell new suit, which had set him back a hundred bucks, which is a lot for a family man to pay, I think.

For a second I thought Dandy—a scrappy lad—was going to take a poke at the hill billy; but Grouper was twice Dandy's size, so Dandy just called him a few blankety blanks and wound up by saying:

"You so-and-so, you're like a moose on roller skates."

"Gosh, mister," said Grouper, his big ears like bonfires, "I didn't go to do it. I'm just naturally onhandy. If that soot of yours is roont I'll give you twenty dollars to buy a new one."

He wasn't kidding either.

"Think I can get a suit like this for twenty berries?" growled Dandy, the best-dressed right-fielder in baseball.

"Reckon so," said Grouper. "I paid fifteen-fifty for mine and they threw in a pair of galluses."

"You was robbed, Moose," said Dandy.

After that he was "Moose" to us. It was all the same to him. He never seen a moose, I guess; but he was sort of like one, with one of those long, sad faces, mostly nose, and a chin that faded off into a freckled neck—a lanky, gangly bird, all of six foot three with slopping shoulders that looked like they'd melted and run down into his hands; fingers like coffee éclairs; knock-kneed as the letter X, with dogs so big you thought at first he was on skis. His hands and feet behaved like they belonged to four different people.

ROOKIES eat like the meal in front of 'em was the last one they ever hoped to see; but I never saw a rookie relish his victuals the way the Moose did. He'd tuck it in and stop to sigh with joy every now and then. He put away his soup with sounds like a man pulling boots out of a bog, and he got it on his knuckles and vest.

Steak was next, with peas and potatoes to trim it. The Moose took one swipe with his knife and it rained peas and potatoes all over that part of Florida. He dropped his fork a couple of times, knocked over my glass of water, got grapefruit juice in his eyes, put salt in his coffee; but finally he finished fueling and tramped out, with his napkin still dangling from his rubber collar; and let me tell you when he walked he was no pussyfoot. He hoisted up those overgrown pups of his and let them fall by their own weight, so that when he crossed a room the sound effect was like a bunch of army mules crossing a covered bridge. All he did on the way out that first night was bump into the head waiter and get himself stuck in the revolving door.

"Well, Rusty," said the Old Man to me, "what do you think of your new roomie."

He was always sticking me with some bohunk like that, because I know how to kid green players along.

"Is he a ball player or what?" I asked.

"Don't know," said the Old Man. "Bob Wilk picked him up for a busted shotgun out in some mountain league where they play in their socks. Hit .440 last season. Claims to be a right-fielder. No use to us, of course, with Dandy going good and this young Coyne coming along; but we'll keep the big apple-knocker around for laughs, and trade him later with about a dozen like him for a second-string ketcher."

I played a few rounds of rummy with the boys in Dandy's room that night and went to my own about ten. The Moose was nowhere to be seen, but his nobby suit was scattered around the room, and the ink was spilled on the rug, so I knew he'd been in. I figured he'd gone out to sleep in a tree. Then I heard sounds in the bathroom. In his drawly bass voice the Moose was making low, gurgly sounds and grunts and I thought he was talking to himself in his own language. This kept up for quite some time. I wanted to take some of the kinks out of me with a hot bath, so pretty soon I hollered:

"Hey, Moose, give me a chance at that tub."

He didn't say anything, just gurgled and grunted some more, so I opened the door. There was the Moose, bent almost double, with his head in the washbowl.

"Hey, what you doing—diving for pearls?" I hollered.

THE Moose made a muffled noise that sounded like, "I'm stuck." And he was.

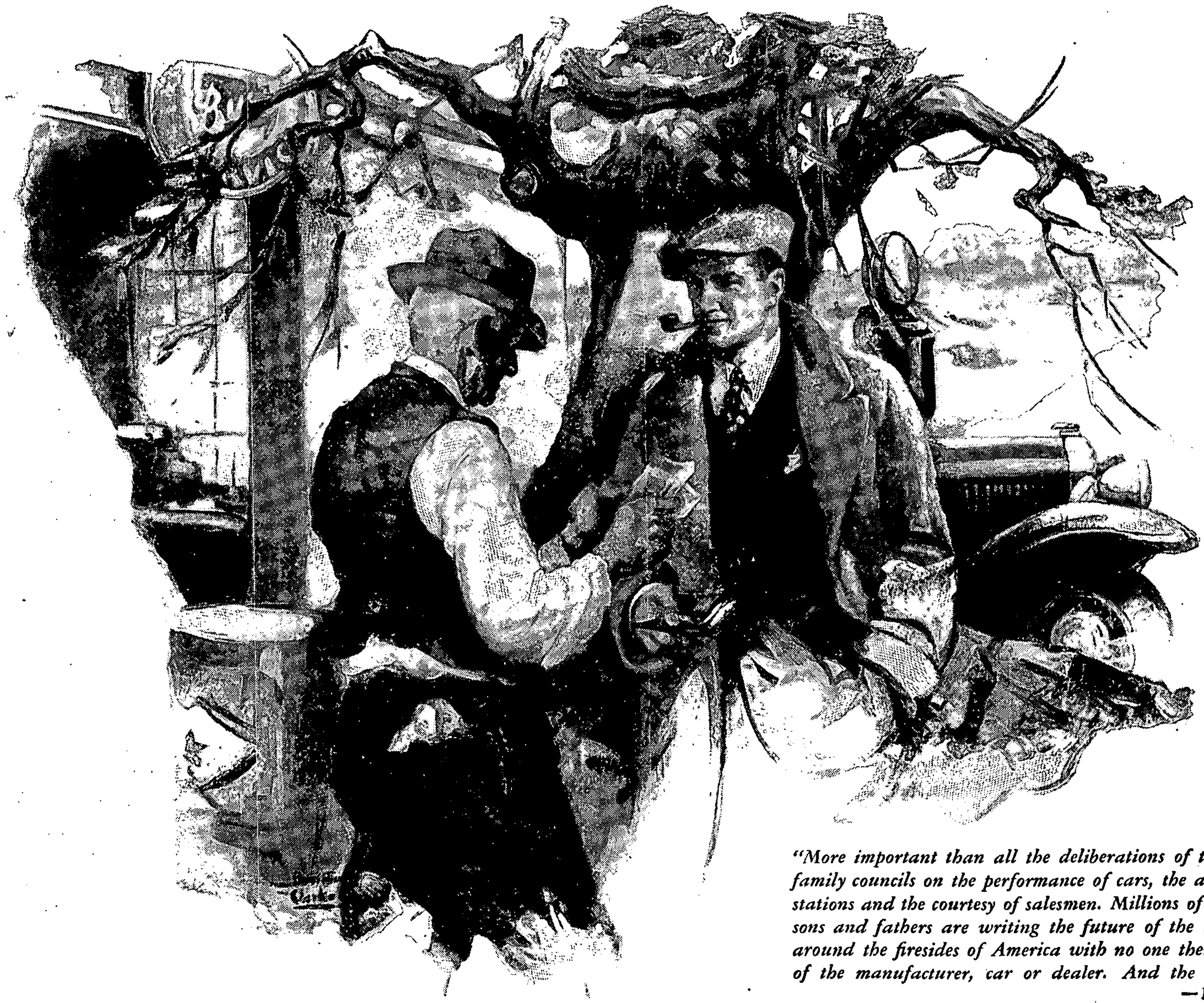
In some mysterious way he'd got those big ruby ears of his wedged under the spigots and, though he squirmed and pulled and made funny noises, he was caught like a trout on a barb.

It was too good to keep. I let out a whoop and the gang came running in. They had fits all over the floor. Then we tried to work him free, but we couldn't.

"I got an idea," cried young Coyne, and ran out. After a while he came in with a plumber. After studying the situation a while the plumber began to tinker, and finally unscrewed the washbowl and the Moose stood up with the bowl clamped on his head like a tin helmet, only it was china.

"He can't go round the rest of his life

ENDORSED in the WHEAT FIELDS as whole-heartedly as on BROADWAY



"More important than all the deliberations of the industry are, the family councils on the performance of cars, the atmosphere of service stations and the courtesy of salesmen. Millions of daughters, mothers, sons and fathers are writing the future of the automotive business around the firesides of America with no one there to plead the case of the manufacturer, car or dealer. And the verdicts are final."
—MOTOR MAGAZINE

America is so big, her people have such widely varying tastes and desires, that it is extraordinary that they should unite in favoring any car to the degree they favor Buick.

In the wheat fields and on Broadway; in big towns and small; in sections which demand ruggedness and reliability, and sections which emphasize snap and style, the story is the same:

More than fifty out of every hundred buyers of the fourteen eights priced between $1000 to $2000 purchase Buicks—a vote of approval that is unique—a tribute awarded no other automobile.

The builders of Buick have only one aim . . . to continue to merit such preference . . . to continue to make Buick cars so superbly good that they will appeal to *all* needs and tastes.

When Better Automobiles Are Built, Buick Will Build Them

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

with that thing on his head," said John Shay, the catcher.

"He won't have to," said young Coyne. Then he picked up a bat and cracked down hard on the bowl. Coyne weighs two hundred and either hits 'em a mile or fans. He didn't fan this time. It took us twenty minutes to bring the Moose around. He blinked and looked at the pieces of bowl and said:

"Gosh, how much do them things cost?"

I chased the bunch out. The Moose stood rubbing his bean and looking ashamed of himself.

"I was writing a post card to my pap," he said, "and the pen bust and I got ink on my ears and when I went to wash it off I got stuck. I dunno how. You see, out home, we most always use a tin basin and a jug."

Just to take his mind off his woes, I said:

"Well, how do you like being a big-leaguer?"

"All right," said the Moose. He was not what you'd call an orator.

"I hear you're quite a slugger," I said.

NOW I been in baseball twenty years and I never met a rookie yet who wouldn't open up when you gave him a lead like that. They may be dumb as a shad, but give them an opening, and they'll tell you how they busted five out of six at Bellows Falls and they'll haul out clippings to prove it. But all the Moose said was, "I'm all right," and dropped one of his shoes on the floor and made the hotel tremble.

He turned in, and I noticed that underwear and pajamas were just words to him. He snored like a roundhouse, but I was tired and fell asleep. I was dreaming I was pitching a no-hit game against the Cubs when I was waked by a loud thump. It was only the Moose, who had fallen out of bed. Later I got used to that.

At the park next morning the Old Man told me to bat fungoes to the outfielders. The Moose was standing out there, like an unfinished statue, with his mouth open and his hands flapping around his knees. I batted out a long, high fly a good piece to his left. He stood watching it like a hick at a balloon ascension, and then it seemed to strike him that he ought to do something about it. He started off, but to the right, away from the ball. He moved like a man trying to sprint up an icy roof. The air was full of divots.

THEN he noticed that he was going the wrong way, and threw himself into reverse, turned, caught his spikes on a dandelion, skidded, almost pitched forward on that horn of his and went after the ball with a gait that was half gallop and half stagger. Just as the ball was going to drop into his left ear and be lost forever, he waved at it with his glove, like a man slapping at a wasp, and the pill stuck in his hand. He stood staring at it, surprised, the way you would if you found a diamond ring in your soft-boiled egg.

"It's a baseball," Dandy Demotte shouted at him. "Throw it before it explodes."

The Moose cut loose with a throw and he threw like a girl scout; but the onion traveled on a line to the plate and nearly tore John Shay's mitt off.

"Some whip," said John.

"If he don't look out he'll throw his elbow into the stand and hurt somebody," said Dandy Demotte.

The next one I hit to the Moose was a low liner that he had to come in for. He started late, stubbed his toe and covered half the distance on his chest; but somehow he got his long fingers on the ball just as it was grazing the daisies.

I hit him nine or ten more, all sorts, and got dizzy watching him go for them. Nothing he did was right; but at that he only missed one and that was a shot against the fence Tris Speaker couldn't have speared. The Moose tried for it and rammed his head into the fence. It hurt the fence.

Lefty Taylor was buzzing them over for batting practice, and he'd been working on the coast all winter and was in mid-season form, mixing a fast one with a nasty screw ball that had the boys swinging. When the Moose's turn came he oozed up to the platter, put his foot deep in the bucket and hunched over like a guy looking down a manhole, and curled his bat around his neck; and that wasn't all. He batted cow-handed! That's what the kids call it, and even kids don't do it. Being a right-hand hitter, he should have gripped his bat with his right hand above his left; but he gripped it with his left hand above his right—see what I mean?—so that when he swung and missed he was apt to hit himself across the shoulders.

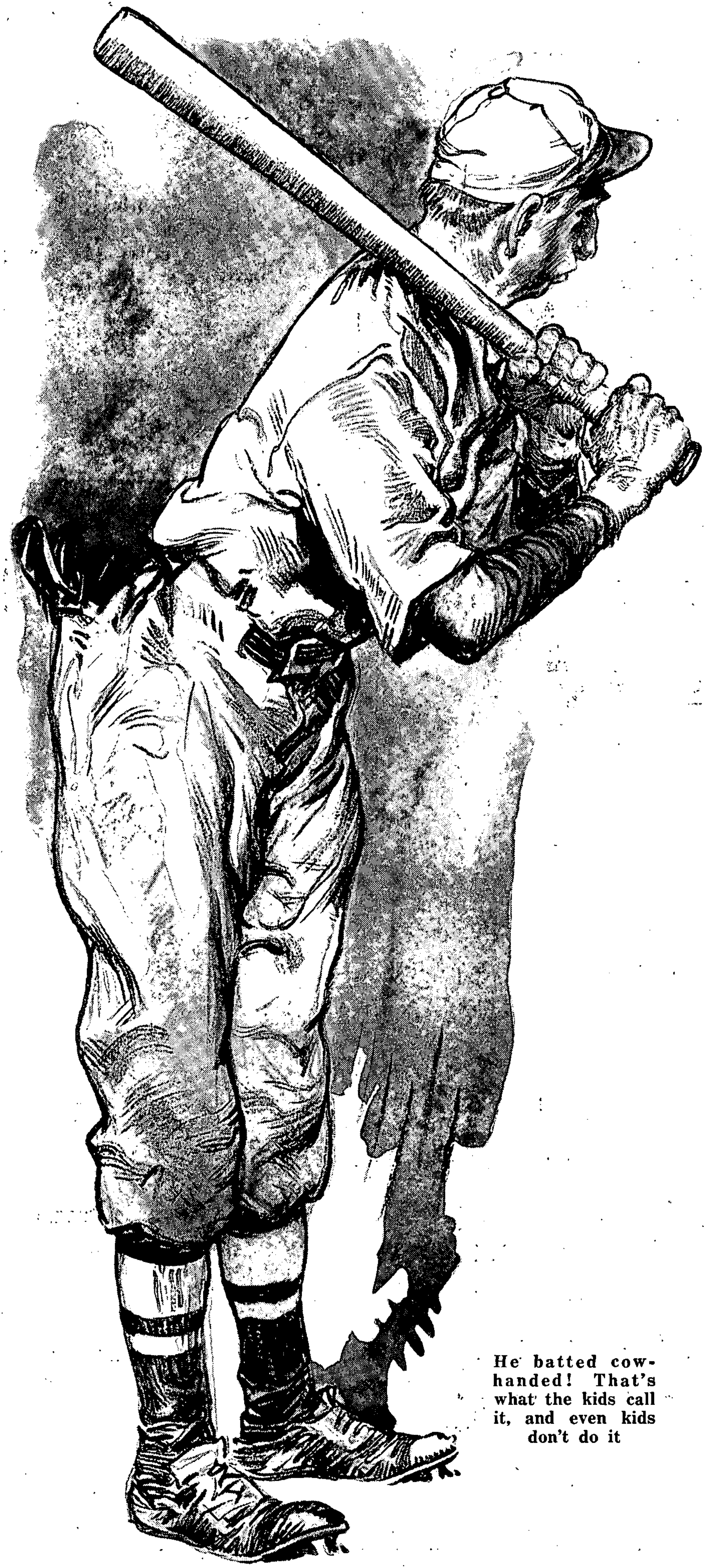
Lefty drilled over a smoke ball and the Moose pulled it down the left field foul line. The next one was in close and the Moose belted it over first base. Then he pasted a slow curve to deep center. But he looked like he was trying to duck them, not hit them.

"Anyhow," said the Old Man, who was watching him with eyes as big as goose eggs, "they'll never know where to play for that baby."

"He wouldn't know where to play for himself," said Dandy Demotte.

"They pay off on hits, not form," said the Old Man. "That big caribou is apt to brain himself or the umps; but he stings the lemon right on the nose."

"Accident," said Dandy. He was what John Shay called "sourcastic." Dandy had been with us five years and knew his stuff, but he wasn't what you'd call popular.



He batted cow-handed! That's what the kids call it, and even kids don't do it

THE Moose hit a few more off Lefty and then I went in to see could he hit right-hand pitching. Well, he could. Don't ask me how.

Now don't get me wrong about him. He was no second Cobb. He missed plenty. The miracle wasn't that he smacked out some good drives but that he could smack any at all.

At dinner that night he did his juggling act with the crockery, and though he didn't eat pretty, he certainly got results. Even young Coyne, who was a wonder boy in the appetite line, couldn't keep pace with the Moose. Nobody minded much, because you could see that good food and the Moose had long been strangers but were getting to be bosom pals.

Later I found him sitting on his bed, staring at the shoelace he'd broke getting his brogans off. Just to be sociable I said: "Still like fast company?"

"It's all right," answered the Moose.

"What made you leave the old home town to come and play with the big boys?" I asked.

That's another cast rookies always rise to. They tell you that ever since they were little shavers it was the dream of their life to play in the majors and some talk like it was a holy call from above or something. What the Moose said was:

"I wanted to eat regular."

"Don't ball players eat out where you come from?" I asked.

"Not regular," said the Moose.

"Don't they pay them?" I asked.

"NOT regular," he said. "We used to play five innings and then pass the hat. If we got ten dollars to split up, we finished the game. If not, not."

"Couldn't you hold down some job on the side?" I said.

"Most of the boys did," said the Moose, "but I couldn't. I always got fired for busting something."

"Well," I said, "if you stick in this show you'll eat regular and fancy, too; and have something left over for haberdashery."

"Gosh, mister, I hope so," said the Moose, and a hungry gleam came into his eyes.

He'd have let it lay there, but I kept after him.

"So you want to bust loose and see the town?" I said.

The Moose looked at the hole in his ten-cent socks. You could of lit a cigar on his ears.

"Was you born on a farm?" he said.

I said I was.

"So was I," said the Moose. "So I guess you'll understand better than them city fellers."

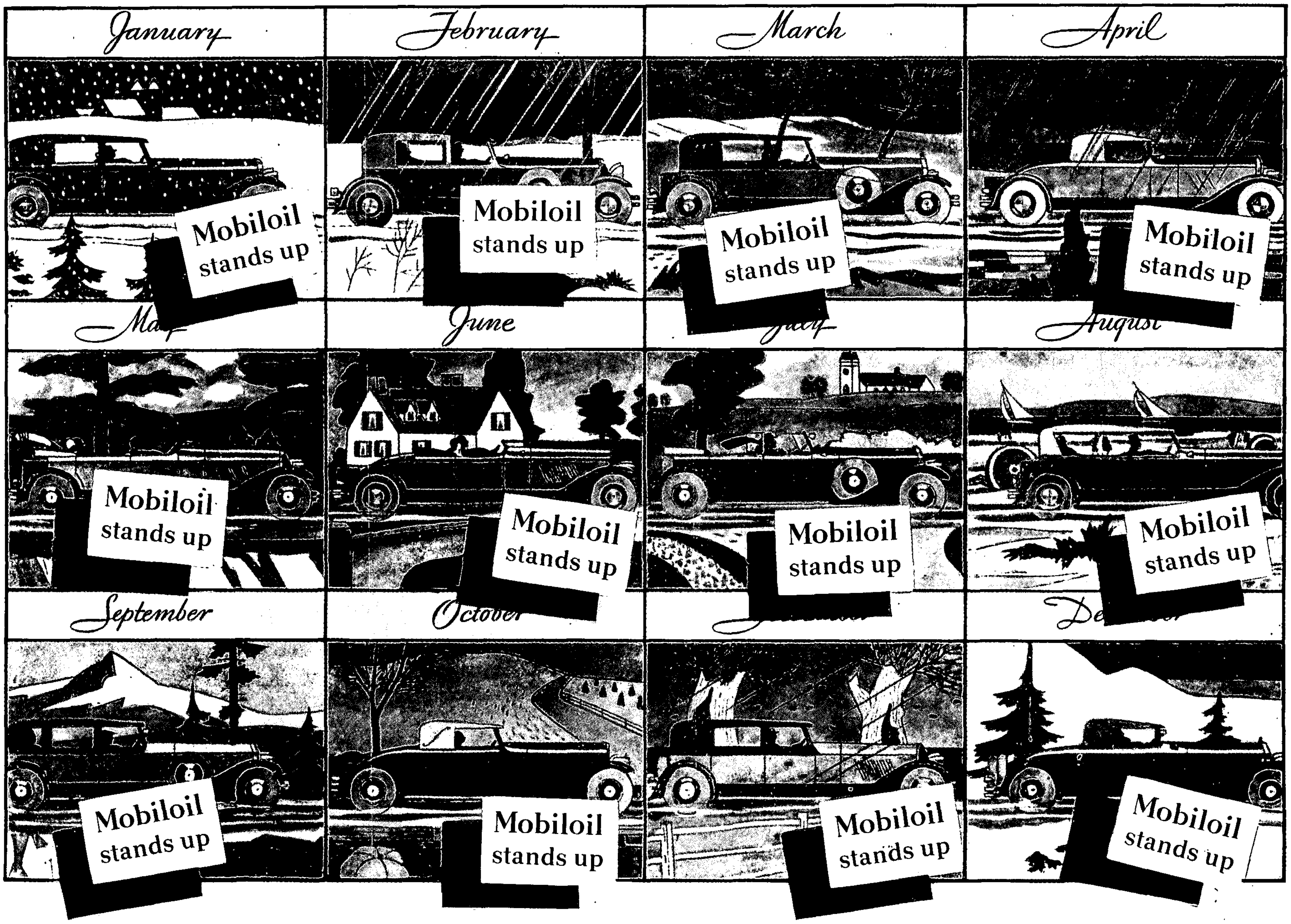
"Understand what?" I asked him.

"About being poor," said the Moose.

"I milked twenty-six cows every day," I said, "and had five brothers and never had a hat of my own till I was twenty."

"I know all about that," said the Moose. "I never had a pair of shoes till

(Continued on page 46)


January
February
March
April
Mobiloil stands up
Mobiloil stands up
Mobiloil stands up
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Month in .. month out .. slow or fast ....

Right now as never before you need oil with extraordinary ability to **stand up.** Engines revolve faster at all speeds, and cars *speed* faster. Oils that would do yesterday won't **stand up** today.

Improvement after improvement has steadily increased Mobiloil's wonderful ability to **stand up** today—under today's driving conditions. Each of the 20 steps in making Mobiloil adds something definite to the oil's **stand-up** quality.

Making an oil which **stands up** is not a simple matter of finding a good crude and refining it. An oil which **stands up** as Mobiloil **stands up** is made—not found.

When your dealer recommends Mobiloil for its ability to **stand up,** you may be sure that he places the welfare of your engine above his immediate profit. He is offered many oils which would show him a bigger profit than the legitimate profit which he gets on Mobiloil—the oil which **stands up** so staunchly and lubricates so thoroughly in all engines—at all driving speeds.

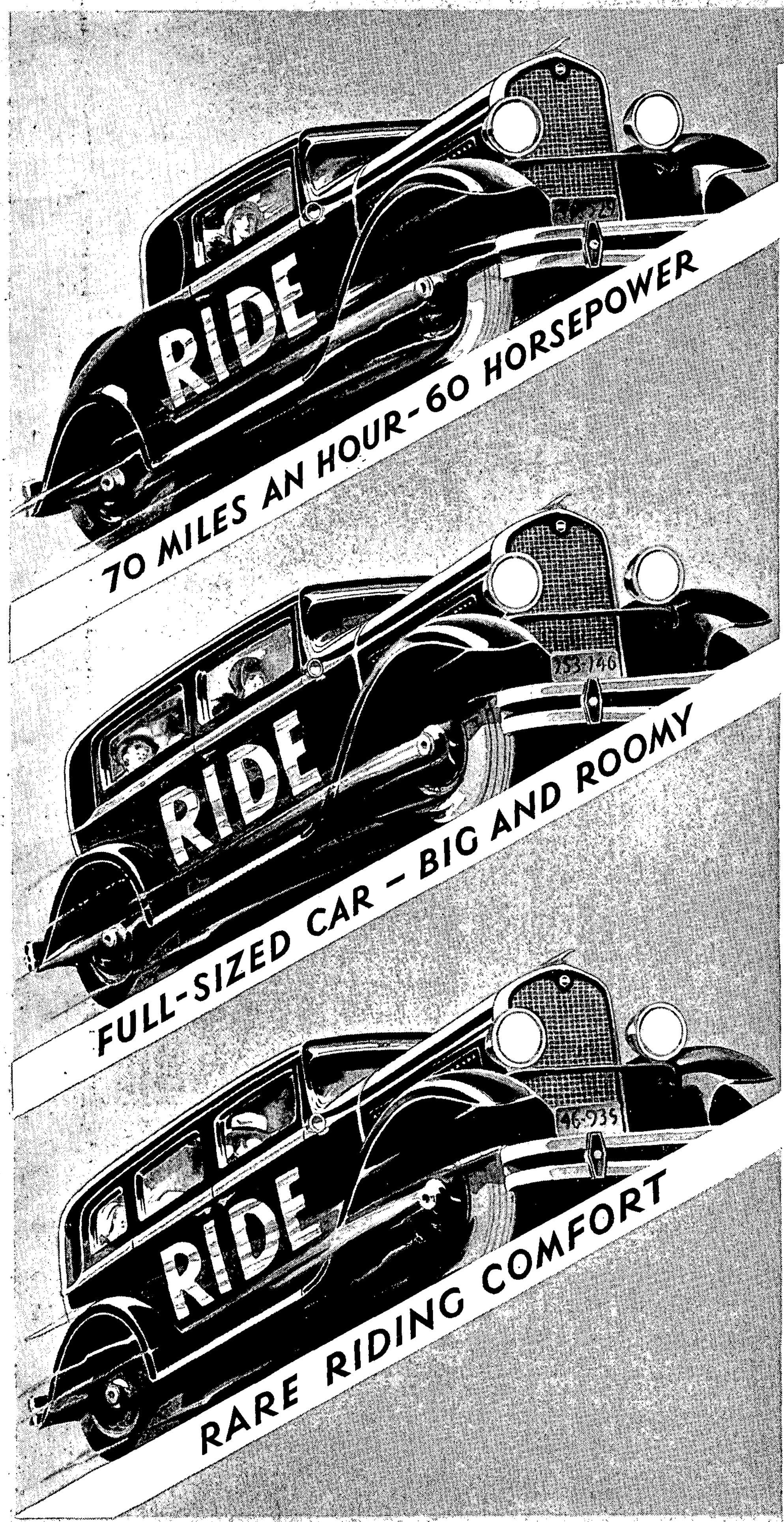
Ask here for Mobiloil

Mobiloil stands up

because it is Made .. not Found

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

ESSEX The Finest Performing Six Hudson ever built $595 *and up* f.o.b. Detroit



48 ITEMS INCLUDED IN THE $595 ESSEX LIST PRICE

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Insulated against weather and noise. Permanent, service free, welded, one-piece construction. Leg-room and head-room equal to costly cars. No crowding—42½-inch front seat width, 49-inch rear seat width.

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70 miles an hour, faster acceleration, greater power. Patented compensated crankshaft. Roller tappets instead of ordinary mushroom type. Aluminum alloy pistons (instead of cast iron) cam-ground with T-slot prevents warping or scored cylinders. Two oil-control rings, two compression rings. Efficient, simplified oil-cooling. Adjustable, silent timing chain.

Costly-car Motor Design

Follows the design of highest-priced cars in light-weight moving parts and in motor speed. Develops *more* power at the same motor speed and the *same* power at lower motor speed than "low-speed motor" cars.

Sturdy Chassis Construction

Double-drop frame for low center of gravity. Side rails 6 15/16" deep. Full depth carried well forward of cowl. 7 cross-members, flanged edges, 30% added strength. Long springs, 8 leaves, 2" wide. Splayed rear springs prevent sidesway. Heavy-duty roller bearings in all four wheels. Four-pinion rear axle.

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Chromium-plated radiator grid. Cowl lamps. Smartly done interiors.

All Controls Convenient

Starter button, electric gasoline and oil gauge, temperature indicator on dash. Adjustable steering wheel position. Adjustable front and rear seats. Weather-proof four-wheel brakes, as used on costly cars, respond to light touch. Automatic choke for easy starting. Toggle windshield control.

Rare Riding Comfort

For the first time in a car of its low price. 113" wheelbase. Four two-way hydraulic shock absorbers.

These features make Essex the Value Sensation in this year of sensational values.

Competes with the *Lowest* in price - - - Challenges the *Finest* in Quality

A West Wind

Continued from page 15

what? The preliminary surveys were all made two years ago. Who's going to make that fight across the Barrens, when there's no reason for it?"

"If they did," said Cheerful thoughtfully, "we could see them coming away off."

"What's that got to do with it?" Davis asked testily. "The thing is, Cheerful, are you going to run out on us, or aren't you? Do as you please. But just figure on how you'll feel if a bunch of raw men don't pull through the winter."

AN HOUR later, Cheerful Brossert stumbled about his cabin, alone. Puttering here and there, he put away the desiccated food, the clothing, the jangling traps. But at last he straightened, with a new light of pride in his eyes—one that almost overcame their fear. In the slow dawn of the next morning, Joe Brossert waited, with his dogs beside him and his ax on his shoulder, for the crew to come from the mess house. And when night came, there was more of companionship in the mess house than there had been for weeks. Cheerful Brossert was there and Davis was kidding him about whether he'd rather have a dock or a park named in his honor when this stretch of wilderness was a metropolis of the North.

That was only part of it. It was Cheerful's team of huskies and his toboggan which carried Jimmy Davis about; it was Cheerful's scheme of cutting heavy aprons out of trebled layers of canvas which saved men from frozen legs and frosted knees as they faced the bitterness of forty-mile gales, or floundered in snowdrifts. Beyond this, it was Cheerful's unfaltering belief which made other men believe.

Without that fanatic faith, these men saw only the desolation, the blurred form of a Siberian wolf slinking across far-away ice, the cheerlessness of days when the sun shone no brighter than a slimy coin, and the snow crunched groaningly beneath one's boots, of long, lonely nights when the eerie gleams of the northern lights splotched the sky like harassed ghosts. But Cheerful loved the northern lights. They made shadows and pictures of a city that was to be; they told him that he was an integral part of its building; they lifted his timorous soul to parapets of strength, reminding him of his worth, his necessity, his importance. But they could not make him forget.

In the daylight, as he worked, he watched ceaselessly the gray line of the southern horizon. And at night he sat for hours, mooning. Once he jerked himself out of his chair and, striding across the rough floor, kicked viciously at the smoking stove. He did not know why, except that he hated it.

But there were many other times when he stumbled into his cabin too tired to do more than flounder through the frigid darkness to his bunk, and there wrap himself in his eiderdowns, sleep numbing his brain almost instantly. For Joe Brossert's work was endless.

Great, cheery fires blazed along the lines of endeavor during the day, for men to huddle about when they could leave their transits or their levels—and all because of Joe. Steaming containers of coffee were brought from the mess hall, and he was the man who poured it, the drippings freezing upon the fur of his parka. Every possible errand was his, because he wanted it. The wealth of his giving was infectious; the quality of his optimism shamed a lesser brightness in others. And they only laughed about the queer, hunted way in which he constantly watched the southern horizon.

"Poor sap thinks they'll get the railroad through ahead of time," a workman chuckled.

New blizzards blew; the squat cabins seemed to sink deep in the ground as the drifts piled higher about them. Each day Joe Brossert found new tasks and accepted them. But there were times when even his giant strength faltered, when he staggered blindly toward the mess house at the end of the day. One night he stirred in his chair beside the fire in the big room and opened his eyes with the startled knowledge that he had fallen asleep between sentences. He grinned in an abashed manner and rubbed his wind-reddened eyes.

"What did you say?" he asked at random.

"Just told Moxie the woodbox was empty," answered Davis, looking up from a pile of blueprints.

"Wood?" Joe Brossert clattered to his feet. "Sure, I'll get some wood."

"Go back to sleep!" jeered a transit man from the other side of the stove. "You're all in."

Another jibed him, and a third; Cheerful Brossert's enthusiasm was funny sometimes. The big trapper grinned and raised his huge fists.

"All right!" he shouted. "I'll show you. I'll fill the woodbox with one trip!"

Shouting his virility, he thumped unsteadily to the door, slammed it behind him, and crunched to his own cabin. There he cut a piece of heavy rope and went to the long rick of four-foot quarter-logs, and spread the rope upon the ground. Stick after stick he piled upon it until the load was half as high as himself. Then, tugging and straining, he pulled the rope tight about the burden and tied it. Then, huge muscles bulging, he raised the burden to his shoulders and lurched for the mess hall.

"Open the door!" he shouted, with a kick against the sill. Steps sounded; the door swung wide. Joe Brossert plunged through.

"Look out!" shouted Davis. "You're running into the lamp!"

JOE BROSSERT swerved in an effort to obey the command. But the load swung on his shoulders; there was a simultaneous crash from above as the big, nickeled kerosene hanging-lamp shot from its fastening on the ceiling, spun through the air and cracked open against the heat-reddened stove. The flare of fire burst through the room, dulled by the rolling black of kerosene smoke. Shouting men milled toward the door, while behind them fire ate at a dozen points of attack. Davis shouted a command to get to the cache door and save the food stores. It was a short-lived effort.

The inner door, leading from the mess hall, had been open. Flaming oil already had entered; tar-covered hams were afire, boxes and cartons already blazing. At dawn, Joe Brossert moved slowly through the snow, up to his own cold cabin.

The mess hall and cache was only a gutted rectangle, black and smoking in a frame of smudgy snow. Two other buildings were gone, a bunkhouse and a work cabin. And he had caused it. Fate inevitably seemed to work the wrong way for Joe Brossert. Always he tried, and always he failed.

"If I'd just gone on!" he groaned. Then slowly he turned. The door had

(*Continued on page 36*)

The 2 INGRAM barbers
[JERRY JAR AND TERRY TUBE]
give you the Fascist
and Coolest Shave there is!

THINK ABOUT YOUR FACE
Ingram's SHAVING CREAM
Ingram's SHAVING CREAM
BRISTOL-MYERS CO., New York

ANYONE who goes in for direct action in shaving can't avoid coming straight to the 2 Ingram barbers! Il Duce himself couldn't deny that Ingram's is hot stuff—for it gives you the coolest and Fascist shave you ever had. Il Duce! Il Certainly Duce!—which, freely translated, means, it does!

It's cool, It's Cool, It's COOL

We reiterate, Ingram's Shaving Cream is cool, COOL, *COOL!* The sooner you take *that* fact to heart and *this* cream to your chin, the sooner you'll know what shaving comfort really is!

You'll get a chill from your first shave by the 2 Ingram barbers—(Terry Tube or Jerry Jar)—for both boys carry the same fine cream, and give you the same fine shave!

Here are the facts—the cold, chilly truth!

Ingram's is the coolest shaving cream ever devised by the hand of man.

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It's cool because we set out to make it cool. You'll recognize its difference as soon as the first dab of lather nestles on your cheek.

You can shave closer with Ingram's with never a fear of nasty nicks or burning stings. Ingram's three special ingredients soothe and tone your face even while your razor reaps.

You need no lotion with either kind of Ingram's. It's shaving cream, lotion and face tonic combined—the three-in-one benediction to the faces of men.

We know Ingram's is good—good. To show you how good we think it is we're offering you 10 cool shaves—FREE. We lose if you don't like them (small chance, that) but we make a dime a year if you do.

10 COOL SHAVES—FREE

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I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves
Name__________
Street__________
City______ State______

(Continued from page 35)

opened. Jimmy Davis had followed him here.

"No use taking it that way, Cheerful," he said. Then crisply: "This isn't any time for looking back. Got to figure on what's to happen next; there's only about a three weeks' supply of food, including yours. Even if we ration it." Suddenly he asked, "I guess it's up to you and me—can those dogs of yours stand a trip to the railhead?"

Joe Brossert gasped.

"I can't go down there!" He raised his blackened hands, suddenly shaking. "How can I make that trip, not knowing the country?"

"You don't know the country?" Davis asked in amazement. "You've said you've been over every foot of it."

"I lied. I came in here by boat—two years ago. The Ermine Queen." He turned slowly away. "I lied about being an old-timer." He gasped again. "Talking big, so you'd think I was somebody."

There was a long wait. Then Davis said in a queer voice:

"You're a woodsman. That's something. Somebody's got to do it. Everything's gone, food, drafting supplies, instruments. We've got our bunks and our eiderdowns, that's all. Even if we could get grub by hunting—we can't hunt morale. There'll be death either way; starvation or crazy men."

CHEERFUL fenced desperately.

"It's two hundred miles to the railhead. I—don't see why we've got to risk our lives."

"Less than a hundred and fifty, the way they've been building. Besides, I don't see much difference between starving up here and starving out there."

"There's a difference for me," the other man answered. The name of Healy was pounding through his brain; instinctively he turned and stared at the stove, without knowing why. Davis frowned.

"Maybe so. But to be blunt about it, Cheerful, it's rather up to you. After all, it's your hard luck that we're in the shape we're in. And knowing that, I can't understand you—to stand there and say that you don't know the country, and that we couldn't get there!"

"Must I know the whole North? How can I know that route when I've never been that way?"

"Then we've got to find it, Cheerful." He tried to laugh. "I'm not asking you to try anything I won't gamble on with you. Maybe we can make it. Anyway, we've got to try."

Joe Brossert turned away, back to the window. Outside, the charred rectangles steamed with a fresh fall of snow. A husky howled in the lean-to. Joe Brossert shook his big shoulders.

"Get your pack," he said at last. "I'll hitch up the dogs."

Three days later, with snowshoes lashed behind their heavy packs, the two men staggered against the sweep of a blizzard which swept the Barrens. The toboggan was gone, abandoned that morning after grueling efforts to help the dogs in their vain attempts to drag it. For here there was no snow; the rocks stood as bare, as black, as if snow never had existed. The rolling clouds of white which leaped from hummock to hummock were never still, never resting, except when they drifted into the hollows to form a pitfall.

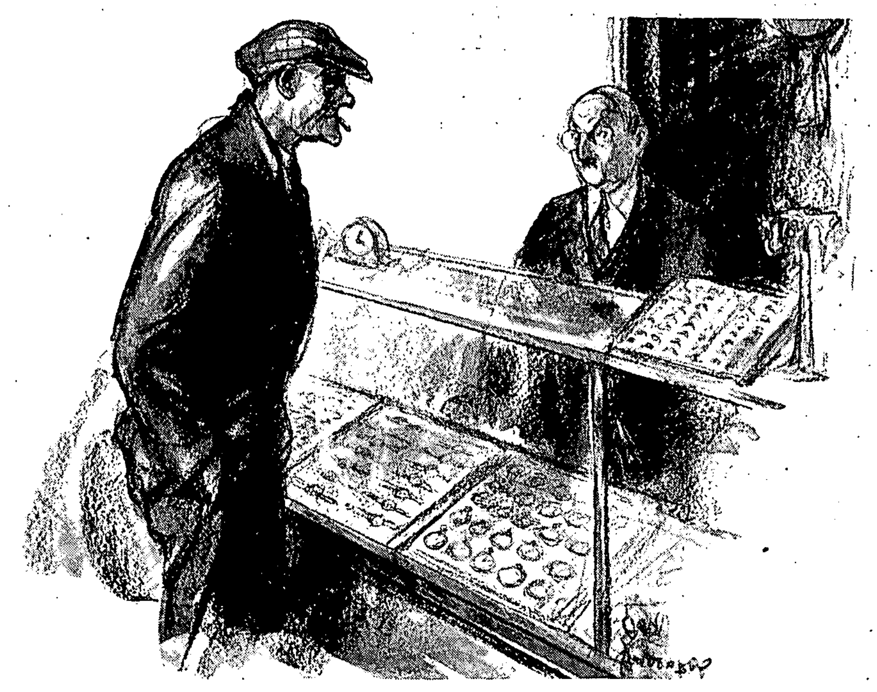
The world was leaden aloft and underfoot, a monotony relieved only by the white-splotched forms of Davis and the hulking Cheerful, swaddled bundles of slow motion, mittened, in parkas. Their dogs trailed faithfully behind, useless now, worse than useless. They must share the food; neither man could summon the selfishness necessary to aim a rifle in their direction.

A week passed, in lonely, terrible effort. Their food was rationed strictly now; their pace was slower. Davis had weakened horribly in the last two days. His voice had become shrill with suffering; often he staggered until the big arm of Cheerful Brossert went about him, to steady him.

"Don't you know where we are, Cheerful?" he asked. "Are we on the right track? Are we coming along all right, Cheerful?"

Joe Brossert had heard the same question a hundred times in the last few days. Long ago he had ceased to mention the fears in his own heart, the uncertainties, the problems which arose constantly before him in this land of monotonous distances where every rock looked like every other rock, where the only horizons were a gray melting into nothingness, where no tree grew, where the snow blew in sunshine and in cloud, eternally restless in powdery lack of resistance to the ceaseless wind.

"Keep going!" he commanded. "We've got to go on!" The intensity of his speech broke the crusted sores of his blue, wind-cut lips; the blood dropped unheeded to freeze upon the fur of his parka hood. "We've got to go on!"



"I just wanted to look around. I'll be back later"

"Go on—" mumbled Davis. "That's right—go on!"

That night, when the northern lights flashed, they revealed one form wrapped in double eiderdowns against which the dogs scrambled restlessly for shelter. Joe Brossert remained awake, huddled in the shelter of a black mound of jutting rock, fighting the temptation to take the eiderdown which belonged to him, to rest, to sleep. At last he laughed, weirdly, a warm trickle flowing from his broken lips before it froze.

"Me caring about that? What difference does it make? It might as well end here as after I reach the railhead."

RELUCTANT dawn made its way over the Barrens. The dogs whined. Davis arose to stagger on anew, Joe Brossert beside him. But strength lasted only until early afternoon. Then, where the Barrens filtered out into lines of scraggly, black, half-dead bush and frozen, white-crusted muskeg, Davis mumbled anew, swayed and, quickening his steps into that queer half-run, tottered forward to fall at last, face down in a drift. This time, Joe Brossert could not rouse him.

The Barrens were crossed; Cheerful stood staring at the half-starved dogs, clustering about him, muzzles upraised, their wind-reddened eyes centered in pleading. But there was nothing to eat—the last food had been consumed. Again he fingered his rifle.

"It ain't their fault," he said at last. Swiftly he bent and affixed his snowshoes. Then he raised the unconscious form of Davis to his shoulders, and moved onward.

DUSK came. Midnight. The slow, dragging hours crawled toward daylight. Then, while the northern lights still flickered, Brossert halted, and with aching eyes, stared into the distance. Suddenly he bent, and shifted his burden to the ground. The engineer moaned, and strove to rise.

"Keep still!" commanded Brossert brusquely and again stared into the shadows. A quarter-mile ahead, faintly outlined in the murky haze, was an empty cabin, a shack of tar paper and spruce poles. Farther on was another, also abandoned, where men had lived during labors of summer months. There was a ridge of earth and brush running into the south, a railway roadbed, as yet trackless. Joe Brossert rubbed his eyes and looked again. It was still there—that dark, rising smudge in the distance. Smoke—the railhead!

The man turned slowly, like a trapped animal. A half-mile away were men and warmth and comfort. And Sergeant Healy!

His tongue scurried over broken lips, bringing agony as the whip of the wind instantly congealed the moisture. Suddenly, he stared into the depths of the brush across the right of way. A lone, desperate risk was left to him. He could fire his rifle, in a signal of distress. Then he could wait until he saw men in the distance. That instant he must run, and take his chance for freedom; perhaps there would be enough excitement to preclude a search for an hour or so.

Nervously he brought his gun about and raised it to the firing of three well-spaced shots. Then, head down against the wind, he waited, his red eyes searching for the first sight of a moving form. On the ground, Davis babbled questions; Brossert answered in monosyllables.

A quarter of an hour passed in vain vigilance. Again Joe Brossert raised his rifle and fired three times. Again he waited, at last to brush a hand across his eyes. A queer memory of a smoking stove had come before him; it was as though he had been transported back to his little cabin down Brandon way. Then he raised his rifle and fired again, three slow shots.

"Always something," he mumbled. "That west wind—can't hear against the wind."

He paused, mouth open.

"That stove only smoked when the wind blew a certain way!" he said queerly. Suddenly his eyes lost their dullness. "A west wind!" he exclaimed. "A west wind!"

The man's features suddenly seemed to change contour; they were alive with new-born expression.

"A west wind!" he said again.

"What's that?" mumbled the man on the ground. Joe Brossert did not answer. Panting in his excitement, he bent and with a great, strengthy movement, swung the man to his back. Then again he moved forward, the dogs trailing about him. Steadily his pace grew swifter. Now, in wide, floundering steps, he began to run. A half-hour later, exhausted, shambling, he staggered toward a crowd of workmen who ran from their tasks at the end of steel to greet him. He felt them relieve him of his burden. He knew that they were asking questions; swiftly he told them whence they had come, and why. Then he shouted for Sergeant Healy.

"What's the trouble?" The Provincial, summoned from his cabin by the excitement, was worming his way through the crowd. Suddenly his brows raised: "Oh, it's you, René!"

BUT already the man was struggling to reach him.

"It was a west wind that night!" he shouted. "Remember—my stove had been smoking. You saw it. I'd just gotten it going, because the wind had gone down."

"Yes?" asked the sergeant casually. He had caught the man's arm.

"It was a west wind!" Brossert insisted, half resisting. "I can't hear anything from down Marshal's way when my stove smokes. That's why—because it only smokes with a west wind."

The sergeant stared at him.

"Only a west wind, René?" he asked quietly.

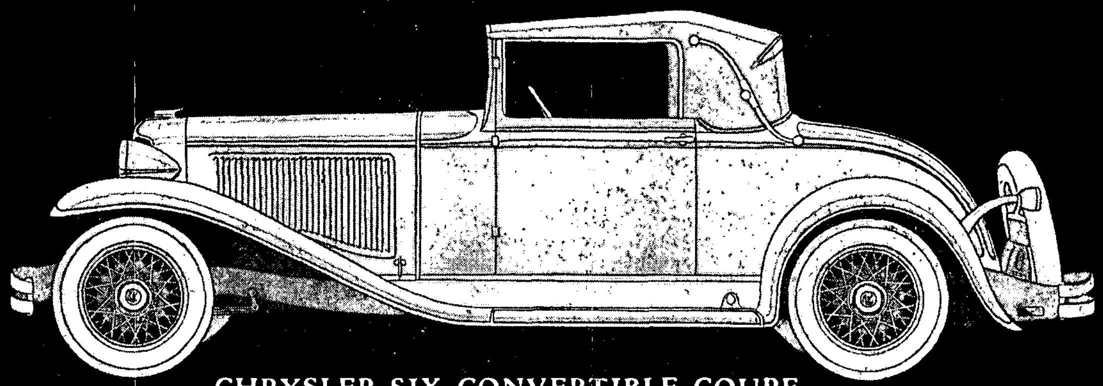
"You take me down there!" the man shouted. "I'll show you! That stove burns fine with any kind of draft but a strong one from the west. That's why I didn't hear any shots that night! And if I couldn't hear, how could the Boyce brothers hear shots, a mile and a half past me? How could they do that, Sergeant?"

"Take it easy, René," said the sergeant, raising a hand to Joe's snow-splotched shoulder. "We've got a lot of time to talk things over before the way freight leaves in the morning." A path opened before them; they moved toward the Provincial's cabin. "So it was a west wind, eh?" His eyes narrowed. "I wonder if that fits into the fact that the Boyce boys are supposed recently to have come into an inheritance from England."

It was not long after this that the frontier camp was isolated no longer. Huge tractors, their front caterpillars supplanted by sled runners, had broken a roaring trail, with food, supplies and an assorted fare of amusement devices from the railhead. Then, the route once opened, a bi-weekly schedule of communication was established.

Later on, there was quite a celebration at the engineering camp. Jimmy Davis had come back, out of the hospital at last. But a more important guest was one who no longer looked at the rusty stove of his little cabin with fear or anger. The camp took no notice of his change of name. After all, they knew him best as Cheerful.

CHRYSLER



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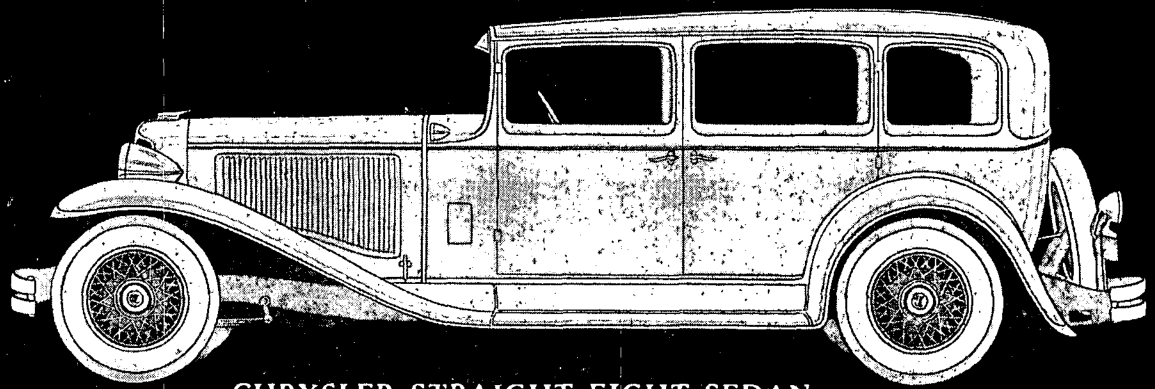

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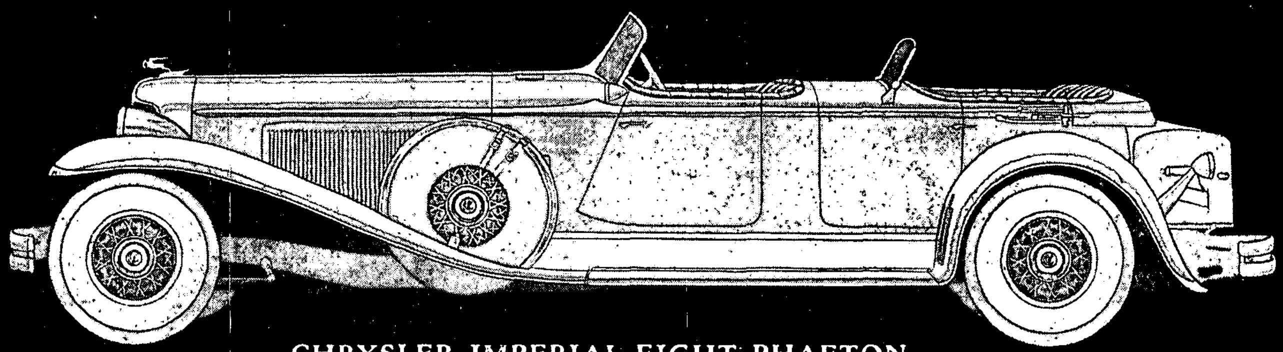

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TO GET the most for your money in an automobile—get a *CHRYSLER.*

You'll find that Chryslers—*all* Chryslers—are very different from other cars. Designed differently; engineered differently; built differently. That is why there is no other performance quite like *Chrysler* performance—why Chrysler pick-up, Chrysler speed and Chrysler smoothness never have been successfully imitated.

Today there is a Chrysler for practically every purse and need.

An entirely new Chrysler Six styled like the Chrysler Eight—a superlatively fine Six with a 116-inch wheelbase; a double-drop frame; a 70-horsepower engine and safety bodies of strong steel.

The new Chrysler "70"—with a 93-horsepower engine and the famous Multi-Range 4-speed transmission with Dual High gears.

The popular and outstanding Chrysler Eight—with its distinguished appearance; low center of gravity; safety bodies of steel; Dual High gears and quick, silent gear shift.

And for those who want the finest, there is the Chrysler Imperial Eight—a car of magnificent proportions and every luxury; 145-inch wheelbase; 125-horsepower—the car that holds *twelve* A. A. A. Contest Board stock car speed records for one to five miles.

Sit at the wheel of a Chrysler—*any* Chrysler—and learn something *joyously different* about motoring.

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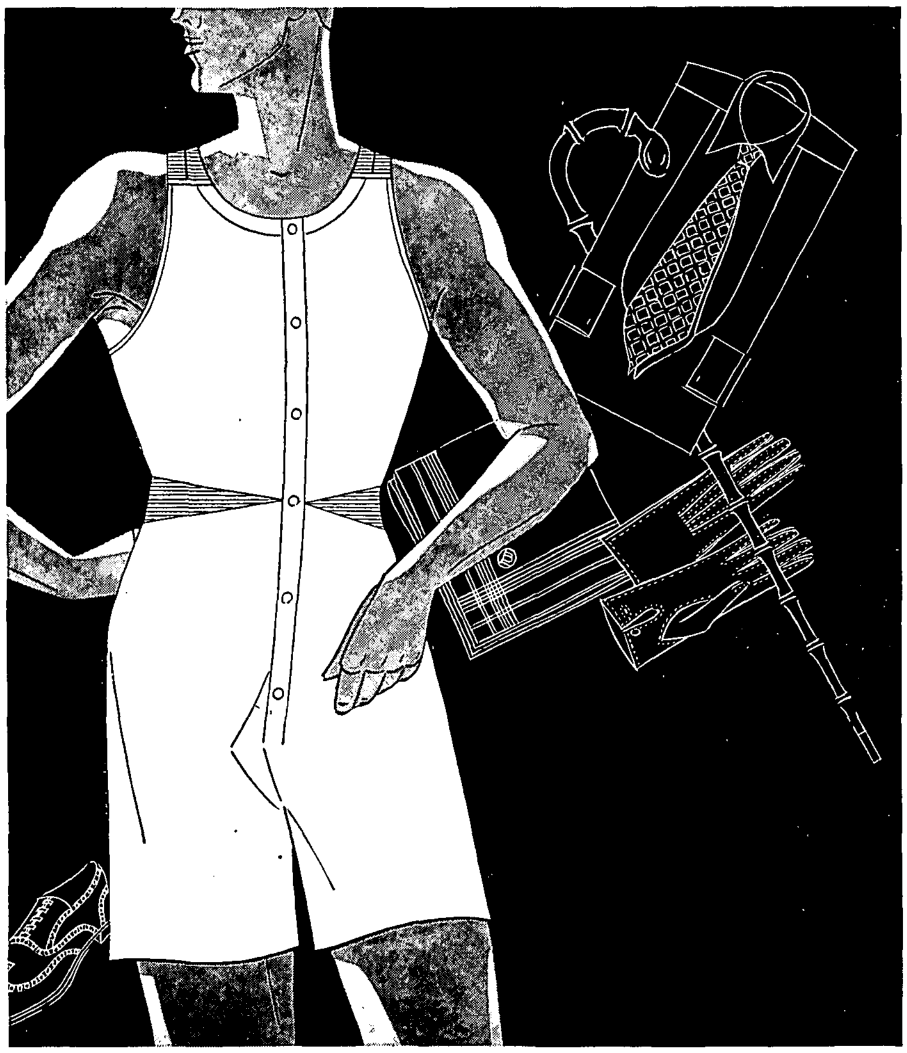
All prices f. o. b. factory; special equipment extra

Chrysler Eight and Chrysler Imperial Eight closed cars are factory-wired for immediate installation of Philco-Transitone, the pioneer automobile radio. Other models will be equipped on order.



SHE'LL CHEER YOU, YES, A THOUSAND TIMES, WHEN YOU GET THOSE NEW B.V.D.'s

YOU may be the apple of her eye and the sunshine of her smile in the black-and-white swankness of your evening clothes. You may be a Brummel of Brummels in your tailored tweeds.

But in your underwear alone—can you pass the test of your wife's critical feminine eye?

You don't have to look like Baby Bunting or anything *else* out of the nursery book—you won't, if you'll get into B.V.D.'s. For B.V.D.'s are expertly and exactly tailored to *fit*—styled to lend a streamline effect even to an over-upholstered chassis.

You'll find the B.V.D. label in underwear that's beautifully cut and splendidly tailored—snug where it's supposed to hug the body—easy where you want freedom for active limbs—you'll find it in union suits, in shirts, drawers and shorts in smart whites, in solid colors and in neat patterns like the famous "Foulards"—though the advance style tip is that the swing is all to white.

B. V. D.'s "U-1" is the union suit illustrated—$1.25 its price—and style and comfort the sum of its virtues. Its patented closed crotch—its web inserts at the shoulders and waist give it the freedom of your own skin. And it's made of B. V. D. nainsook—a fabric as cool and refreshing as a plunge in the surf.

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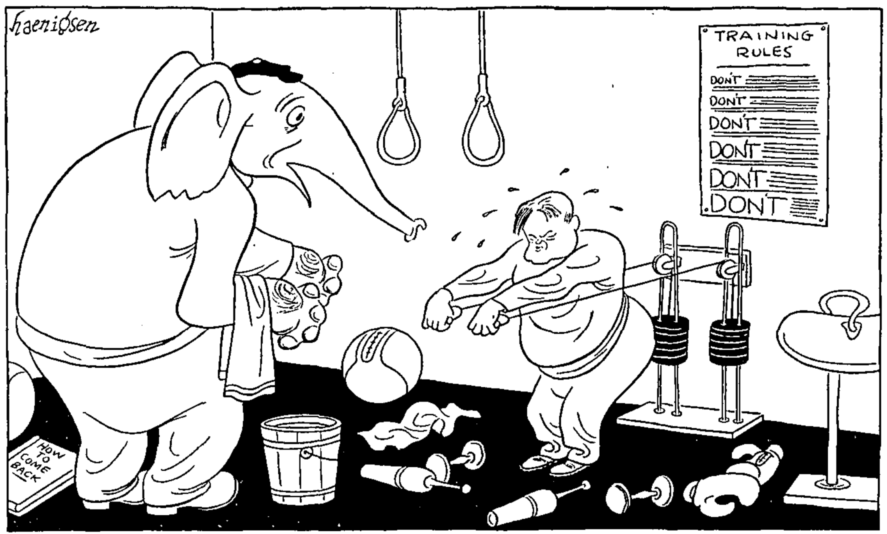

The Fence Mender

By The Gentleman at the Keyhole

UNDER the general direction of Ray Benjamin of California the business of rehabilitating President Hoover has begun, now that Congress is away and the President is free to move about and make speeches. It is frankly admitted by his advisers that he needs rehabilitation, that due to the economic depression he has lost a good deal of popular support.

But the President and his friends think he can be reëlected. The advice given to Mr. Hoover is to be strong, positive, self-assertive; to counteract the impression of indecision which the bewilderment over the economic crash caused in the Administration.

The tactics began with Mr. Hoover's assailing the Senate for "playing politics with human misery." In the absence of the Senate the President may do a good deal to build himself up as an administrator with a definite policy.

Assuming that the panic will overshadow all other issues in 1932, the tactics will be to preserve the Republican party as the rock of Gibraltar for the conservative business interests in the storm that may be coming. The veto of the Muscle Shoals bill, the veto of the loans to soldiers on their bonus certificates, the veto of one of the Wagner unemployment bills, the opposition of the Administration to a specific appropriation for food for the rural sufferers from last summer's drought, all indicate a determination to hold the support of the business interests to the Republican party as the only assurance against radicalism.

Higher Income Taxes

In the next session of Congress the President will have opportunities to stand firm against radical tendencies in legislation. The Democrats and Progressives together will control both Houses of Congress. There will be a big deficit in the Treasury to be met, anywhere from seven hundred and fifty million to a billion dollars. Higher taxes will have to be imposed.

The hardest-fought issue will be whether additional income for the government shall be raised by levies upon concentrated wealth. There has been a remarkable increase in the number of incomes over one million dollars a year. The old fight over supertaxes on larger incomes and over increased death duties will be resumed. It will be said in the next session of Congress that reduction of taxes failed to avert depression and a panic and stimulated the concentration of wealth in the hands of a small proportion of the population.

Mr. Hoover will, of course, stand firmly against loading the deficit upon the higher brackets of the income tax. The Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Mellon, who led the fight for the reduction of the supertaxes and the death duties, will set his face against a return to this form of taxation. So the Republican party will gain whatever favor is to be got by resisting what is popularly known as taxing wealth. And other issues will arise which will give the Administration chances to show that the safety of business depends upon the continuation of the Republican party in power.

Government operation of the Muscle Shoals plant with the government transmission of power will come up again in Congress with more support than in the last session. If economic conditions remain hard, more radical unemployment programs will be pressed by those who wish the Democratic party to be progressive in 1932. Over and over again Mr. Hoover will have the opportunity to assert his belief in the established order.

Power Interests Nervous

If Governor Roosevelt is nominated by the Democrats the Republicans will allege that his nomination was dictated by the Progressive Republicans and that if elected he will bid for the support of the radical West. In any case the Democratic national platform will be a compromise of the views of the progressives and the conservatives.

The power interests of the country are already nervous over the possibility of Democratic success in 1932. Such contributions as the Republican party is now receiving come chiefly from the power men, who abhor Roosevelt and do not like his leading competitor, Owen D. Young. Power is now probably the biggest interest in the country and it makes its influences felt in banking and other businesses.

But Mr. Hoover will not wait till the next session of Congress to begin the process of giving himself a certain well-defined appeal to the country as the safeguard of institutions which in the minds of the electorate have been associated with prosperity, profits and employment. He will make a good many speeches this summer which are counted upon to restore him to the confidence of the country.

Viewed objectively his chances of reelection do not seem to be good, but many things may happen in a year. And it is certain that the Democrats will be unable to plot a course which will bring them in 1932 all the votes which are now anti-Republican.

When your last shots lag...

SCHRAFFT'S
belongs in the picture of Health★

Don't let fatigue beat you—in sport or work! When tiredness threatens, eat a few pieces of Schrafft's pure candy for *quick energy*. Its deliciousness is equalled only by its nutritiousness, its flavor by its vigor! Available everywhere, but play safe—take a box along on your vacation. 60c to $2.00 the pound.

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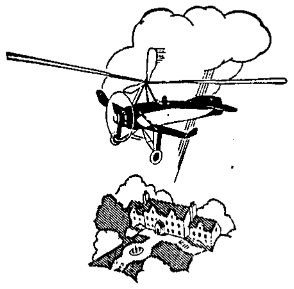
What can the AUTOGIRO *do?*



(*Reprinted from Washington News, Sept. 26th, 1930*)

HOW A FLIGHT IN THE FAMOUS AUTOGIRO FEELS

Ernie Pyle—Aviation Editor

• • •

It is a marvelous machine. Understanding very little of aero-dynamics and engineering principles, I cannot attempt to pass judgment on the Autogiro's worthiness. I can only try to describe the sensations of flying in it.

• • •

We flew from Washington-Hoover Airport. Ray put on his brakes, threw in the clutch, revved up the motor, and the big paddles started whirling. In a few seconds they were going around so rapidly you could hardly see them, much swifter than I had always thought.

Then he released the brakes, the plane ran a few feet, and was off the ground. The sensation of climbing in the Autogiro is much the same as in a regular airplane, except that you are getting altitude fast without realizing it. Sort of like a zoom.

We made one climbing turn around the airport, hardly outside the boundaries of the field, and were over a thousand feet high. On up we went to 2000, with the air speed way down to what would have been the stalling point in any other plane.

There was very little wind. Jim headed into what breeze there was, throttled the motor down to about 900 revs, and there we sat, half a mile above the airport. I guess we were going forward slowly, and I am sure we were settling downward, but our height was such that there was no sensation of motion whatever. We seemed suspended there.

Then we made some turns. The Autogiro's stub-wing is turned up at the end, to keep it from skidding on the turns. It seemed that Jim was sticking that wing-tip into some definite but invisible hole in the air, and that we were slowly turning around it.

Finally we started our glide into the field. I guess they will have to coin a new word for the Autogiro's glide, for it certainly isn't that. Settle is the better word.

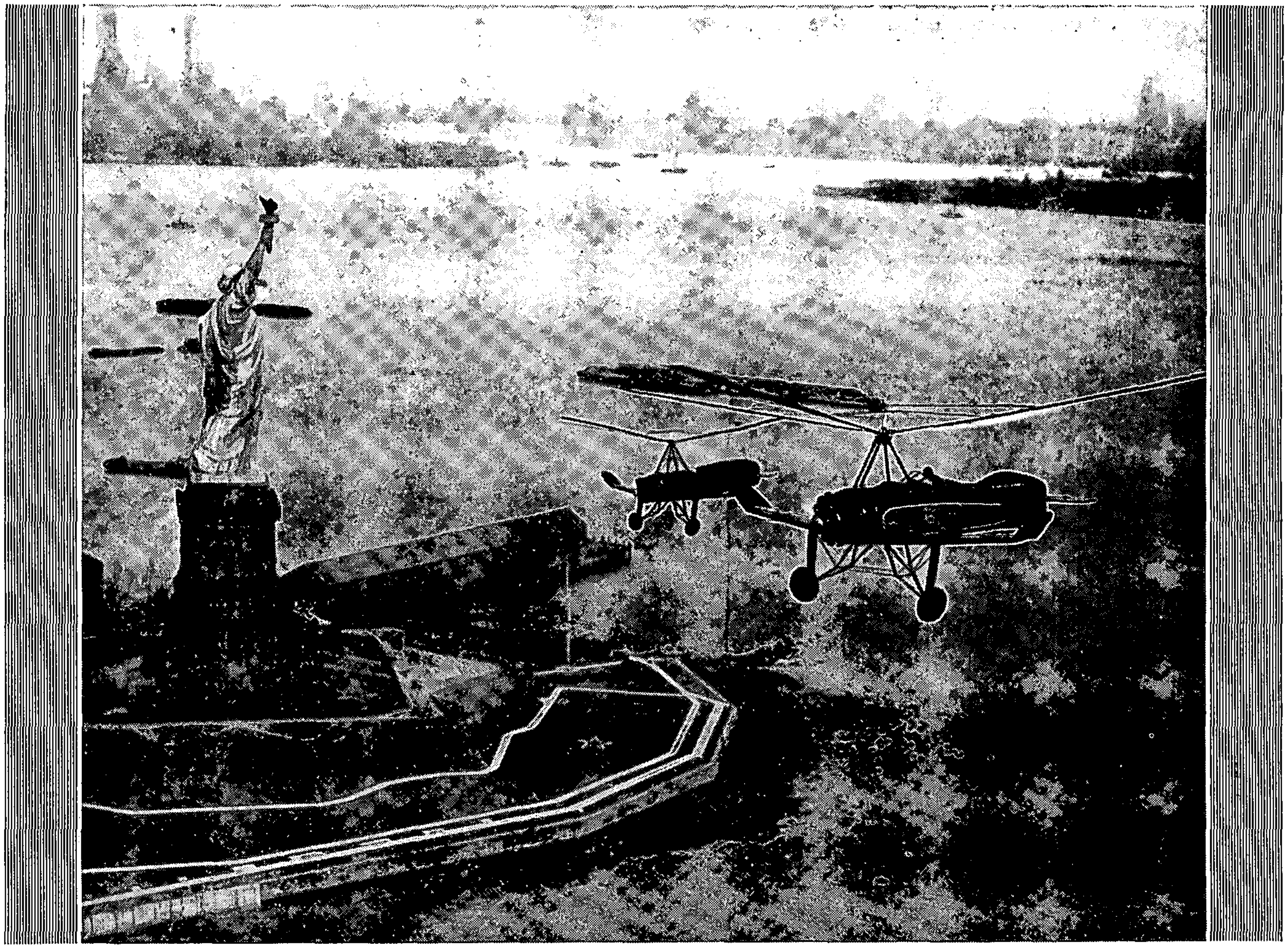
We went forward so slowly that you could hardly see the wings pass objects on the ground but it seemed that we were settling very rapidly. Very much like going down in an elevator.

• • •

Then a few feet from the earth he throttled down, yanked the stick clear back, and we settled to earth with hardly a bump at all. We rolled a few feet and stopped.

We made two flights in the Autogiro, and were up about 20 minutes. When I climbed out, Earl Steinhauer said: "That's the kind of a plane for you and me, Ernie, one that comes straight down and slow." That expresses the whole thing. It's a great piece of machinery.

• • •



AN AUTOGIRO can fly well over 100 miles per hour but, unlike any other heavier-than-air craft, it does not depend upon speed for security.

It sustains itself at unheard of *low* speeds, it can even stop all forward speed and hover momentarily in the air or descend vertically, more slowly than a man in a parachute.

With a dead engine, it can glide to a landing, or descend vertically and gently to a selected spot beneath it.

It can take off with almost no run on the ground and at very low speed; can climb at an angle steeper than any airplane . . . It can bank and turn slowly without fear of loss of forward speed . . . It cannot fall off into a spin from a stall . . . It can land in almost any clear open space . . . Any experienced pilot can fly it with but a few minutes of ground instruction.

Thomas Carroll, in the December 1930 Aero Digest, estimates that personal security in the Autogiro is governed 90% by the inherent stability of the machine and only 10% by piloting skill—this as opposed to 90% skill and 10% inherent stability in the conventional airplane. Mr. Carroll is one of this country's best known test pilots and was for ten years with the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics.

We are confident that the Autogiro points toward the possibility that the average person can consider the operation of an aircraft with assurance comparable to that experienced with the automobile.

The Autogiro Company of America is not a manufacturing or selling company. It is solely an engineering and licensing organization. It owns and controls, exclusively, all Autogiro patent rights in the United States. Manufacturing companies of high standing will be licensed to build Autogiros with the full cooperation of our engineering staff.

Present licensees are:

Buhl Aircraft Company, Detroit, Mich.
Kellett Aircraft Corp., Philadelphia, Pa.
Pitcairn Aircraft, Inc., Willow Grove, Pa.

AUTOGIRO

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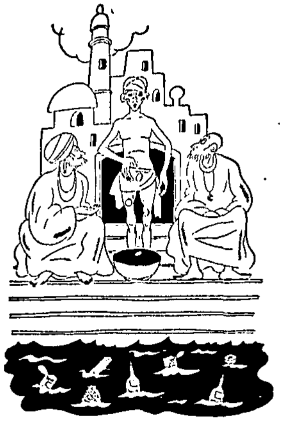
AUTOGIRO COMPANY OF AMERICA • • • LAND TITLE BUILDING • • • PHILADELPHIA

Keep Up with the World!

By Freling Foster



One of the oldest and most profitable rackets in the world is carried on in Benares, India, holy city of the Hindus, where among a permanent population of 198,000 there are more than 25,000 Brahman priests who live comfortably on the money which they wheedle out of the million pilgrims who go there annually to purify their souls in the sacred Ganges River, one of the dirtiest bodies of water on earth.

The most powerful amplifier in existence, recently perfected in Berlin, can carry a voice with perfect clarity for more than 12 miles.—*By Natalie Bolger, New York City.*

"Jake" paralysis, which afflicted more than 15,000 people in several states last year after they drank Jamaica ginger, now known to have been poisoned with tricresylphosphate, has earned its place among the infamous crimes of the prohibition era, as a recent inquiry in Ripley, Ohio, where one man in every fourth family was stricken, reveals that at least 50% of them will be paralyzed for life.

There are 918 foreign-language magazines and newspapers published in 37 different tongues in the United States at present, the five leading groups being the German with 166 periodicals, Italian with 125, Spanish with 89, Polish with 82, and Czechoslovak with 71.

The palace of the Gaekwar of Baroda, a fabulously wealthy potentate of a native state of India, is guarded by solid gold cannons, which in turn are guarded by good solid soldiers.

Osmium, a very hard metal used largely in making gold pen points, is the heaviest substance in the world, weighing 1,404 pounds per cubic foot, or 98% more than lead.—*By Peter Backnuas, Worcester, Mass.*

Human nature, seldom given to extremes, recently brought forth two odd cases in one week: Mrs. Anna McCormick of Brooklyn, whose husband beat her twice a week for 48 years, did not get "peeved" at him until he deserted her; and the Largo (Florida) Sentinel ordered its telephones torn out because the telephone company could not afford to advertise in its weekly issues.

Murders are 17 times more numerous in the United States today than in England, per 100,000 of population, a little problem that we should take seriously sometime when we are not playing politics.—*By C. A. Makarczyk, State College, Pa.*

Henry Ford now owns or controls manufacturing, assembling and service plants in 31 foreign countries and has achieved the unique position where he negotiates with nations by treaty as a recognized world power.

The U. S. government has reclaimed through irrigation more than 4,200 square miles of desert, which today contains 600,000 persons on 40,800 farms in 212 towns in 16 states.

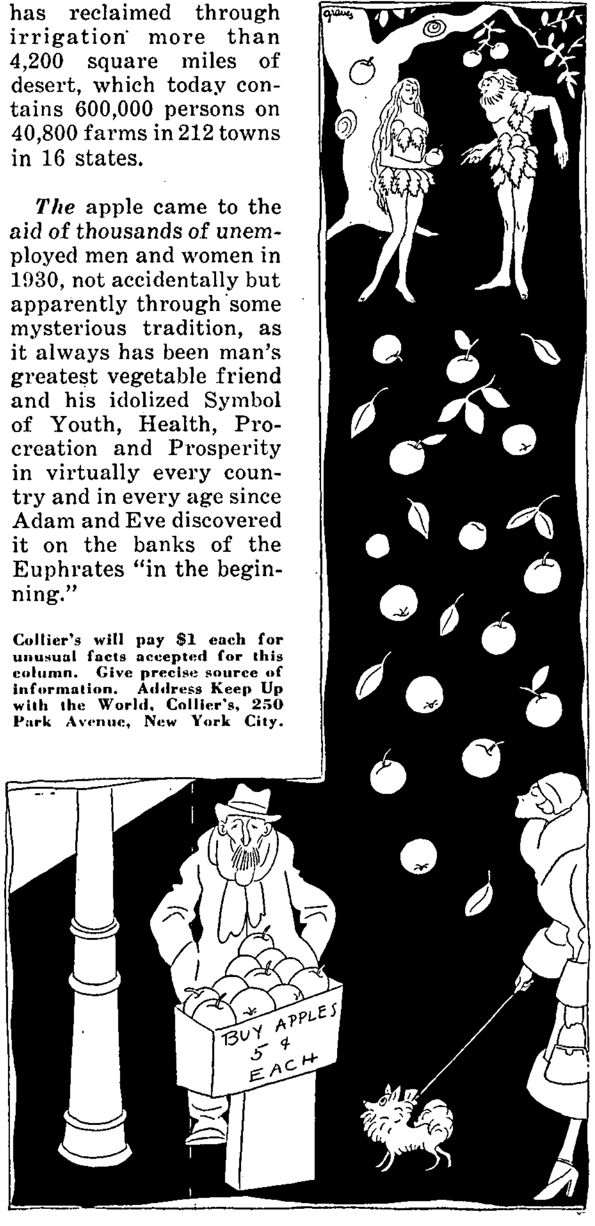
The apple came to the aid of thousands of unemployed men and women in 1930, not accidentally but apparently through some mysterious tradition, as it always has been man's greatest vegetable friend and his idolized Symbol of Youth, Health, Procreation and Prosperity in virtually every country and in every age since Adam and Eve discovered it on the banks of the Euphrates "in the beginning."

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

In Davao, a province of Mindanao, one of the Philippine Islands, the ancient sport of horse-fighting—in which two fiery stallions are pitted against each other for the possession of a mare—still is staged frequently by the Mohammedan princes.

One out of every 20 prisoners in the United States is a woman.

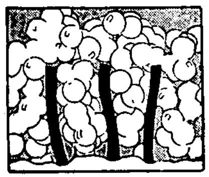
Two new kinds of clocks have been perfected, one being automatically set by radio time signals, and the other being controlled electrically by a vibrating crystal instead of a pendulum.



Shave Stiff Beards the small-bubble way

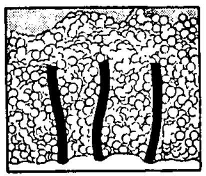
Let Colgate's soften whiskers at skin-line ...see how much longer shaves stay clean

Stiff whiskers are just like all others . . . once they've been wet to the skin-line with Colgate's. For the razor cuts where the hair is *wet.* That's why Colgate's, by soaking each whisker at its base, leads your razor gently across your skin. Then each hair is cut off *clean*—right at the skin-line . . . with no trace of pulling or tugging.



ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against the whiskers.



COLGATE LATHER

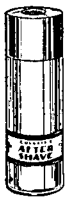
This picture of Colgate Lather (same magnification) shows how myriads of tiny bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the *base of the beard.* This softens every whisker right where the razor works.

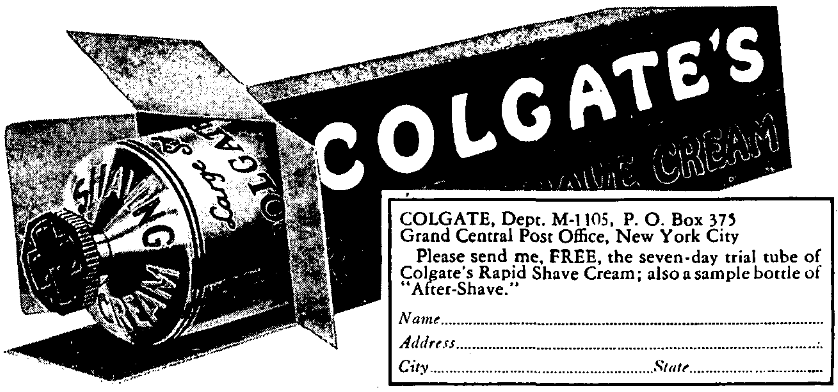
Colgate's shaves are longer lasting. Here's why: The minute you lather up with Colgate's two things happen; first, the soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. Second, billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard...crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water right at the *skin-line* where the razor works. Result: A closer, smoother, longer lasting shave.

FREE!

Colgate's After-Shave

A new lotion. Refreshing . . . invigorating . . . delightful . . . the perfect shave finale. Trial bottle free, with your sample of Rapid Shave Cream, if you mail coupon NOW.





COLGATE, Dept. M-1105, P. O. Box 375
Grand Central Post Office, New York City

Please send me, FREE, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of "After-Shave."

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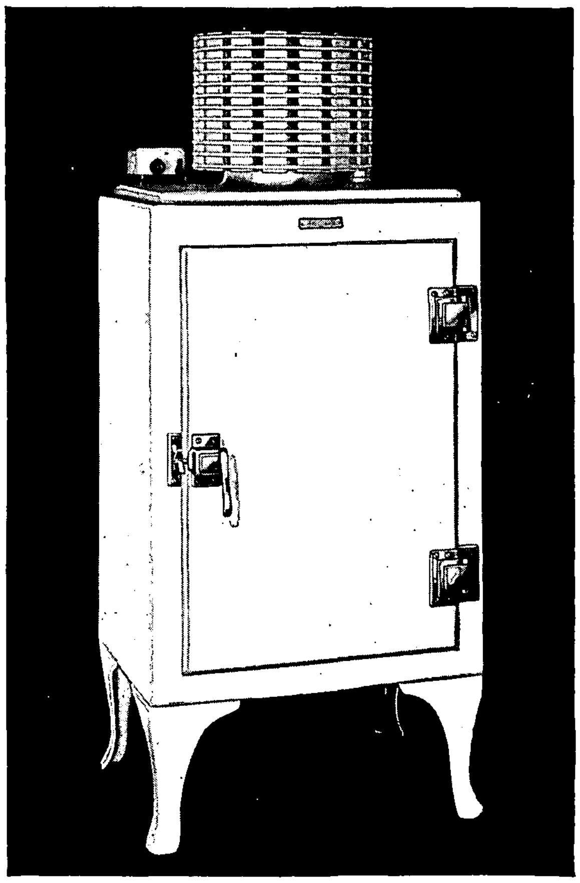
Address..
City...................................*State*...................

The Greatest Performance Story Ever Told backs this

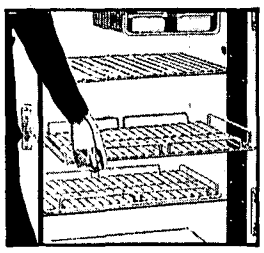
3 YEAR GUARANTEE



OUT of the experience of more than a million users comes the greatest performance story ever told.

Three years in homes throughout the country has proved the General Electric Refrigerator to be as economical, care-free and dependable as electricity. In unmistakable fashion it has earned its right to this unsurpassed 3-Year Guarantee.

First to simplify electric refrigeration by hermetically sealing all mechanism within the steel Monitor Top—first to produce an electrically welded all-steel cabinet—first in innumerable betterments—General Electric *now* protects owners against up-keep expense for *three full years.*



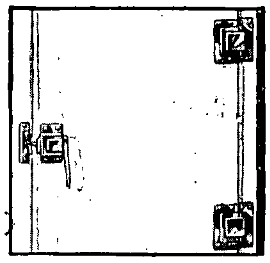
Exclusively General Electric are the new sliding shelves that bring food within easy reach

Now *priced lower* than ever before—the General Electric Refrigerator quickly repays its cost—continues its savings year after year. Foods stay sweet and fresh in its crisp dry cold. Countless frozen dainties are easy to prepare. "Left-overs" are not wasted. You can buy in quantities—take advantage of special discounts—save tiring trips to market—positively reduce living expenses.

Any General Electric dealer will gladly explain the many convenience and economy features of the General Electric—the three zones of cold, accessible fast-freezing dial, new sliding shelves, maximum food storage space, low operating cost—and the simple Monitor Top mechanism—sealed in steel—permanently oiled—safe from destructive dirt, air and moisture.

At new low prices, the proved convenience and savings of a General Electric are within reach of every family. There is a size to suit your requirements—lend new charm to your kitchen. Prices as low as $200 f. o. b. factory—with convenient terms—suggest immediate purchase.

Beautiful new chromium plated modern hardware and a finger-tip latch that opens at a touch



Join us in the General Electric Program, broadcast every Saturday evening, on a nation-wide N. B. C. network

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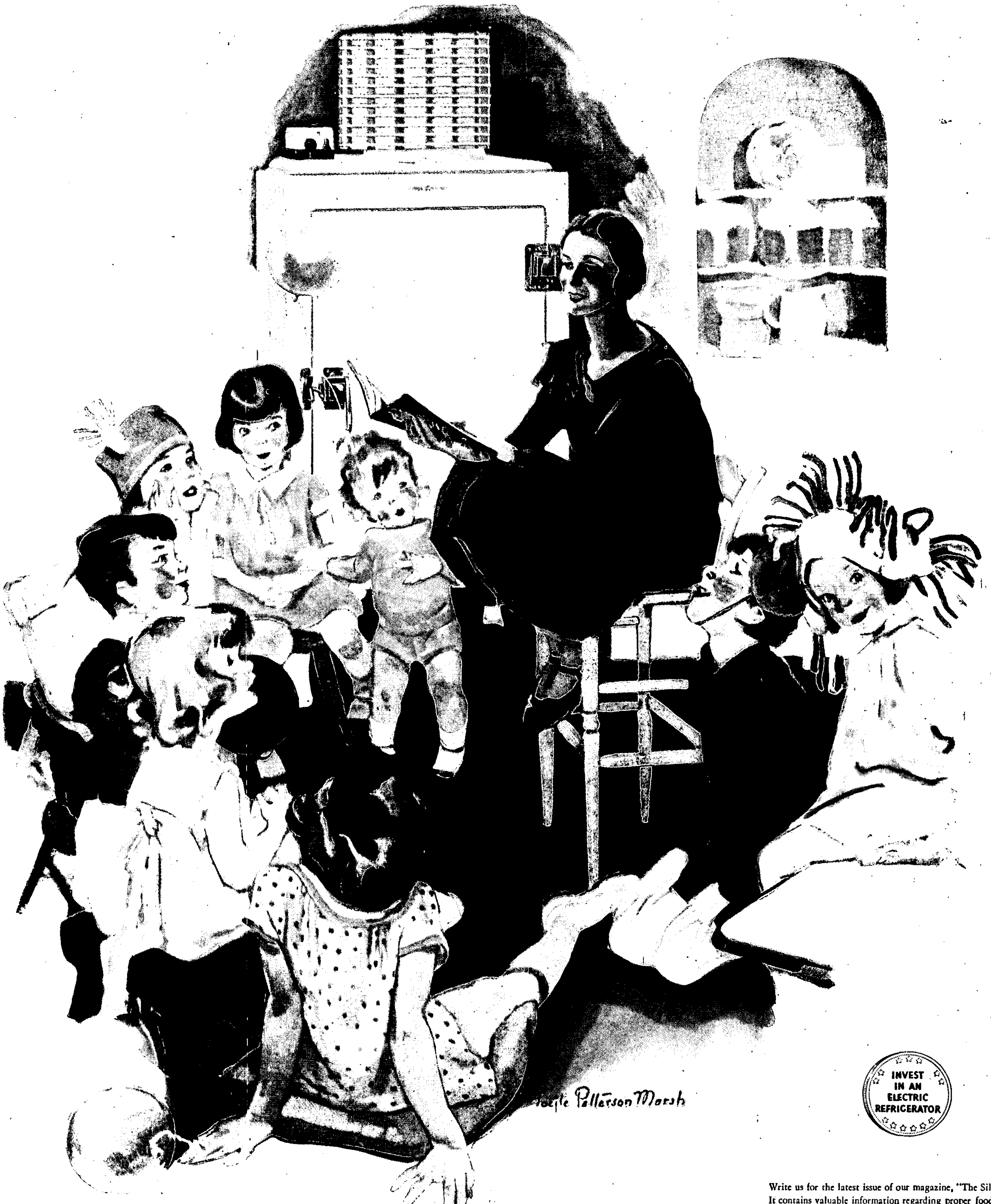
DOMESTIC, APARTMENT HOUSE AND COMMERCIAL REFRIGERATORS, ELECTRIC WATER COOLERS

DEPENDABLE AS ELECTRICITY



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Write us for the latest issue of our magazine, "The Silent Hostess." It contains valuable information regarding proper food preservation and its relationship to health. Address Section C5, Electric Refrigeration Department, General Electric Company, 1400 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.

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DOMESTIC, APARTMENT HOUSE AND COMMERCIAL REFRIGERATORS, ELECTRIC WATER COOLERS

$100 a month as long as you live

THE PROVIDENT PROVIDOR

(A Unique and Comprehensive Retirement Plan for Men under 55)

IT PROVIDES:

$100 a month to you, starting at age 65
$100 a month in case of prolonged total disability before age 65
$10,000 should you die before age 65
$20,000 in case death results from accidental means before age 65

LET a young man start today to save $25 or $35 a month in an ordinary savings plan and, if he should die or be disabled within the month, his family would receive only the amount of his deposit.

BUT, let him start today to lay aside the same sum toward a $10,000 Provident Providor and if he should die tomorrow his dependents would receive not the amount of his investment, but the entire $10,000.

IF instead he were to become totally disabled for a period of at least four months, the Provident Providor would not only continue to make his savings for him (just as if he were making them himself) but would also yield him a monthly income of $100 while his disability lasted.

In this way the Providor combines an ideal plan of savings with a well-rounded program of family protection. The Provident Providor is elastic—made to fit your needs. Through its provisions you can arrange for an income of from $50 to $1000 a month as your circumstances require.

TODAY while you are insurable and can spare the money, let us tell you how small a yearly deposit will put the Provident Providor into action at *your* age. Protection starts at once.

Just fill in and return the coupon, and we shall send full particulars.

Provident Mutual
Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia, Penna.
Founded 1865

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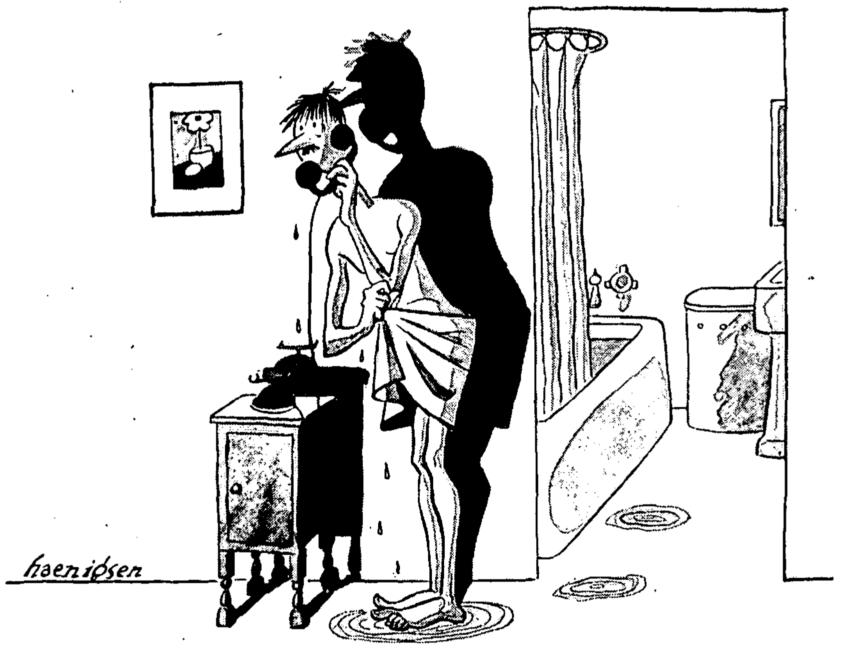
PROVIDENT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Mail this Coupon NOW!

Please send free descriptive booklet and quote premium rate for the Provident Providor at my age, with the understanding that it places me under no obligation.

I was born ______ Month ______ Day ______ Year ______
My name is ______
Home address ______ Street ______ City ______ State ______
Business address ______ Street ______ City ______ State ______
CW-3



"Hello, George, we need a fourth hand right away. It's informal. Run over just as you are"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Common Sense Contract Bridge

	North	*West*	*East*	*South*
S.	Q-8-6	2	K-5-4-3	A-J-10-9-7
H.	7-6-5-4	K-Q-10-8-2	J-9-3	A
D.	9-8-7	Q-4	K-5-3-2	A-J-10-6
C.	A-Q-10	8-6-5-3-2	7-4	K-J-9

WITH the above hand, which was published in last week's Collier's, at Auction Bridge South would bid one Spade or one No Trump, and probably obtain the contract at either bid. West possibly would bid two Hearts over one Spade, but North and South would carry the Spades far beyond any Heart declaration that East or West would dare to make.

At Contract Bridge South should bid two Spades and North four (he has the minimum strength, 2½ assisting tricks, for the double jump); but if North should jump to only three, South, with more than the six tricks his two-bid guaranteed, would go to four. A very optimistic South might make the artificial opening two-Club bid (extremely dangerous because he has less than the strength conventionally required), after which the North and South bidding would be: North two Diamonds, South two No Trumps, North three Clubs, South three Spades, and North (probably) five Spades as a slam invitation. South, however, in making the two-Club bid would have announced a little more than he held, and therefore would have no excuse for a second overbid. But the particular South who played the hand delighted in taking wild chances and carried the bidding up to Six Spades.

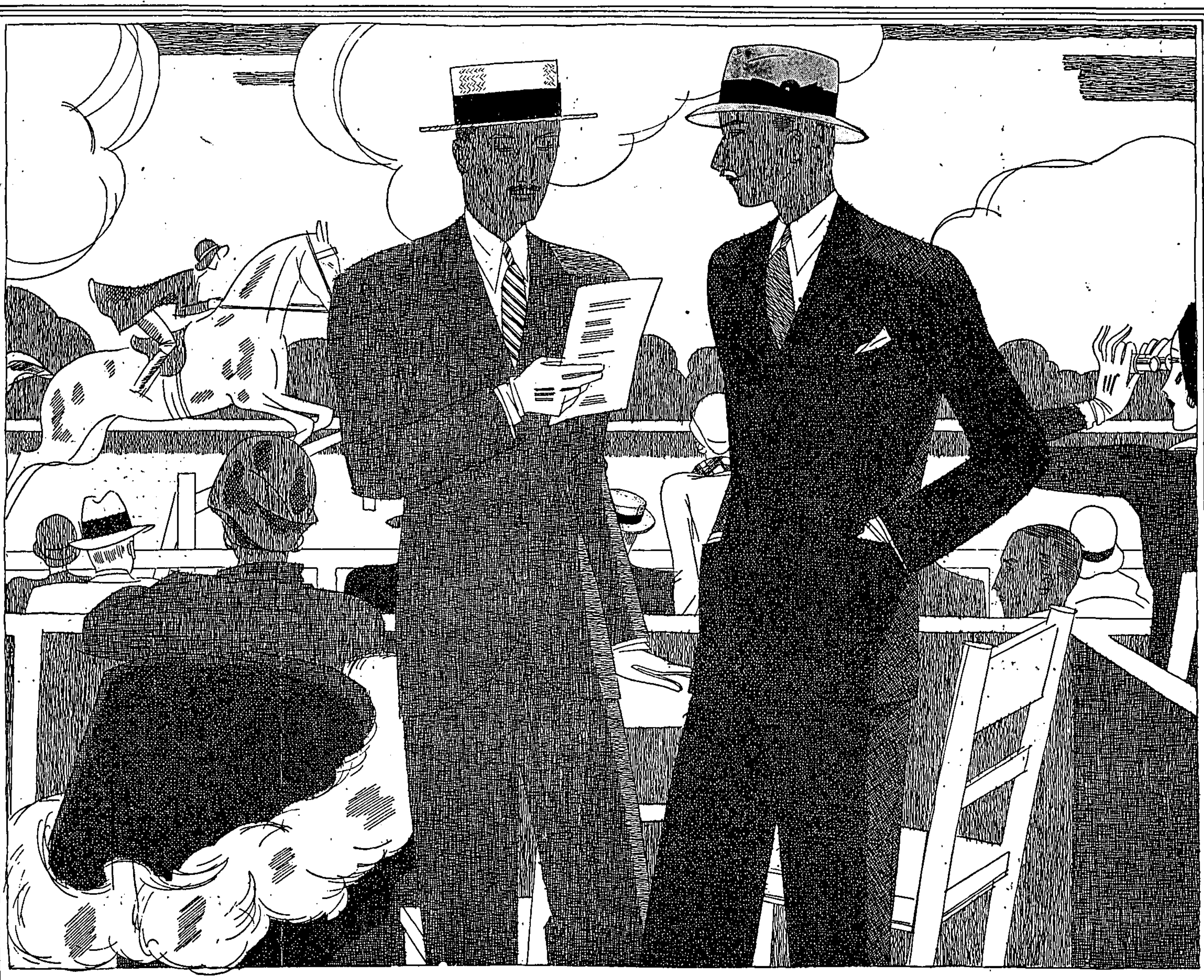
West led the King of Hearts, which of course was taken with South's singleton Ace; and Declarer proceeded to utilize one of dummy's three beautiful Club entries by leading closed hand's Nine and winning with dummy's Ten. Then North's Queen of Spades was led, East played small and South was careful to play the Nine—not the Seven—so that the Eight could be led on the next round and another finesse taken if East did not cover. This happened; and at trick 5 a third lead of Spades from North and a third finesse resulted in the capture of the thrice-guarded King in the East hand with the expenditure of only one of North's Club entries.

With East's Spades out of the way, North having discarded a Heart on the fourth Spade, Declarer led the Jack of Clubs from the South hand and North's Queen took the trick. Next came the Nine of Diamonds from the North hand and East again played small from King and three others. South then made a rather unusual play: he did not duck but covered the Nine with the Jack. He held all the Diamonds in sequence from Jack to Seven and thought that the play might deceive the adversaries; furthermore it would enable South to duck on the second round if the current trick was won by East, and East did not cover when North led the Eight.

West captured trick 8 with the Queen of Diamonds and led a second Heart, which drew South's last trump and made Declarer the proud possessor of eight tricks, needing all the remaining tricks to fulfill his contract. His next move was to utilize dummy's third and last Club entry (dummy's Ace taking closed hand's King); and to trick 11 dummy led the Eight of Diamonds. When East again played small, Declarer risked his all by playing South's Six. He figured that both Diamond honors were not apt to be in the West hand; and furthermore that West, having played the Queen on the first round, probably did not have the King because with both King and Queen he would have been apt to false-card. When dummy's Eight of Diamonds won, it was easy to make the small slam by leading another Diamond to trick 12 and of course taking the finesse in closed hand. The bidding of South had been foolhardy but his play was sound.

Next week's hand is given below; determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

	North	*East*	*West*	*South (Dealer)*
S.	Q-J-10-7-6-4	None	8-3-2	A-K-9-5
H.	A-K-9-3	None	Q-J-6-2	10-8-7-5-4
D.	A-6	K-Q-10-9-8-7-4	J-2	5-3
C.	A	K-J-10-7-5-4	8-6-3-2	Q-9



Where Spring lingers with calm coolness, Dobbs recommends for comfortable wear, a lightweight felt. And where Summer is giving more than a hint of its warmth, a straw. Both are correct for spectator sports and informal occasions in town.

Light, with a feather to mark it, DUDLEY *is the hat for comfort. And it is smart, too, with brim up or brim down. In Dobbs exclusive Pigeon Grey . . all the popular shades . . Ten dollars.* DARLY *is a Dobbs straw of luxurious ease, conforming naturally to your head through Dobbs own process of weaving the braid where crown and brim meet . . Five dollars. Dobbs Cravats are distinctive and correct in color, weave and design.*

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FIFTH AVENUE AT 57TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Representatives in all the Principal Cities

Dobbs
FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK
NEW YORK'S LEADING HATTERS

TOMORROW may be too late . . . *to plan for financial independence*

BUILD *"STAND-BY"* INCOME WITH BONDS

It is an American trait to figure that tomorrow is going to be better than today. And nowhere is that trait more pronounced than among vigorous, successful young executives already earning substantial incomes, but confidently looking forward to still more.

Because they face the future so confidently, they may set aside a smaller proportion of current income than others whose outlook appears less promising and who appreciate more keenly the necessity for protecting their futures.

Tomorrow . . . next month . . . next year—these favored ones comfort themselves by saying, we will begin to save—when income is higher—when demands from a constantly expanding standard of living are less pressing. And tomorrow may be put off till 40 . . . till 45 . . . till 50 . . . and then it is likely to be too late.

"Stand-by" income, to supplement and eventually replace uncertain personal earnings, is an obligation which every individual owes to his dependents and to himself. It must be built during the period of maximum earnings—from 35 to 50 for most men.

Consistent investment in sound bonds, with payments a *first call* on income, is the surest way to build "stand-by" income. If you would like to know the details of a proved, workable plan that has already solved this difficult problem for many others, write for our booklet, *Looking Ahead Financially*. It is intended for salaried men of good income who recognize that personal earnings, even though expanding, must some day give way to declines. Ask for Booklet CR-51.

COMPETENT INVESTMENT SERVICE BY MAIL For investors who live at too great a distance from our offices to be called upon by our representatives, we maintain a competent staff, trained to give as efficient and satisfactory service by mail as could be rendered through personal contact. If you are interested in knowing the details of this service, full information will be sent upon request.

CHART THE COURSE TO YOUR FINANCIAL OBJECTIVE

To Accumulate ↓	in 25 yrs.	in 20 yrs.	in 15 yrs.	in 10 yrs.	in 5 yrs.
	Amounts required to be invested monthly				
$25,000	$ 39.13	$ 57.54	$ 89.75	$ 156.54	$ 361.86
$50,000	78.25	115.08	179.49	313.08	723.72
$75,000	117.38	172.62	269.24	469.61	1,085.58
$100,000	156.50	230.17	358.98	626.15	1,447.44
$200,000	313.01	460.33	717.96	1,252.30	2,894.89

assuming that funds are invested monthly in safe bonds yielding 5½%, with interest promptly reinvested, at the same rate.

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A Moose on Roller Skates

Continued from page 32

I was twenty-two. Nor a bed of my own. Nor anything to eat but hog and hominy, and sometimes not that. I thought if I got to be a ball player I might have chicken and ice cream; but it wasn't nothing but hamburgers and weenies. So I come here."

He was warming up in a way I never thought he could.

"Don't laugh at me, mister," he said, "but I never see an oyster or a clam till I came down here. I almost never sat down and ate on a chair. I always had to sit on a stool and grab a bowl of stew. Now I got my chance and I say prayers I won't muff it."

"DON'T eat yourself out of the league," I said, "the way young Coyne will if he ain't careful."

"No fear, mister," said the Moose. "I'm about ten years behind in my eating. I want to eat things they never heard of back home—like lobster and cream puffs and striped ice cream. And I want to wear swell clothes like that Dandy Demotte wears, with patch pockets and belts and things; and I want to have a diamond ring like he has, and go to shows and movies—"

"Hit 'em and catch 'em and you can do it," I said. I guess he never talked so much in one bunch before.

"But," I said, "don't go slathering your dough around like Dandy. Save some."

"Oh, I'm going to," said the Moose. "I got a use for it."

"I know," I said. "Back home there's a little woman, and a cottage with roses round the door."

At this point most rookies break down and pull out the photographs.

"No," said the Moose, "I ain't got a girl. I almost did have one once, but I took her to a dance and she got her toes crushed. She give me the air. But you wait. I'll show her."

"What?" I asked.

"Never you mind," said the Moose, and with that he got himself all snarled up in the sheets and began to snore like three or four switch engines.

We started off on a tour of exhibition games and it looked like Dandy Demotte was going to have his best year, for he clouted around .370 and caught everything in the county. But young Coyne was a flop. He couldn't lay off the pork chops and hashed browns and got so fat he had to triple to get to first base. The Old Man had to ship him to Waco. So the Moose stayed with the team but didn't break into any games. He just cluttered up the bench and destroyed chicken and striped ice cream by the boat-load.

Our season opened great, and we win four out of six. I turned in a three-hit game, but that's got nothing to do with what I'm telling you. The big punch of our outfit was Dandy. Personally I never warmed to him, but he could lean against a baseball. He was playing his head off, because he'd been promised a bonus if he had a good year, and he needed it with a wife and three young kids to support back in Virginia.

For the first month we were out in front but the Cubs and Robins were hanging right on our heels.

We took the Pirates out in Pittsburgh one day, Dandy doubling with the sacks loaded, and we were all set to take them again. I was warming up in the bull-pen. All our fielders were out shagging fungoes. A skyscraper was batted to deep right. It was Dandy's ball and he had to take only a few steps to gobble it. He yelled, "I got it," and stood waiting to make the catch, when the Moose came thundering toward him like a runaway ice-wagon going down Pike's Peak.

We all hollered warnings, but both Dandy and the Moose had their eyes glued on the apple. The Moose hit Dandy like a five-ton truck banging into one of those doll-sized sedans and Dandy went down. The Moose caught the ball and Dandy caught a broken arm. Two wicked fractures, the doc said, and it was his throwing wing, too.

We had to hold the Old Man. He wanted to murder the Moose with a bat. The doc said Dandy's whip might heal up by Christmas, if ever; but probably, they said, he'd never be able to throw a baseball again. There was nothing to do but stick the Moose in right, and he tried his blamedest, but that afternoon he booted a couple and threw one ball to Mexico.

We didn't see him around the hotel that night. He slunk off somewhere. For a week or so he had a pretty rotten time of it, I guess, because he got nothing but dirty looks and hard words; but all he ever said was, "Gosh, I didn't go to do it. I'm just naturally onhandy."

The owner of our club is a china egg. He'll never have to peddle apples. You can't pry a dime out of him with anything but a chisel. Baseball may be a game to some saps, but it's a business with him, and times are always hard, to hear him tell it. I know. I have had to argue salary with him every spring. So it didn't surprise us much when we heard that he'd cut Dandy off the payroll with a month's salary. A fielder with a cracked whip was a dead duck to the old tightwad. We'd have felt worse about Dandy being through and broke if we'd liked him better; but, anyway, there wasn't anything we could do, seeing that we had ourselves and our own families to look after. So Dandy was shipped off to his home in Virginia and we forgot his troubles, having plenty of our own.

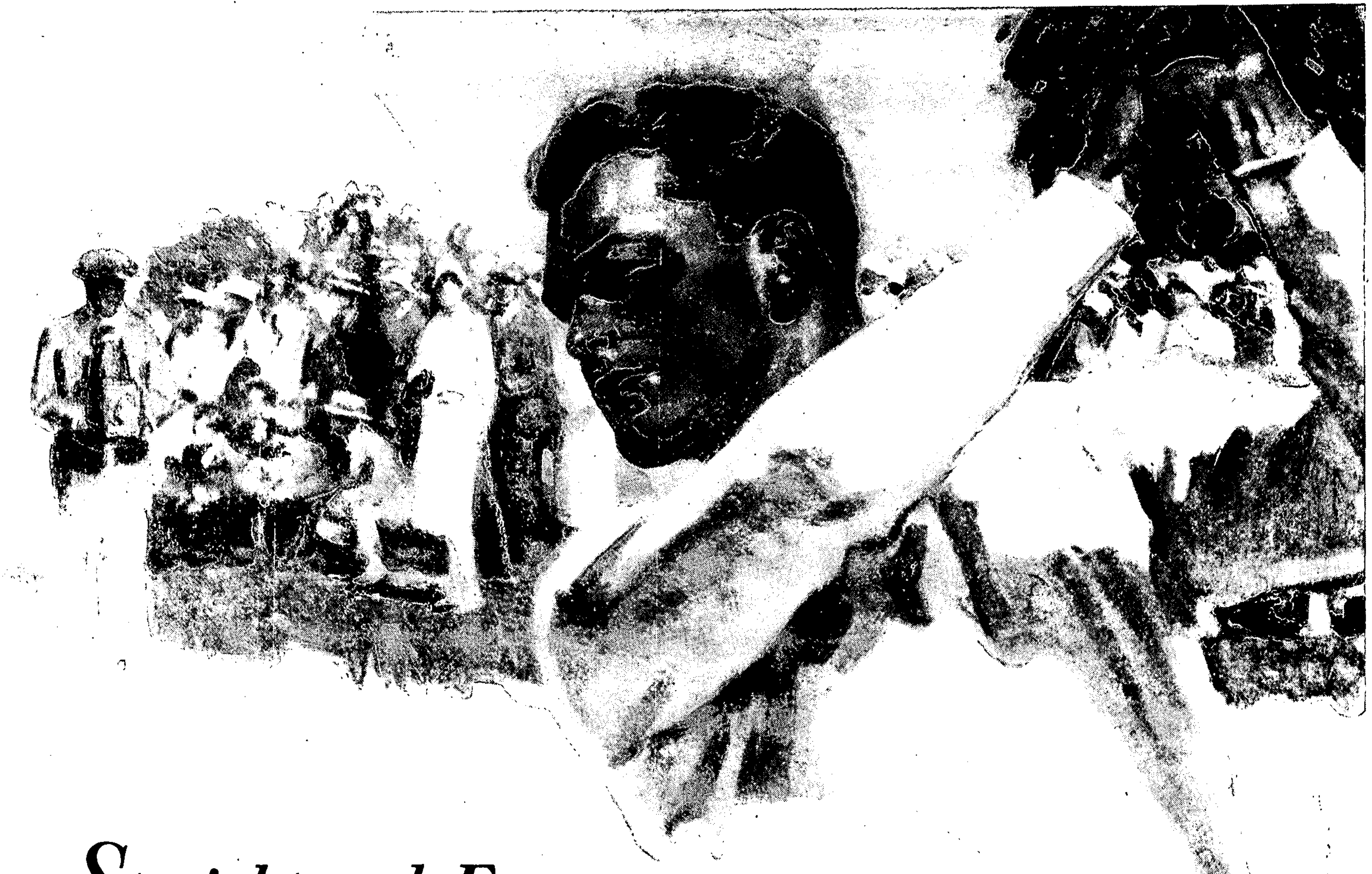
SINCE the owner wouldn't unbuckle and buy an experienced right-fielder, the Old Man had to use the Moose. I guess he was the lowest-paid regular in the majors; but he never peeped. All things considered, the Moose didn't do so bad. The pitchers couldn't figure him because from his stance you couldn't tell whether he was going to bunt or dig a post hole. Out in the field he got in his own way and the only time he ever stole a base was when he stole second with the bases full.

No, the Moose was no star, and never would be one. But I'll say this for him: He tried. He played twice as good ball as he knew how to, and you can't ask more than that of anybody.

But being a regular changed the Moose in a funny way. He'd started off the way most rookies do by blowing his first pay check for a trick suit and some terrible toggery and sitting around hotel lobbies so the natives could admire him. And he'd begun to get acquainted with lobster à la Newburg and chicken à la king. Then, suddenly, he stopped all that, and when the trick suit began to show signs of wear he didn't buy himself another. He stopped going to shows and movies and used to mope off by himself as soon as the game was over. The gang didn't care, because they didn't want a lummox tagging around with them who looked like he'd walked in from Yapville and slept in barns on the way.

I was in my room in Cincy one day when the Moose came in. I noticed that

(*Continued on page 48*)



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As a luxurious finishing touch to the shave, shake some into the hand and apply to the *moist* face.
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SEE HIM—in front of the crowd. Confident. Fit. He *looks* like a winner. He *is*.

Looking like a winner takes a man far, in this world. And, because Williams Shaving Service gives face-fitness, it is a winner with millions of men.

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Now for the happy ending to this perfect shave—Williams Aqua Velva. Dash it over your face. Its pleasant tingle wakes up the sleepy tissues, helps to firm them. Aqua Velva tones the skin. Helps to care for the unseen nicks and cuts. Holds the natural, good complexion moisture and keeps the face as fit as Williams lather leaves it.

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SHAVING LIQUID

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Shaving lather in a very new form. Quick. Mild. Just shake a few drops from the man-style blue bottle onto your brush. And there you are. Great, too, for a shampoo.

JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE

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A Moose on Roller Skates

Continued from page 46

the suit that had been too tight for him a month before was too loose for him now. I was throwing away an old shirt, and I'm thrifty and wear 'em till they're no good for anything but penwipers.

"Lemme have it," said the Moose, and fished the wreck out of the scrap basket. "I think mebbe I could fix it up and wear it."

I don't know how it got round that the Moose was in the habit of staying at two-bit flop houses in our home town. Somebody saw him coming out of one, I guess. I know Lefty and I saw him one night sitting on a stool in a frowsy coffee-pot dump, inhaling stew at a dime a bowl.

"Well," remarked Lefty, "you can't teach an old Moose new tricks. Once a bum, always a bum."

I didn't realize how far the Moose was carrying thrift week till one night when we were in the home town and I went out for a run in my bus and stopped at a gas station on the outskirts. A bozo in dirty dungarees came out to wait on me and got tangled up in the air hose as he came. Nobody could have done that but the Moose and that's who it was. When he saw me, he sort of grinned and his ears lit up like stop-lights. All he said was, "How many?"

"Look here, Moose," I said, "fun's fun; but you're going too far with this miser racket. A big-league ball player shouldn't be working nights like this."

"Well," said the Moose, "I reckon I won't be working here after Saturday. They just fired me for spilling so much gas. Did you say five gallons?"

He pumped in five and spilled a sixth.

"Say, what's your idea behind all this?" I said.

He turned and walked into the station. I gave it up. One thing I've learned in twenty years of baseball is this: Never try to reason with a cuckoo.

THE Moose didn't change on the field or off it. But he kept getting thinner and if the season had been a few weeks longer there wouldn't have been anything left of him but a spine and a few ribs. We were in a neck-and-neck finish with the Robins and we nosed them out by a cat's whisker, thanks to me holding them to six scratch hits in what John Shay called the "crooshical game."

We went into the World's Series against the Athletics and they won a couple, and we won a couple, and they won one and we won one, and I had to work in the deciding game. I always was a good money player and was working along comfortable behind a two-run lead when in the seventh, with two on, Foxx lifted a high one to right. The Moose hadn't exactly burned up the series. He'd hit Grove for a triple when we needed it in the third game, but aside from that didn't bat his weight in soap bubbles and his fielding was sloppy. He acted like a man with malaria or something. He started late for Foxx's drive, slipped, juggled the apple, and dropped it. In came Bishop and Simmons with the two runs that tied it up.

Going into the ninth we were still two each, and then Earnshaw took an airplane ride and before he came down we filled the bases on a walk, a bunt and a Texas Leaguer. Earnshaw steadied and got the next man on a foul pop and fanned the next one. Up came the Moose to bat. He seemed to wabble as he got to the plate and his face was very pale. All through the series Earnshaw had had his number and had turned the Moose back without a single hit.

Earnshaw worked on him careful and had him two and three. Then George put all his swift on one and blazed it down the groove and there was a crack—now wait—it wasn't the sharp crack you read about in the story books when the young hero belts one into the bleachers and wins the game for dear old Whatzit. It was a dull crack, for the ball hit the Moose right on the top of the head.

Now I was standing near the plate, waiting for my turn, and I could swear the Moose deliberately poked his dome in the way of that pitch. If it had been anybody else the umps would have seen it, but the Moose, on account of his comic stance, had been hit by a lot of pitched balls that season, so it looked natural enough. He went down in a heap and the run was forced in and we were due to dip our bread in the thick series' gravy.

WE CARRIED the poor old Moose into the clubhouse and laid him on a table and didn't do any celebrating right then, for he looked like a goner. However, after the Old Man had forced a few stiff snifters of pre-war celery tonic down the Moose's throat, he opened one eye and grinned a feeble grin. The club doc examined him, and said: "He'll be okay soon. No baseball can dent a skull like his. The real trouble with him is that he hasn't had proper food and sleep for about three months."

We were all pretty excited about being champs, and were singing and whooping it up, when we noticed that Dandy Demotte had come into the clubhouse, all diked out in a snappy new suit and looking fat and just as cocky as ever.

"Just look at this flipper," he said, waving his right arm. "By spring it will be as good as ever. I didn't do a thing all summer but rest and have special treatments; and say"—and his voice actually got husky—"I want to thank you fellows—"

We all stared at him.

"What for?" said John Shay.

"For helping me out the way you did."

"What are you raving about?" I put in.

"Aw, don't stall," said Dandy. "I'm no fool. You know damn' well I got an envelope full of greenbacks every month, and I know damn' well the jack didn't come from the owner of the club."

We all thought he was crazy and let it go at that. Then I began to get a notion. I looked round for the Moose, but he had dressed and slipped away.

About an hour later I tracked him down. He was in a restaurant and in front of him was a steak the size of a home plate, and it was going fast. I gathered that he'd already put away one like it and that a third was on the fire. I sat down and came right out with what was on my mind. The Moose upset the catsup. It matched his ears.

"Aw, shucks," was all he said. He wouldn't admit anything. So I asked him what he was going to do with his piece of the world's series' coin.

"Well," he said, "I reckon they won't need me now that Dandy can play again, so I'm going to do something I've always wanted to do ever since the night that girl turned me down at a dance back home."

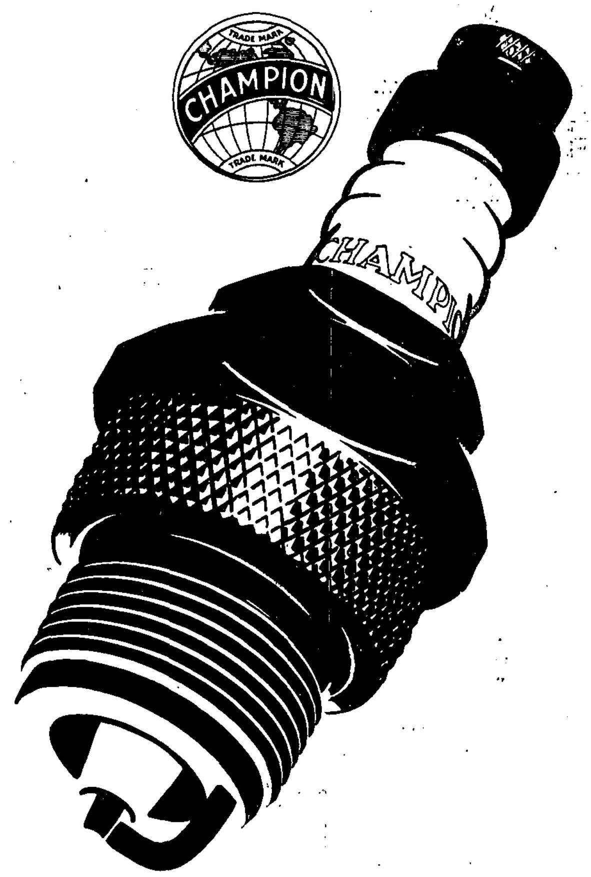
"What's that?" I said.

"Take lessons and go on the stage and be a dancer," said the Moose, with his mouth full of creamed potatoes. "I guess when she sees me on the stage, all slicked up and dancing, she'll be sorry."

CHAMPION
National Change Week
MAY 4th to 11th

CARE
WILL SAVE
YOUR CAR

CHANGE SPARK PLUGS EVERY 10,000 MILES



Champion National Change Week, established seven years ago, has become an annual reminder to millions of motorists of the economy and efficiency of changing spark plugs every 10,000 miles . . . All motor car manufacturers recommend, and it is common knowledge, that spark plugs should be changed at least once a year. Thousands of tests have proved *scientifically* that the savings in gasoline and oil, and the better performance that new spark plugs insure, will more than pay their cost . . . Check your speedometer. After 10,000 miles, your spark plugs will show unmistakable signs of wear and deterioration, which impair efficiency and result in lessened engine performance. A new set will restore new car performance . . . This year, the beneficial results of installing Champions will be more apparent than ever before. For the *New and Improved* Champions, with their broader heat range, give noticeably better performance at all speeds . . . *These new Champions are so* much better that you should install a set of them in your engine now and profit by the better performance of both spark plugs and engine. Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio; Windsor, Ontario.

NEW IMPROVED
CHAMPION
SPARK PLUGS

MAKE EVERY ENGINE PERFORM BETTER

DR. JOSEF LÉVAI, Physician-in-Chief of the great Central Hospital of Budapest

"For stubborn Skin Troubles I *advise eating yeast*"

Declares this Noted European Physician

YOU know what it is that usually causes those ugly skin blemishes. In most cases it is a clogged, unclean condition of your intestinal tract!

Now intestinal sluggishness is a trouble to which women are especially subject. But it affects us all now and then . . . makes us subject to headaches, colds, etc.

How can we correct this trouble? How can we insure the internal cleanliness which is the foundation of a glowing, healthy skin?

Here is the simple, *natural* way famous specialists are advising. Read about it in the words of the celebrated Hofrat Dr. Josef Lévai, of the Royal Hungarian Association of Physicians, in Budapest:—

"I have found," Dr. Lévai states, "that certain recurring skin troubles readily yield to the action of fresh yeast. I have prescribed it for years for boils, acne and pimples—symptoms of bad digestion and constipation . . . Fresh yeast is a natural food with exceptional power to free the system of poisons."

Fleischmann's Yeast, you know, stimulates the normal action of the intestines . . . prevents the formation of poisons that make your skin break out.

Why don't you try it? Each cake is rich in vitamins B, G and D. You can get it at grocers', restaurants, soda fountains.

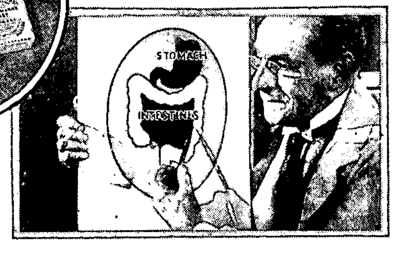
Write for booklet. Standard Brands Inc., 691 Washington St., New York.

Noted Skin Specialists say:

DR. BRANDWEINER, noted Vienna dermatologist, explains: "Skin disorders usually result from digestive and intestinal disturbances. Fresh yeast keeps intestines free of the poisons that cloud the skin."

DR. CLÉMENT SIMON, France's foremost skin specialist, reports: "The action of yeast is surprising."

(*Right*) Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast every day—before each meal, or between meals and at bedtime—plain or dissolved in a third of a glass of water (hot or cold) or any other way you may prefer.



(*Above*) Poisons that spread from here are a common cause of skin troubles, doctors explain. Yeast keeps intestines *clean*.

(*Left*) "My skin was becoming blotched," *writes* Miss Rosemary Grimes, *Hollywood, Calif.* "Fleischmann's Yeast corrected the sluggishness of my system and cleared up my skin." © 1931, Standard Brands Incorporated

To benefit fully, insist on fresh yeast . . . Fleischmann's Yeast

Yu'an Hee See Laughs

Continued from page 23

"It will disturb the sharks," he explained.

He rang on the engines to "Dead slow ahead."

And old MacIles, raising his eyes to the indicator as it tinkled, grasped the levers automatically—and then sank his debauched face into his hands, sobbing as only a drunken man can sob when, sober, he looks down upon what he has become.

IN THE great gardens of the old palace an unusual quiet reigned. The Negroes seemed to have disappeared to a man. Even the big engine shed adjoining the garages and its annex with the tall radio masts were locked and the plant was silent—deserted. There were no gardeners at work, and the big house was still.

Haig strode along a path close under the wall which marked the southern boundary of his patrol. Whatever was afoot down there in the little town, he could do nothing to prevent it. He was alone in the enemy's camp. Foolhardily he had thrust himself into the place, and he knew that it was not the call of duty but a mad anxiety for Eileen which had driven him.

In this at least he might strive now to justify his action. He had seen the room in which she was imprisoned, apparently under the guardianship of a woman. He wondered if any of the eunuchs remained on duty inside the *harêm* enclosure. It seemed highly probable.

He walked along the path below the wall. On one side it had a parapet, falling away to a very deep dry ditch, which rose again beyond to a continuous bank, topped by impenetrable thickets of cactus, Barbary thorn and other tough vegetation. Beyond that again, he had reasoned out, rocky cliffs fell away to the sea. Very faintly at times he had heard the murmuring of surf far below.

Cautiously he mounted the steps of the first of the little watchtowers.

A long, narrow garden with many flowering trees extended back to the rambling, terraced building. There was a door opening directly onto this terrace and flowering vines were festooned along a balcony in front of the first floor. Two doors opened onto the balcony. There were several women in the garden, but Eileen was not among them. Then he saw one of the uniformed Negroes crossing the terrace, carrying a silver tray.

He ducked his head and descended the steps. The balcony upon which he had seen Eileen was not visible from this point. It overlooked the adjoining garden, separated by a high wall from its neighbor.

Pressing on, he cautiously mounted another flight of steps. This garden differed somewhat in plan from the other, terminating immediately under the wall upon which he stood in a sloping rock-garden, ablaze with flowers. There were tiled paths and shady arbors, and a tall palm rose from the edge of a miniature artificial lake, in which stood a pair of young flamingos.

Bougainvillæa clustered thickly around the ancient gallery from which he surveyed the scene, so that he did not fear detection from the garden.

And at the very moment that he gained this vantage point, he saw something at which his heart seemed to miss a beat.

Fists clenched, he crouched, watching—watching. . . .

One of the black eunuchs was coming down a side path, sometimes in shadow and sometimes in blazing sunlight, carrying a woman's body thrown sackwise over his right shoulder.

One glance was sufficient.

He was carrying Eileen Kearney—alive or dead, Haig could not tell!

A tall and vicious-looking Arab, white-robed and turbaned, followed.

"My God!"

The words rose like a groan to Haig's lips.

Automatic in hand, he craned over the parapet. But giving no warning of his intention, the gigantic Negro swung suddenly left, descended a flight of stone steps, and disappeared under an archway, followed by the Arab.

Was she dead? Were they carrying her body away to dispose of it? Was she drugged, gagged? Where did that tunnel lead to?

Helpless, quivering in a mad impotency, Dawson Haig stood there in mental agony.

Descent from the wall to the garden was a physical impossibility without the aid of a ladder. Moreover, it would have served no purpose other than that of his own suicide.

He heard the bang of a heavy door in the sunken archway. He knew that the culprits were beyond his reach.

Plainly in view now to anyone in the garden, head and shoulders thrust out between flowering branches, suddenly, from the house, high above, he heard a cry!

It came from the balcony upon which he had seen Eileen!

"*Chérie! chérie!* My baby! Where are you?"

A wild hope was born in Haig's heart. This was the woman he had seen on the previous day! She had looked French. He prayed that she would come out on the balcony, that she would see him. And, as if in answer to the prayer, at that very moment Céleste rushed out, craned over the wall, staring wildly right and left and along the garden.

Haig sprang right up on the parapet, waving his arms.

And Céleste saw him!

Swiftly she indicated that he should conceal himself and wait.

His heart beating like a sledge hammer, Haig drew back amongst the flowers. Gritting his teeth with impatience, he watched—until an iron-studded teak door, whitened by many years of Arabian sun, opened.

THE Frenchwoman came running down the stone steps and along the garden, exhibiting a surprising activity. She had a strong, determined face, which once may have been beautiful, and her dark eyes were blazing savagely.

At the foot of the grotto she pulled up, and:

"You, up there! You can hear me?" she gasped.

"Yes, yes, I am. . . ."

"I know who you are! *She* told me. Listen, only listen: This is the work of the Chinese hell-cat. It is Said from Keneh who has taken the little one. They have drugged her again, I think, the poor baby. Can you hear me?"

"Yes, yes, go on!"

"They will take her to Koseîr and from there to the house of Hassan es-Sûk at Keneh. This house. . . ."

"I know it, I know it!" Haig interrupted impatiently. "Go on! Go on!"

"There are two motor boats in the harbor. In one of them she will be taken. For God's sake, save her! Here

(*Continued on page 53*)

Three Hours between Trains

a shopping list... and a headache!

FROM THE MAN'S POINT OF VIEW

•

A convenient location in the center of downtown Chicago—that saves time and cab money.

All forms of transportation nearby.

Comfortably large rooms at $4, $5 and $6 a day.

Floor clerks to handle telephone calls and appointments.

Servidors to let in service and keep out servants.

Four dining rooms and a lunch room.

Permanent personnel—trained to serve guests intelligently and courteously.

WITH HER TWO CHILDREN, she was dashing across the continent toward a sick husband.

She had packed in twenty minutes at her home in California.

And now she was in Chicago, at the Palmer House... with 3 hours between trains, a shopping list comprising 21 entries and a head that threatened to split wide open at every step.

She explained her situation to the floor clerk on the Woman's floor. The hotel's hostess was summoned and things began to happen in her favor.

She was assigned a room that was exquisitely quiet and cheerful. The children were taken merrily upstairs by the playground supervisor—to "let off steam" after their two days on the train.

One of the hotel's shoppers took over her shopping list, asked a few questions and promised to return within an hour and a quarter.

The hotel's doctor left something for her headache. A nurse, from the hotel's hospital, came in and administered a soothing massage.

Now she raised a compress from her eyes and glanced at her wrist watch. Ten-forty-five... surely it had stopped. The telephone operator reassured her... ten-forty-five it was. Twenty minutes since she had left her cab! Thirty minutes since she had left her train!

Such opportunities to assist travelers are not infrequent at the Palmer House. Just recently another guest arrived at ten in the morning. She was to be married at three that afternoon. And at three she was married, in a wedding gown of our selection. In fact, along with the wedding gown, we selected her entire trousseau.

So the Palmer House, called the "safest hotel in the world" by engineers and architects, is widely known for its ability to *personalize* its service.

WALTER L. GREGORY—*Manager*

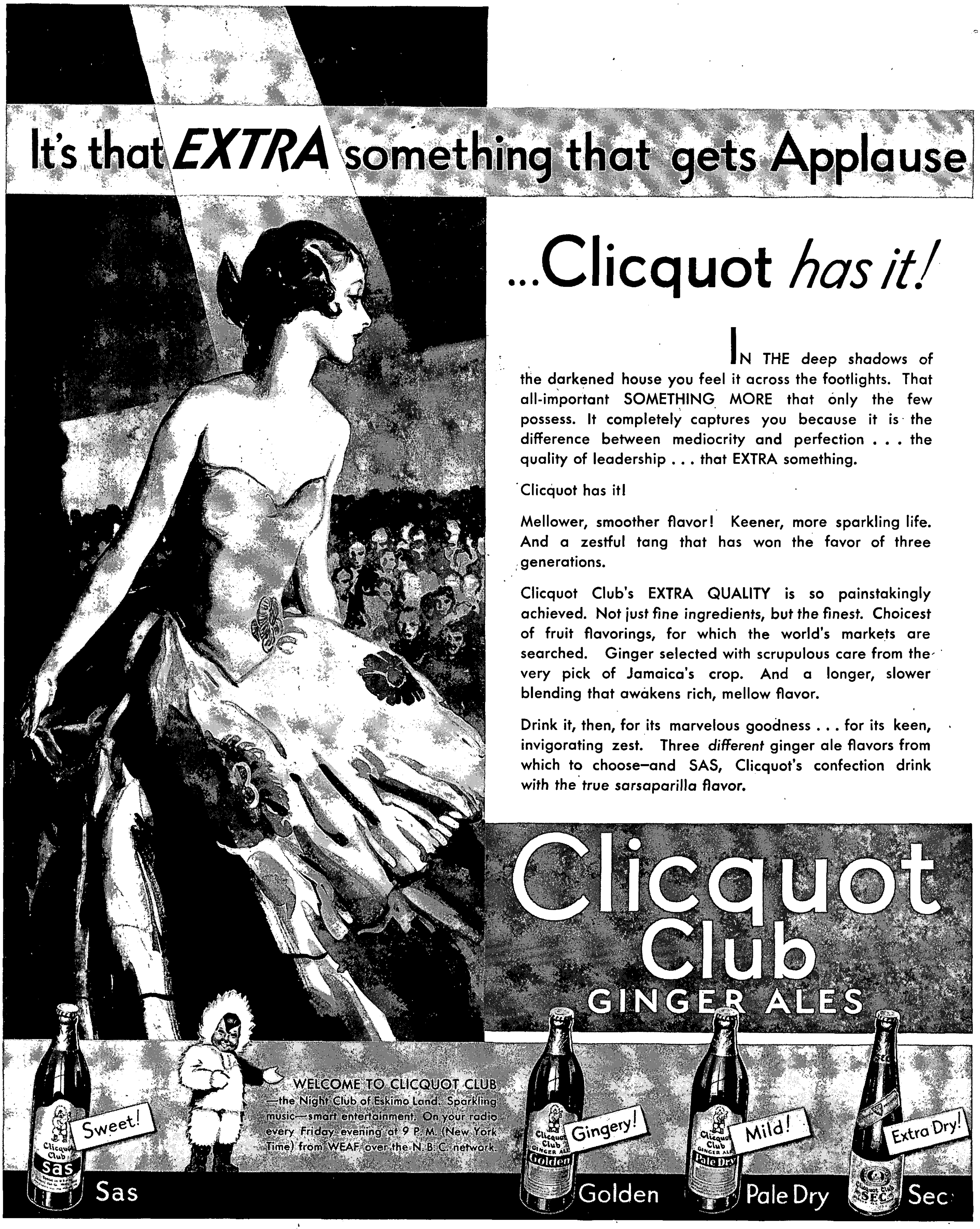
PALMER HOUSE

CHICAGO

Send your name and address to the Palmer House, Room 2368, for either (or both) of these booklets: Chef Amiet's 25 Favorite Recipes, for use in your home. Chicago's Everyday "World's Fair"—a guide to things worth seeing.

Rates: $4.00 and more; $6.00 and more with twin beds (for 2 guests). Every Room with Private Bath

"NEXT DOOR TO EVERYTHING"—STATE STREET, MONROE STREET AND WABASH AVENUE



It's that *EXTRA* something that gets Applause

...Clicquot *has it!*

IN THE *deep shadows* of the darkened house you feel it across the footlights. That all-important SOMETHING MORE that only the few possess. It completely captures you because it is the difference between mediocrity and perfection . . . the quality of leadership . . . that EXTRA something.

Clicquot has it!

Mellower, smoother flavor! Keener, more sparkling life. And a zestful tang that has won the favor of three generations.

Clicquot Club's EXTRA QUALITY is so painstakingly achieved. Not *just fine ingredients, but the finest.* Choicest of fruit flavorings, for which the world's markets are searched. Ginger selected with scrupulous care from the very pick of Jamaica's crop. And a longer, slower blending that awakens rich, mellow flavor.

Drink it, then, for its marvelous goodness . . . for its keen, invigorating zest. Three *different* ginger ale flavors from which to choose—and SAS, Clicquot's confection drink with the *true sarsaparilla flavor.*

Clicquot Club

GINGER ALES

WELCOME TO CLICQUOT CLUB —the Night Club of Eskimo Land. Sparkling music—smart entertainment. On your radio every Friday evening at 9 P. M. (New York Time) from WEAF over the N. B. C. network.

Sweet!
Clicquot Club
SAS
Sas
Gingery!
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Golden
Golden
Mild!
Clicquot Club Ginger Ale
Pale Dry
Pale Dry
Extra Dry!
Clicquot Club
SEC
Sec

Yu'an Hee See Laughs

Continued from page 50

it is bad enough—but *there!* Stop them—you *must* stop them!"

"But, tell me: where is my best chance—"

"Bah! You are a man and she loves you—and you ask me that!"

Céleste, glaring up at him, snapped her fingers.

"I ask you," Haig said rapidly but kindly, "because I am as close a prisoner as you are, although my prison is rather larger. Quick! For heaven's sake, tell me, if you know: Is there any way out of this maze, this hell, this devil's island?"

Céleste, her breast heaving, hands tightly clenched, stood silent, thinking—thinking rapidly.

"There is only one way," she said; "it is through the gate. But, if you could only reach it, the blacks would never question you. And all those pigs are away. . . ."

"Wait!" cried Haig. "Wait! To reach the gate is impossible—but there is just one other chance!"

"Hurry, then—hurry. For God's sake hurry!" Céleste sobbed.

THE *lebbekh* tree which overhung the wall marking the northern boundary! Suddenly, Haig had remembered it. From the branches of that tree he had watched the gang depart. It was a drop of twenty feet, and he dared not risk it, when his safety alone stood between Eileen and . . . .

But there were ladders in the sheds used by the Negro gardeners . . . and today all the gardeners were absent!

He raced down the stone steps and set off running. He had a long way to go, but mercifully these working sheds were very near to the northern wall.

As it chanced, he was saved the necessity of forcing a way into any of the sheds. A collapsible ladder, used for pruning purposes, was lying on a path where one of the gardeners had left it! It was heavy, but long.

A passionate rage gave Dawson Haig additional strength. He could dispense now with the friendly tree. Fully extending the ladder, he leaned it up against the wall, mounted, and stood on the top.

The road far below was deserted from end to end.

Poised perilously, he began to draw the ladder up, an operation calling for great muscular effort and a nice sense of equilibrium.

A sort of savage exultation lent him the powers of an acrobat. He got the ladder poised like a seesaw on top of the wall. Then, realizing that he could not turn it, he lowered the narrow end onto the hard-baked mud of the path below.

There was a narrow, dry ditch at the base of the wall, choked with thorns, but he succeeded in propping the ladder on the farther bank.

Swiftly, he slid down.

He turned, jerked the tall ladder from the wall, closed its three sections, and dropped it amongst rank undergrowth in the ditch.

His course he had already mapped out. Even whilst feverishly working, balanced there upon the parapet, he had been planning ahead.

If challenged, he would resort to that magical word "Orders," the potency of which the Kid had impressed upon him. If obstructed, he would use his club; if threatened, his automatic.

He reached the outskirts of the little terraced town unchallenged—indeed, without meeting a living creature. Here he found some children playing before one of the houses, and a woman looked out at him from a half-shuttered window.

The palm-lined street on the left, which contained what appeared to be the only café in the place, also was deserted. A very old Arab carrying a basket of dates passed him just by the tumble-down mosque. But the old man did not exhibit the slightest trace of curiosity.

A westering sun blazed hotly upon the squat buildings of plastered mud-brick and woodwork, once painted green but bleached to a dirty yellow. None of them exhibited any sign of life. They consisted for the most part of half-ruined warehouses. A number of dogs were prowling about.

Tied up to the steps was a dingy-looking motor boat—the same, or its twin, in which he had crossed from Koseîr. Then, a distant murmur checked him in his stride.

Shading his eyes, he stared. Another motor boat—a mere dot in the blue—was rapidly disappearing around the tail of the island.

He set out running again, but had not gone fifty yards when, a second time, he was pulled up sharply.

From the north, far over the sea, beyond the rocky headland which embraced the port, beyond the island, came echoing and reëchoing the sound of a mighty explosion. . . .

Jack Rattray, a powerful swimmer, had calculated his chances to a nicety. He gave himself ten to one against.

When that rain of machine-gun bullets had swept the sea, he had ducked under the protection of the floating deck chair. He discovered that by resting his chin upon a crosspiece and swimming steadily, he could propel it without any very great effort. The chemical quality of the Red Sea simplifies a swimmer's task.

RATTRAY summoned all his resources. He meant to survive the tragedy. He *must* survive it. A floating deck chair and one man's undaunted spirit meant the difference between immunity for these ghastly murderers and that day of reckoning which he swore, with clenched teeth, should come to them.

If there were a divine justice, he would escape the bullets and the sharks, he would be picked up, and this nest of sea scorpions be stamped out—utterly destroyed.

Apart from the natural instinct of survival, he had a mission—a sacred mission. He deafened his ears to the sounds behind him. Help, he had none to give. He must concentrate upon *retribution.*

A gentle, almost imperceptible current was bearing him seaward. He assisted this without expending too much energy. The sharks, he knew, were busy about that grisly feeding ground—unless he chanced to meet one heading for the shambles.

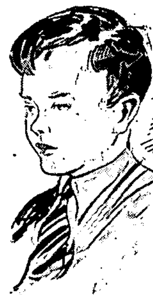
He forced his memory to function—and tried to visualize a chart of the Red Sea, and the approximate positions of steamers. He was many miles off the track, and dusk was near.

His proper course, then, was to steal southward on this gentle current and then edge in towards the tail of the rocky island, since rescue by a passing steamer was almost out of the question. The island, so far as he knew, was uninhabited. But at least he could spend the night there; and whilst life remained there was hope.

He was now more than a mile from

(*Continued on page 56*)

A thought for parents



At what age does your child need a real encyclopaedia?

ARE you finding that your children's questions are a little harder to answer? Are you finding that you can no longer do it with a simple word or phrase? This state of affairs in a family usually means one thing: the days of random childish thoughts are over.

At this point a real encyclopaedia becomes a necessity. First: because it will help the parent who is helping the child. Second: because it will guide the child himself. It will interest him from the start, and he will never outgrow it.

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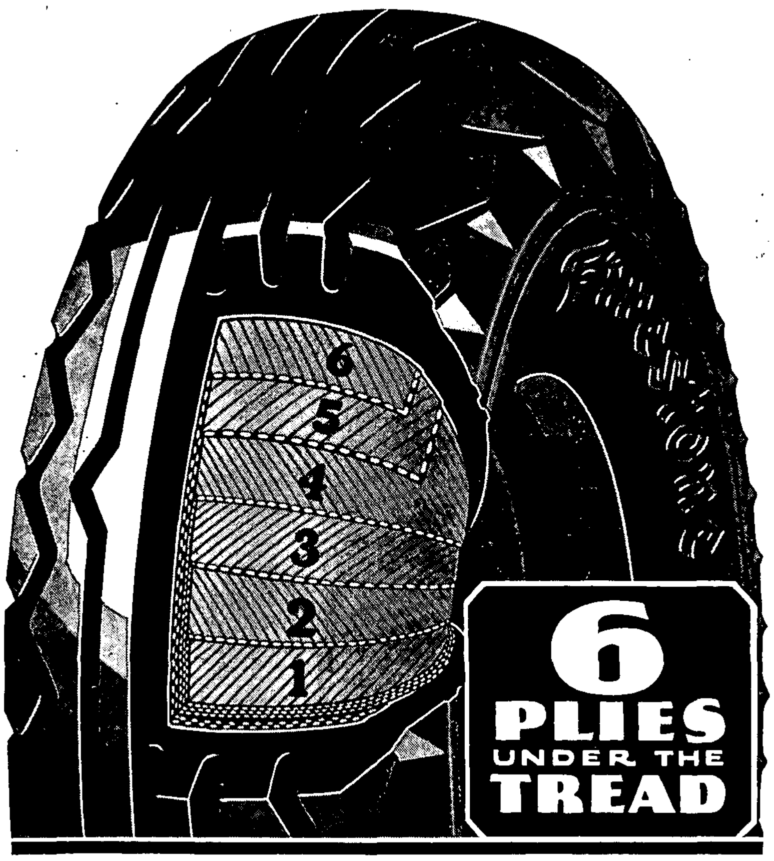

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Chevrolet	4.50-20	**5.60**	5.60	**10.90**
Ford	4.50-21	**5.69**	5.69	**11.10**
Ford Chevrolet Whippet	4.75-19	**6.65**	6.65	**12.90**
Erskine Plymouth	4.75-20	**6.75**	6.75	**13.10**
Chandler DeSoto Dodge Durant Graham-Paige Pontiac Roosevelt Willys-Knight	5.00-19	**6.98**	6.98	**13.60**
Essex Nash	5.00-20	**7.10**	7.10	**13.80**
Marquette Oldsmobile	5.25-18	**7.90**	7.90	**15.30**
Buick	5.25-21	**8.57**	8.57	**16.70**
Auburn Jordan Reo	5.50-18	**8.75**	8.75	**17.00**
Gardner Marmon Oakland Peerless Studebaker	5.50-19	**8.90**	8.90	**17.30**
Chrysler Viking	6.00-18	**11.20**	11.20	**21.70**
Franklin Hudson Hupmobile	6.00-19	**11.40**	11.40	**22.10**
LaSalle Packard	6.00-20	**11.50**	11.50	**22.30**
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Here are the **Cold Facts** *why Firestone gives you* **Greater Values** *and* **Better Service** *at* **Lowest Prices!**

Firestone Way	Mail Order House Way
Do have . . . . ***Organization***	. . **Do NOT have**
a special and undivided interest in developing and making Firestone Tires better.—Every employee a stockholder.	a special or undivided interest in tires.
Do have . . . . . **Rubber**	. . . **Do NOT have**
our own men select and buy rubber direct from plantations. Have our own rubber preparation plant and warehouse in Singapore. Have our own large rubber plantations in Liberia.	a rubber preparation plant or warehouse — dependent on others to buy on the rubber exchange or other markets, passing thru many hands with profits and expenses of handling.
Do have . . . . . **Cotton**	. . . **Do NOT have**
our own men select and buy cotton of best staple. Have our own bonded cotton warehouse. Have our own most efficient cord fabric mills.	a bonded cotton warehouse or cord fabric mills — dependent on others to buy and manufacture, passing thru many hands, with profits and expenses of handling.
Do have . . . . **Factory**	. . . **Do NOT have**
our own tire factories — most efficient in the world — daily capacity 75,000 tires—EVERY TIRE MADE IN THESE FACTORIES BEARS THE NAME "FIRESTONE."	a tire factory. They are dependent on those who, for the profits, will risk making Special Brand tires, possibly hoping these tires will not do too well in competition against tires they make and sell under their own name.
Do have . . . . ***Warehouses***	. . . . **Do have**
our own warehouses to supply our Service Dealers and Service Stores.	their own warehouses to supply their retail department stores.
Do have . . . . ***Car Owners***	. . . . **Do have**
25,000 experienced Service Dealers and Service Stores where car owners can buy Firestone Tires and get service.	retail department stores and millions of expensive mail order catalogs. Car owners can buy tires over the counter or order by mail.

Great Scot!...a

CONSISTENCY TESTER

for GOLF BALLS!

Here's great news for the 19th hole, gentlemen. And it's going to affect every stroke, every hole, every round you play from now on.

● Remember that time you played for a hook . . . and sliced into a trap? The Consistency Tester would have labelled that ball an "erratic." Remember when you stroked what you thought was a perfect putt on the 17th . . . and it lagged a foot short? That ball was probably a "sulker." And that drive that sounded (and felt) like two-fifty . . . but died at one-ninety? Another "sulker."

Then where is the one "untemperamental" ball . . . the one ball that goes where it's sent . . . every time? The Consistency Tester says that ball is the new and improved Silver King.

It proves the new Silver King the most consistent, in point of accuracy plus distance. Silver King actually registered 292 more "hits" than its *nearest* rival . . . and this nearest rival got accuracy only at the expense of distance.

This, gentlemen, is because of Silver King's *uniform* high compression . . . always the same, wherever you buy or play Silver King. (Uniformity = consistency; high compression = distance.)

Play Silver King and eliminate one of the variables in your score. For you can always count on the consistency of Silver King . . . the one invariable in your game.

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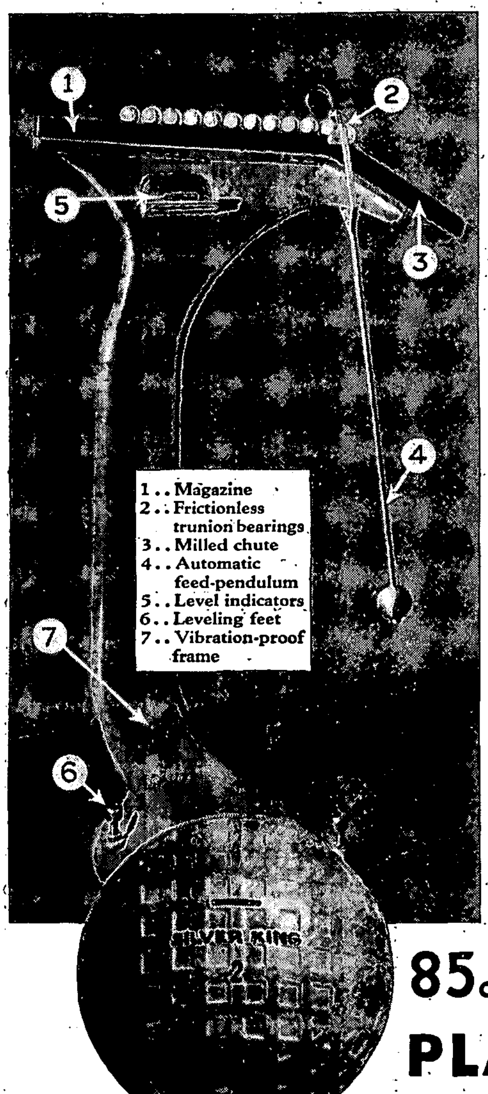
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
1 . . Magazine
2 . . Frictionless trunion bearings
3 . . Milled chute
4 . . Automatic feed-pendulum
5 . . Level indicators
6 . . Leveling feet
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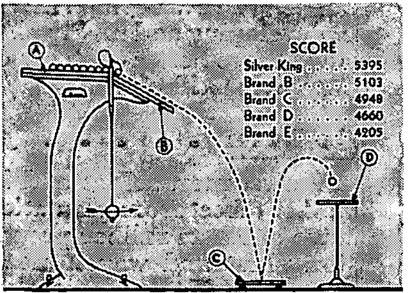
SILVER KING


A
B
C
D
SCORE
Silver King 5395
Brand B 5103
Brand C 4948
Brand D 4660
Brand E 4205

THIS IS THE GOLF BALL CONSISTENCY TESTER

Tests balls for uniformity of compression, consistency of behavior, and for distance.

Balls are released from magazine at A; roll down track at B; strike on steel bounceplate at C; automatically record their alighting places at D. Each "target" thus made is composed of 100 "shots." A 6-inch scoring circle registers greatest average number of "hits."

5 dozen new Silver Kings were tested against 5 new dozen of each of the 4 next most popular brands selling from 75c up. All balls taken from retail stock. All tests made by an accredited Testing Laboratory (name on request): Official scores, on basis of 6000 "shots" for each brand, shown above. Ask your pro for copy of a booklet giving complete details, or write to John Wanamaker, Wholesale Golf Department, New York City.

85c EACH

PLAY

SILVER KING

. . . it's more Consistent!

Yu'an Hee See Laughs

Continued from page 53

the scene of the disaster. He swung around. The submarine and the *dhow*, the latter with two boats in tow, were making for the head of the island. It was a screen from behind which, doubtless, they operated.

And, so carefully does Fate weave those comedies in which willy-nilly we all play a part, it was almost exactly at this moment that Dawson Haig walked down the little jetty to where the motor cruiser was moored.

A pock-marked Negro, whom he remembered, and an Arab boy were on board. They both stood up and stared at him suspiciously as he came hurrying along the stone pavement; but:

"Orders!" he said sharply. "Koseîr!"

As he sprang on board, the crew of two continued to regard him with doubt and hesitation; but:

"Hurry!" he cried, and swung the formidable club which he carried.

The Negro glanced helplessly at the boy—and the latter threw off the rope.

HAIG anxiously surveyed the street above, and what he could see of that other, palm-lined, which led down to it. Nothing moved, and when presently they cast off, he heaved a great sigh of relief.

At last the game was in his hands!

By dawn he would be back in Koseîr—and Koseîr would have to wake up! There was a wireless station, and a small English colony. He was no longer "Joseph," but had become again in spirit and in fact Detective-Inspector Dawson Haig. He represented Justice. And, by heaven! he would see that Justice was served.

He peered anxiously ahead. The leading motor cruiser was not in sight. Even if a car waited at Koseîr, which he suspected would be the case, he could have it intercepted. The game was in his hands.

The course, as he remembered, lay due northwest from the bay for the first forty or fifty miles. There, out of sight of the mainland, it skirted that long, low island, a small peak at the northern end of which apparently served as a sailing-mark for Yu'an Hee See's pilots. Thence it bore north along a desolate coast for three hours or more; then westerly again, sweeping out seaward to pass Jeddah, and nor' northwest to the petrol station.

He might find himself in difficulty, there. Probably they had some means of communication.

Exultation, doubt, fear, fought for supremacy in his mind. The sun lay very low now on the rim of a sea like a sheet of molten gold. They were three hours out from the base, and the long, low island was dropping astern.

He could scarcely contain himself.

Four more hours before that swing-around which would point their bows to the African coast—which would seem to bring him nearer to Eileen!

They were drawing in to the main coast again; towards a mass of desolate rock, something hellish in its jagged outlines bathed in scarlet by the sinking sun.

Suddenly, Haig sprang to his feet, shouting excitedly.

Almost under their starboard bow floated a piece of wreckage which looked like a deck chair. . . . Then, beside it, a head bobbed up. . . .

ASWAMI PASHA, swathed in bandages came out of Dr. Oestler's room on the ground floor of the old palace, into a tiled corridor. He walked along to that little lobby which opened on the courtyard inside the entrance gates.

He would be disfigured for life. The Kid, in passing, his cunning fighter's brain keyed up by the imminence of death, had left this ineffaceable mark of his trade upon the man who had sped him. All the piston-rod force of that phenomenal left had been put into the job—the final job—of pulverizing Aswâmi's beauty. Certainty that that Grecian nose was smashed flat had sweetened the Kid's last agony.

Jacques, the Creole (known as the Jackal), waited in the lobby, twitching and shaking, his shifty eyes fearful.

"Well!" said Aswâmi Pasha, racked with pain and burning with a purposeless fury, for he knew that there was none upon whom he could justly wreak vengeance.

The Creole stood up, staring and failing to recognize the speaker.

"Well, you dog!" the Egyptian repeated.

He accompanied the words with an open-handed blow, which sent the man staggering back.

"Speak! What have you to report?"

"Chief!" the man gasped— "Chief . . . it is Joseph, the one who replaced. . . ."

"Well, go on! Speak! Why do you stare at me, damn you!"

"Gone!"

"Gone?"

"He is nowhere! He does not come to relieve me at four o'clock. He is nowhere—he is *gone!*"

Aswâmi Pasha's swollen eyes stared through his bandages uncomprehendingly. There was a moment of silence broken only by the slippered footfalls of one of the Nubians in the courtyard; then:

"Go back to your duty," said the Egyptian.

HE TURNED and walked out along the corridor, up a short flight of stairs, and entered that office exotically furnished with voluptuous paintings and statuettes.

Dropping down upon a divan, he sank his bandaged face in his hands. He was already a very wealthy man. His share in this last coup would make him a millionaire. It was as well; since henceforward whatever of pleasure he could secure—he must buy. He would always be hideous. Men would shun his company. Women would fly from him.

He struggled to regain mastery of himself—to remember what he had planned before they had set out on this expedition against the Wallaroo.

What did the absence of the man, Joseph, mean? He wished that he had interviewed him personally, had not left so important a matter to Kid Brown—the swine! Old Mohammed was to be trusted; and he had had word of the fellow's excellent quality. But yet. . . .

The girl! The rose-girl whom the marquis loved, for whom he had taken such insane risks! Aswâmi smiled—but checked the smile because of the agony it occasioned his battered features.

Was there any connection between his compact with Orange Blossom and the absence of Joseph?

He must find out.

Orange Blossom! "I will remember," she had said. Never again would he read that promise in a woman's eyes—hear again that taunting allurement in a woman's voice. And bought love was so cold. He had exulted in his physical beauty.

The way he took now, anxious to

(Continued on page 61)

1 Cut for Pipes Only
2 Made by Wellman's Method . . . an 1870 Tobacco Secret
3 Big Flakes that Burn Slow and Cool
4 Sweet to the End...No Soggy Heel

GRANGER
ROUGH CUT
PIPE TOBACCO
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ROUGH CUT
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GRANGER

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A cooler smoke...and a drier pipe!

AND what's more, the sweetest, richest fragrance that ever floated from a bowl. Load your favorite briar—with Granger; pinch by pinch, on the "installment plan." Pack it tight, light it *all around*—and you're all set!

Slower-burning, cooler-smoking, clean to the last dry ash—that's Granger Rough Cut. And our own Wellman's Method mellows and "seals in" the flavor as nothing else can!

GRANGER ROUGH CUT

DAY IS SUNDAY MAY 10TH • MOTHER'S DAY IS SUNDAY M

MOTHER'S DAY IS SUNDAY MAY 10TH • MOTHER'S DAY IS S

MAY 10TH • MOTHER'S DAY IS SUNDAY MAY 10TH • MOTHE

IS SUNDAY MAY 10TH • MOTHER'S DAY IS SUNDAY MAY 10

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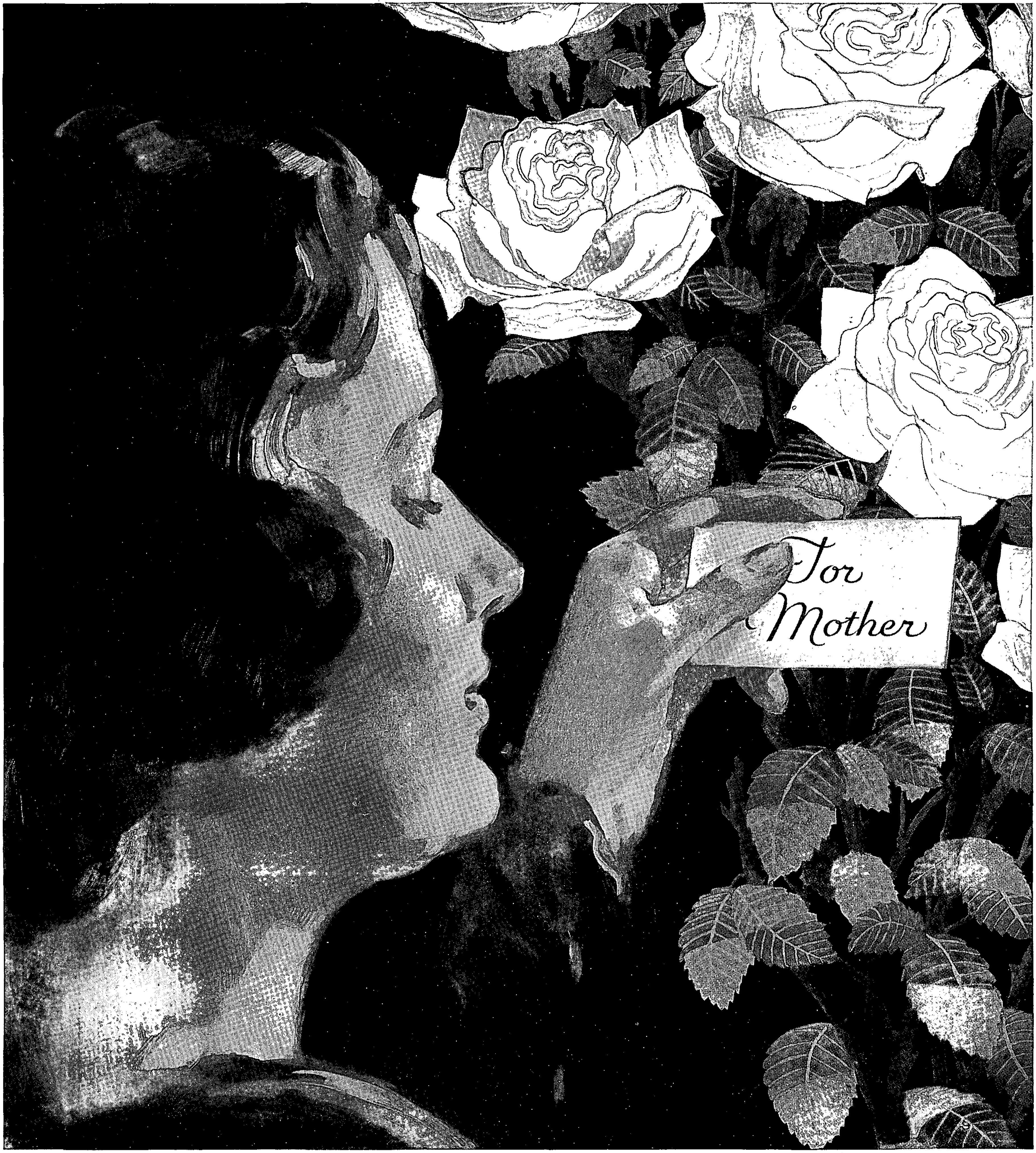

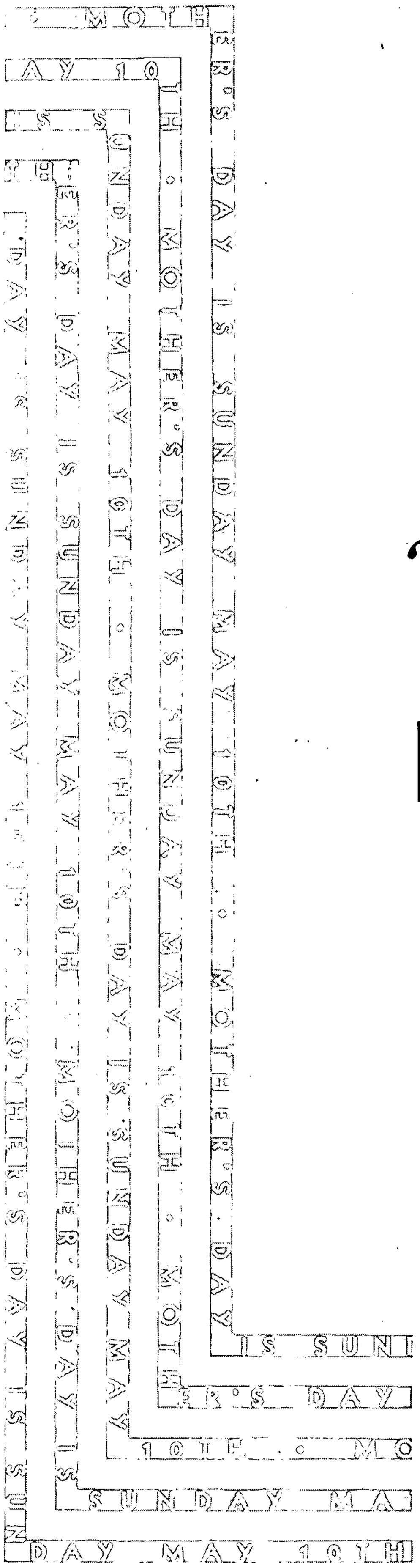
MOTHER'S DAY IS SUNDAY MAY 10TH

MOTHER *won't forget* MAY TENTH *will you?*

To some, perhaps, it is just another day. But to Mother no time of all the year could be half so precious. For Sunday, May 10, is *her* day... Mother's Day!

She looks forward to it with such anticipation. Will she look back upon it with happiness and pride ... because YOU remembered?

You have a hundred-and-one interests to fill your waking hours. But Mother has only her *memories* of you... her *faith* in you... her *hope* that you will give her, on this one day, a little of *yourself*.

Of course she expects you to say it with flowers. Their fragrant glory tells the old, old story in a way that is ever new! They are Nature's messengers, bearing a tribute that goes deeper than words.

Make a mental note to order your Mother's Day flowers at once, from the "Say It With Flowers" florist in your community. Then *your* Mother will not wait in vain!

Roses, potted plants, Spring flowers, sweet peas, carnations... all are beautiful now. Order Mother's tribute from the "Say It With Flowers" florist who displays the emblem below. When you telegraph flowers, use the bonded service of the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association; look for the F. T. D. mercury emblem.

Say it with Flowers
FELLOW
Society of American Florists

BONDED MEMBER
FTD

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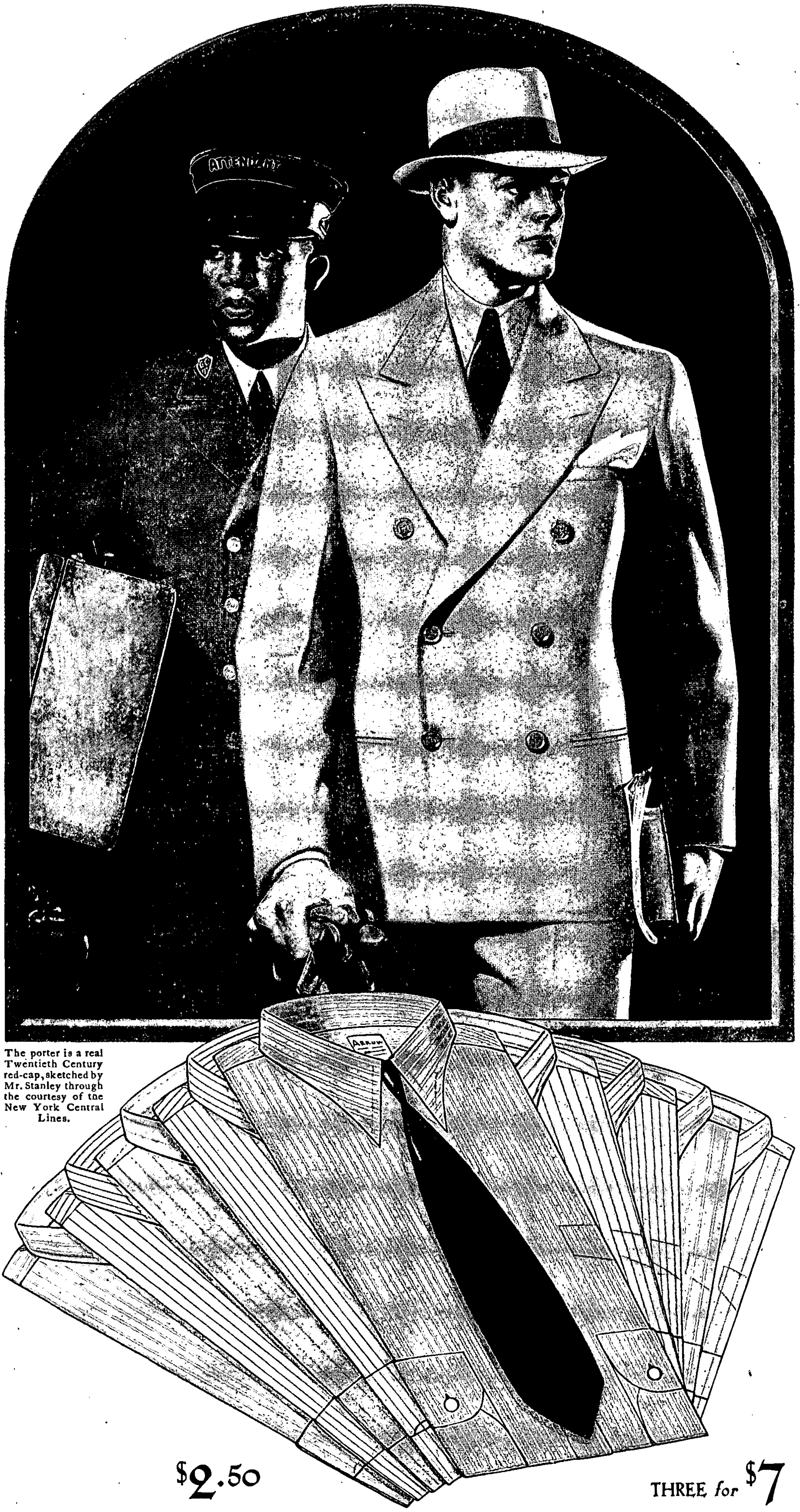
SAY · IT · WITH FLOWERS



The porter is a real Twentieth Century red-cap, sketched by Mr. Stanley through the courtesy of the New York Central Lines.

$2.50

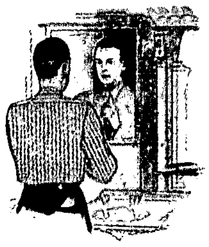
THREE *for* $7

ARROW SANFORIZED SHRUNK SHIRTS

Style declares "poplin for Spring"

AROTONE

a beautiful new poplin
Arrow Sanforized-Shrunk
is in your outfitter's window
today!



EVEN before the whisper of style reached Arrow, Arrow had sensed it, and was putting *extra* value into the smartest of the spring poplin shirts—Arotone.

You'll see this extra value in the handsome patterns—and ingenious background of smart, fresh, well-bred new colors, traced with rich harmonizing and contrasting hair-lines—

—and you'll see it on the label, which reads "Arotone Sanforized-Shrunk"—for that means that this beautiful new fabric has been treated by Arrow's surprising new process, that Arotone is flatly guaranteed for permanent fit: its Arrow self-collar of Arotone poplin will never bind, the sleeves of Arotone will never creep up your wrists, or grip under-arm; the body-length will never shorten—*or you get your money back.*

See Arotone in your outfitter's window today. Then choose from the four rich basic colors, and the nine series of stripes, enough Arotones to match your various suits and your various moods. The price ($2.50) seems to us downright modest for uncommon new style with double *extra*-value, guaranteed.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., TROY, N. Y.

Yu'an Hee See Laughs

Continued from page 56

avoid observation, led him along a path skirting the eunuchs' quarters. Wild screams and sobs broke the silence of the night; a sound of blows heavily descending upon bare flesh.

Aswâmi Pasha checked, took a ring of keys from his pocket, and opened a heavy, iron-studded door. He entered a covered courtyard.

One of the Nubians lay in a corner, groaning, his bare feet bathed in blood. Another, stripped, was strung up to the ring of punishment, and Uncle Tom, the chief eunuch, was administering the bastinado. Three others, manacled, awaited their punishment.

Yu'an Hee See, a blue tinge showing under his lemon-colored skin, stood at the end of the courtyard, his wide-open eyes, with their china-white rims, fixed upon Aswâmi as he entered.

"This is your staff work, my friend!" The Chinaman's voice was incredibly high. "This is your organization!"

The blows upon the upturned soles of the Negro's feet continued uninterruptedly. His shrieks died to groans.

"We shall have trouble with the crew. There can be no share-out and no dismissals until this mystery is solved. . . ."

ASWAMI PASHA stared through his bandages.

"Mystery, my lord?"

"The woman has gone—the American woman I had chosen. Do you realize what this means?"

Aswâmi Pasha fully realized what it meant.

But a cold terror clutched his heart. It was so keen as to make him forget his disfigurement momentarily. Well enough he knew his danger. But he rested gratefully upon the cunning of Orange Blossom.

"Céleste, the Frenchwoman?" he suggested.

"She loved the rose blossom entrusted to her. She would have aided her escape—yes. But she had not the power."

"I see nothing!" groaned the tortured Negro. "I know nothing, master!"

"Stop!" said Yu'an Hee See, softly. "Take the next."

At which the first of the three Negroes awaiting the bastinado dropped down upon his knees, raising manacled wrists; and:

"Master, my lord!" he chattered—"Master, my lord! I know everything. I can tell!"

"Speak!" said Yu'an Hee See. "Speak!"

Aswâmi Pasha, a pain at his heart, listened, as:

"I carried her out, my lord, down to the tunnel—"

"By whose orders?"

"Said of Keneh."

Yu'an Hee See slowly closed his eyes. Then, turning his face in the direction of Aswâmi Pasha:

"Said would never have so dared," he whispered. "There is deep treachery here. Said has been given to understand that she is to be offered to the agent of the Bey!"

His words died away in a low hissing; then:

"You will take the French plane, Aswâmi, with Anton as pilot. I am thinking now not of my pleasure but of our safety. It is too late to establish contact with Hess, in Koseîr. He will have left for Cairo. Hassan we cannot reach. Go, my friend. You have much to do."

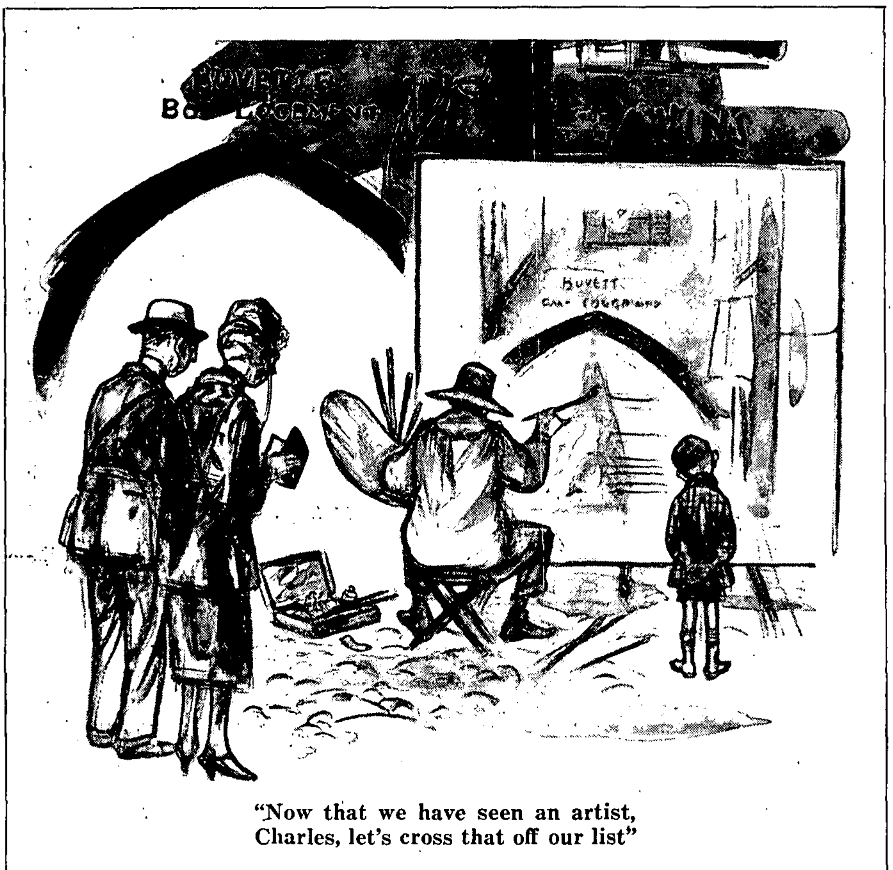
Aswâmi Pasha choked down an exclamation of relief, turned, and went out. The disappearance of Joseph he decided not to report. It might be part of Orange Blossom's plan. Perhaps it had been necessary to kill the guard.

Yu'an Hee See fixed his apparently closed eyes upon the Negro who had confessed.

"You delayed overlong, my friend, to tell the truth," he said, his high, thin voice scarcely audible above the muffled groans of those who had suffered. "This is not good service."

Drawing a pistol from the pocket of his white jacket, he shot the eunuch through the heart.

(To be concluded next week)



"Now that we have seen an artist, Charles, let's cross that off our list"

MEN WHO KNOW STEEL PREFER THE VALET
—MEN WHO KNOW FACES PRESCRIBE IT

A little more precision . . . . A lot better result

BURNING the midnight oil as he pores over equations and formulas — the engineering student learns that accuracy is vital—always means far better results. Built to unvarying high standards in one of the nation's foremost precision plants—the new Valet blade is a marvel of scientific exactness.

Scrupulous care in manufacture and inspection have won for this blade the hearty approval of world-renowned authorities. Praised by men who know steel—prescribed by those who know faces—the Valet numbers its distinguished users in tens of thousands.

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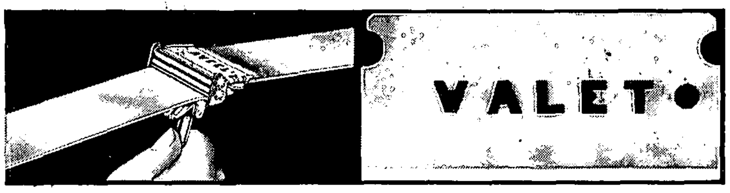
Valetite steel — secret-processed and triple-hardened — is finished to a marvelously smooth and super-keen edge. Electro-magnetic and magnifying mirror inspection constantly assure unvarying high quality.

The Valet blade is held at a friendly shaving angle by the Valet AutoStrop Razor and never requires removal for stropping or cleaning. It glides with amazing lightness—won't irritate tenderest skin—leaves the face clean, cool and refreshed.

Your first Valet shave will be a most pleasant surprise. Prove this tomorrow morning. Buy a package of blades from your dealer—and get a Valet AutoStrop Razor if you haven't one.

The new blade can be identified by the word "Valet" cut through the steel



VALET AutoStrop
RAZORS AND BLADES

WISE OLD SOLOMON!

Some folks say that it isn't so much the severity of the punishment as the *certainty* of it that keeps us from acts of violence. This reasoning does much to explain the bearded portraits in every family album.

King Solomon wore a beard. So did Rutherford B. Hayes. So did your grandfather. We can only point to the fact that the Enders Razor was not invented until 1906, and all the great beard epidemics of history occurred prior to that time.

Common everyday whiskers are pie for Enders. What this little razor really likes is a big bruiser of a beard, one of the deep-blue heavyweight variety, that bullies barbers and knocks out ordinary razor blades. Snick! (On the chin.) Swish! (To the jaw.) And Bluebeard takes the count.

By the way, has anybody ever told you that for as little as one dollar you can get an Enders Razor and six sweet-tempered blades for your very own? Enders Razor Co., Inc., 105 W. 40th St., New York, N. Y.

Enders RAZOR

THE HAIR TEST

ENDERS RAZOR with 6 blades, $1.00. Extra blades, 5 for 35c. If the store cannot supply you, use coupon below.

ENDERS RAZOR CO., INC.
105 W. 40th St., New York, N. Y.
Enclosed find $1.00. Send me, postage prepaid, an Enders Razor and 6 blades.

Name__________
Address__________

Protection

Continued from page 19

he had the most murderous face I ever saw on a human. I thought it was a joke; it wasn't."

"Why didn't you call the police?" asked Larsen.

"Olaf," said Richman, "what police?"

"Anyway," said Joyce, "I thought I'd better take it seriously, so I went to see the manager of the place, and he referred me to the owner. Now, wait! You haven't heard anything yet."

Then, flushing and dropping his bored, listless air, he told them how he had gone to see Harworth, expecting a tough or at least a smart foreigner, and had found a magnificent apartment, a servant in livery and a very cold and polite young man who wore a monocle, didn't drink, and read Cæsar's Commentaries and Suetonius.

THEY all stared at Joyce, stupefied. Then Richman said:

"Drop down and see Doc Herman tomorrow. He's the best neurologist in town. Have you started to buy pink silk shirts by the gross yet? That's the way De Maupassant began."

"Really, Bob?" Louise demanded.

"Really," said Joyce, smiling. "He's tall and he has very broad shoulders. He talks slang and says 'sure' and 'yeah.'"

"Who doesn't?" Richman demanded.

"I know," said Joyce; "but it's the way he says it."

"How old is he?" asked Louise.

"Well, about thirty-five, I'd say, maybe older."

"What do you think of that!" said Larsen. "Wears a monocle? Is he a foreigner?"

"No; plain American. Very plain."

Burne whirled around on the bench and began to play loudly and discordantly.

"Arthur!" called Louise.

"Well," said Burne, stopping, "we might as well all go crazy at once."

"I don't believe it!" snapped Richman.

"You don't?" cried Joyce. "I'll bet you fifty dollars."

"I'm not that skeptical. Anyway, whom would I collect from?"

"He was very nice," said Joyce. "He took personal charge of my account. And I'm going to pay him."

"Now I know you're losing your mind!"

"All right," said Joyce, "I'll invite him over. I told him to drop in on me some night."

"Do it, Bob," cried Louise. "Invite him over right now."

Joyce looked at his watch.

"It's ten o'clock."

"He's backing water," cried Burne.

Without another word, Joyce went out into the hall and shut the door. They all sat looking at each other.

"Well," said Louise, "this is something like it."

In a few minutes Joyce came back, laughing:

"He's coming."

"Good," said Louise.

Joyce went on laughing, then he said:

"What do you think he asked me? 'Shall I dress?' says he in a nice, polite voice. 'No,' says I, 'this is very informal!'"

"Oh, lord!" exclaimed Richman, "I'll bet this will be terrible."

But Louise got up and went into Joyce's bedroom to fix her hair.

When the doorbell rang, Joyce hurried to answer it. Louise lit a cigarette and lay back in her chair. Larsen and Richman got up and stood waiting, but Burne remained on the piano bench, swinging his feet.

Joyce opened the door. It was Sandy, the chauffeur.

"'Scuse me," he said. "Is this where Mr. Joyce lives?"

"Yes," said Joyce.

Sandy turned.

"Here you are, Boss," he called.

Harworth came down the hall hurriedly and offered his hand to Joyce. He was dressed in a double-breasted gray suit, a soft silk shirt with a dark tie, and he had a soft light hat crushed in his right hand. As soon as he had shaken hands he put his monocle in his eye and said:

"I forgot your number, and we couldn't find your name downstairs. All right, Sandy."

"Too bad," said Joyce. "Come in."

He stood aside and Harworth came into the hall and stopped. Richman and Larsen stood in the doorway, looking. Joyce introduced them and Harworth shook their hands and made them each a bow, a Prussian military bow he had seen in the movies.

Larsen smiled, very friendly, but Richman turned and stared at Joyce behind Harworth's back with his mouth slightly open.

"The rain's stopped," said Harworth.

"Really?" exclaimed Richman.

Joyce scowled at Richman, then he took Harworth into the library. Burne got to his feet, acknowledged Harworth's bow from across the room and sat down again.

"And this," said Joyce, "is my cousin, Louise. I was saving her till last."

Louise reached up to shake hands and smiled at him. Harworth held her hand for a moment, then said:

"You look something alike, you and Mr. Joyce."

"Thank you," said Joyce, laughing.

Harworth flushed.

"I mean, well, you know. There's a family resemblance."

"That's interesting. Sit down."

She indicated a chair beside her. Harworth stood uncertainly, turning his hat in his hand. Joyce said:

"Give me your hat, Mr. Harworth."

He took Harworth's hat and Harworth sat down. There was a prolonged silence. Louise sat smoking and watching the smoke curl up from her cigarette. Larsen and Richman sat down on the lounge, both of them looking at Harworth, each in his own way: Larsen staring stolidly, Richman glancing at him, then averting his eyes. Harworth began to shift uncomfortably and finally dropped his monocle from his eye, caught it deftly and put it in his vest pocket.

"You do it well," said Richman.

JOYCE cleared his throat nervously.

"I'll mix some drinks. What will it be, Mr. Harworth?"

"I'll take some ginger ale, if you don't mind." Then he turned to Louise. "I don't drink, you know."

"So Bob said." She turned and looked at him. "Why not?"

"I try to keep fit."

"Why?"

He was somewhat surprised by the question and didn't answer immediately.

"Well," he said, finally, "I like to keep fit."

"That's an interesting explanation," said Richman, turning to Larsen.

Harworth glanced over at Richman and their eyes met. Richman felt uncomfortable; Harworth's eyes were dark, keen and hard. Richman understood immediately that Harworth had caught the purpose of his remark. He said:

"I wish I had enough backbone to give up drinking."

"Not me," said Burne. "I like drinking, and I manage to keep pretty fit."

This sounded like a challenge to Harworth, who turned to look at Burne.

"You look fit," he said. "Box?"

"No. I don't do any of the prescribed things. I just sit around and fill up on liquor. It keeps me fit."

"You'll feel it some day."

"I doubt it."

"You will," said Larsen. "That's right. I wrestle to keep in shape. It's great."

Harworth smiled at Larsen, who seemed sympathetic.

"Whom do you wrestle with?" demanded Richman. "Your models?"

"Of course not," replied Larsen, scowling.

Burne and Richman laughed. Louise said:

"What a simple soul. He paints, Mr. Harworth. Very well, too. He's making a portrait of me."

"I'll buy it," said Harworth.

THERE was a short silence, and Louise turned to look at Harworth, noting the broad pale face with the high cheekbones, the thick, curved eyebrows and the heavy jaw and neck.

"I wouldn't sell it," said Larsen. "It's for Louise."

"That's why he can't pay his rent," explained Louise.

"Sometimes I pay," said Larsen.

Everyone laughed but Harworth, who sat with his arms folded, looking grave. He was all at sea with these people; the people he had known never talked about not paying rent; that would be a disgrace.

"One time Olaf painted a picture of the Loop in winter," Louise said to Harworth. "It was very good. A man who owned a restaurant wanted to buy it to put in his window, but Olaf wouldn't sell."

"Why should I?" Larsen demanded. "That picture is not for a restaurant window."

"Did he offer you a good price?" Harworth inquired.

"Very good."

Harworth said nothing, but looked from one to the other. Joyce came in with the drinks on a tray and passed them around. Then he sat down.

Finally Burne said:

"Speaking about keeping in shape: do you box, Mr. Harworth?"

"Yeah. Every day. My chauffeur is an ex-pug. He got wounded in the war, but he can still step."

"Really?" Louise was evidently interested. "Do you like boxing? I've always wanted to see a real match, but no one would ever take me."

"I'll take you," said Harworth.

There was a short silence and Joyce stared hard at his cousin, but she said:

"All right. When?"

Burne got to his feet and walked over to Louise.

"But, Louise," he said, "you don't want to go to a fight. That's no place for you."

"Why not?"

"The best people go," said Harworth.

"Do they?" asked Burne. "And who are the best people?"

"Well," said Harworth, shifting, "Society, I mean."

Louise laughed but said nothing. There was another silence. Then Burne said:

"You're joking, Louise. But if you must go, I'll take you."

(Continued on page 64)

They've put *radio* on the force!

Now the officer gets his man with the aid of Western Electric radio telephone. In many a city the police department is equipping stations with this up to the minute apparatus.

Upon receiving a report of a burglary, the desk sergeant broadcasts it to police cars having radio receivers. This brings policemen to the scene in time to catch the criminal or while the clues are still fresh. In one city, between report and response the average time was 59 seconds.

Obviously for police purposes this apparatus must be reliable to an unusual degree. A product of the Western Electric workshop, it is made with all the skill and care that went into your Bell telephone. Here is one more example of this Company's policy of applying its experience in *sound* to timely developments in the public's interest.

Western Electric

Makers of your Bell telephone and leaders in the development of sound transmission

The long arm of the law is made longer— by Western Electric police radio.

Man-

No woman would stand for it!

If women had to shave, they'd have demanded a better way years ago! They'd have eliminated the time-consuming lathering... they wouldn't stand for irritating "rub-ins"; women value their skin too much!

And you, sir? Will you break away from prejudice, from out-of-date habits? Will you accept the new Frostilla Brushless Shave?

A modern cream, a new formula—it upsets time-worn shaving notions. Swifter, smoother than anything you ever knew before. Better for your skin. And simpler! No dripping brush. No alkaline lather to rub in. Just a swift spread-on—*a thin layer is enough*—then a speedy shave-off. Once over, leaves your face like velvet—so soft, soothed, refreshed. Ingredients never used before make after-lotions needless!

Don't let prejudice or habit stop you. This perfect cream makes shaving a joy!

TRY IT—YOU CAN'T LOSE!

1 Buy a tube of Frostilla Brushless Shave. Your money back if you don't get the best shaves of your life! 35c, 50c; all druggists Or if inconvenient, by mail from the Frostilla Co.

2 If you like it (and you will), you'll never want your brush again. Send it to us and we'll send you, free, a large-sized tube in exchange.

3 Use the coupon for FREE 10c travel-size tube.

FROSTILLA BRUSHLESS SHAVE

FROSTILLA BRUSHLESS SHAVE

This offer expires May 1932

The Frostilla Co., Elmira, N. Y.
(Brushless Shave Division, Dept. C5-9)

I'm modern-minded. Send me, free, a week or more of better shaves in your 10c travel-size tube.

Name____________________

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(*In Canada, address:* 296 Richmond St. W., Toronto)

Protection

Continued from page 62

Harworth hesitated.

"I've got a boy fighting Friday night. Both of you go along with me."

They all turned to look at him.

"A boy?" Louise demanded. "What boy?"

"A boy called Red Cannon. He's under contract to me. I mean, of course, I don't pay any attention to what he does; he's got a manager. But I lent him the money to get started. He's fighting his first main go Friday night."

"We'll do it," said Louise.

Burne looked over Harworth's shoulder at Joyce, swearing under his breath.

"If anything should happen that I couldn't get away, I'll send one of my cars after you and turn up later."

"It's a go," said Louise.

Her eyes met Harworth's and held. He flushed slightly and looked away. He had never seen such a beautiful woman before; he wanted to reach out and pull her toward him. The impulse was so strong that he looked resolutely off across the room and did not look in her direction any more when she talked. But he carried in his mind an image of her with her ash-blond hair shining under the lights, her head tilted back, her throat curving.

AT TWELVE O'CLOCK Harworth got up to go. Joyce protested out of politeness, but Harworth said:

"I want to get a good sleep tonight. I've got to get up early."

He shook hands with the men and murmured a few offhand, conventional phrases; then he turned to Louise and said:

"I'm going to look forward to Friday night."

"All right," she said; then she asked: "Are the fights very brutal?"

Harworth laughed.

"No; not any more. Nowadays the fighters are business men."

He nodded to the rest, said good night to Louise, and went out, followed by Joyce.

When he heard the door shut, Richman exclaimed: "Well, that's that."

"Oh, no," said Burne, "that isn't that. Louise wants to see him again. She always did have a taste for low company."

Louise looked around the room.

"That's right."

Larsen said:

"Nice fellow. I like him."

Joyce came back and sank into a chair.

"Well," said Richman, "your skyrocket was a fizzer."

"He's dull as the deuce," Burne agreed.

"I like him," said Larsen. "He has a Roman head. Strong. I would like to paint him."

"Nonsense!" cried Burne.

They all sat looking at each other. Then Louise said:

"I'd enjoy the fights much better if you didn't go, Arthur."

"But I'm going."

Louise stretched lazily and got up.

"Come on, Olaf."

"I'll run along with you," said Burne.

At ten o'clock the next morning someone knocked at Louise's door. Her maid opened it and Burne stepped in. Louise recognized his voice and called:

"Arthur!"

He went into the living-room, dangling his hat. Louise was lying on the lounge, reading.

"Well?" she said.

He waited till the maid had closed the door.

"I didn't sleep a wink."

"Oh, don't start all over again."

He looked at her, and now there was something desperate in his tone.

"Louise," he said, "marry me."

Louise shook her head. "You haven't a cent, and neither have I."

"But I'll get going before long."

"I'm not taking any chances."

Burne sat down and she noticed that his hands were trembling and that his swarthy face was drawn.

"I'm a damned fool to want to marry anybody. Least of all, you."

"Thanks."

"Well, you know it's true. You think money's to play with."

"What is it for?"

"It's an armor against the world."

"You sound just like Berg Richman."

"Oh, Louise! Can't you take a chance?"

"No. I'm tired of being afraid to go to the door. It's lovely to say that money doesn't count and all that. But it does. No one is half decent to me any more. Helen Magnussen is the only one who ever calls me up. Have I changed? Father went bankrupt. Wouldn't I be in a nice position if it weren't for what Uncle Thomas left me!"

"Oh, let's go some place," said Burne. "Let's get out in the air."

"I don't mind."

They walked down Division Street and took a bus north. It was a bright summer day and they sat on top. A steady breeze was blowing in from the lake. The beaches were crowded and, far off, sailboats were skimming over the water. Lincoln Park looked green and tranquil in the sun. They got off at the bus stop across from the lion house and waited in a pedestrian traffic lane for the policeman's whistle.

"What a day!" exclaimed Burne.

Louise put her hand on his arm.

"Look!"

A limousine had drawn up at the white traffic line; it was all a-glitter in deep maroon and silver and there was a liveried chauffeur at the wheel. Harworth, in a panama, his monocle gleaming, was sitting back talking to a well-dressed woman with blondined hair and a small, determined face.

BURNE and Louise crossed to the park in silence; then turning, Louise saw the limousine move off. Harworth hadn't seen them.

At the entrance to the lion house, Burne spoke:

"He's filthy with money."

"He earned it, Bob says."

"Well, all you need to earn money is cunning and lack of scruples."

Louise didn't reply. She stood leaning on the rail, looking at a huge African lion which was pacing up and down behind the bars.

"Louise, don't go to that fight. Harworth's a tough. He owns a gambling house."

Louise thought for a while, then she said:

"I've been thinking it over. I'm not going."

"Good."

Harworth sat looking at Canovi. The Italian had discarded his old cap and his baggy clothes and was dressed in a striped suit and a pink silk shirt. He was leaning slightly forward with his chin thrust out.

"Molina'll give you an awful cut, Boss," he said. "You can't pass that up."

"I've already passed it up," said Harworth, harshly. "There'll be no booze sold in my places. I'm making too much money legitimately. I don't want a padlock slapped on."

"No danger. No danger."

"It's settled."

Canovi looked at the floor, smiling slightly, and took out a cigarette which he rolled between his palms.

"Couldn't you use twenty grand?" he demanded. "That's only pledge money, see?"

Harworth started slightly but said:

"No."

Canovi had noticed the start and, smiling, got to his feet.

"All right," he said, "I'll tell Molina. He ain't used to being refused, but he's a good guy. No hard feelings, Boss."

"Don't call me 'Boss,'" said Harworth.

Canovi stood looking at Harworth for a moment.

"Boss, could you let me have fifty dollars?"

Harworth took out his billfold and sat holding it.

"Canovi," he said, "you think you're tough, don't you?"

"Me?" Canovi was smiling.

"Well, drop the 'Boss' stuff. I'm not your boss and I never will be."

"No use to get sore about it. I might come in handy some day. Who knows?"

Harworth took out a fifty and handed it to Canovi, who took it and, crumpling it into a wad, shoved it into his vest pocket. Then he stood looking around the room.

"Some joint you got here," he said.

THE phone rang.

"Well, I'm on my way. Maybe Molina'll drop round and talk things over."

Harworth said nothing, and with a nod Canovi went out. But Harworth was flattered. Molina was a millionaire bootlegger and as well publicized as a prima donna. It meant something to have Molina looking you up.

The phone rang again and Harworth answered it.

"Mr. Harworth?"

"Yes."

"This is Louise Joyce."

Harworth nearly dropped the receiver.

"Oh, yes, Miss Joyce."

"I'm awfully sorry, but I won't be able to go to that fight."

Harworth's face fell. He had been looking forward to that evening! But he said negligently:

"Sorry."

"I have to go out of town."

"That's too bad."

"It was nice of you to ask me."

He wanted to say "Oh, have a heart!" Her voice came to him faintly over the wire, as if she were very tired. He liked her voice; it was nothing like Lily's.

"Not at all."

"Well, maybe some other time."

"Don't worry about it."

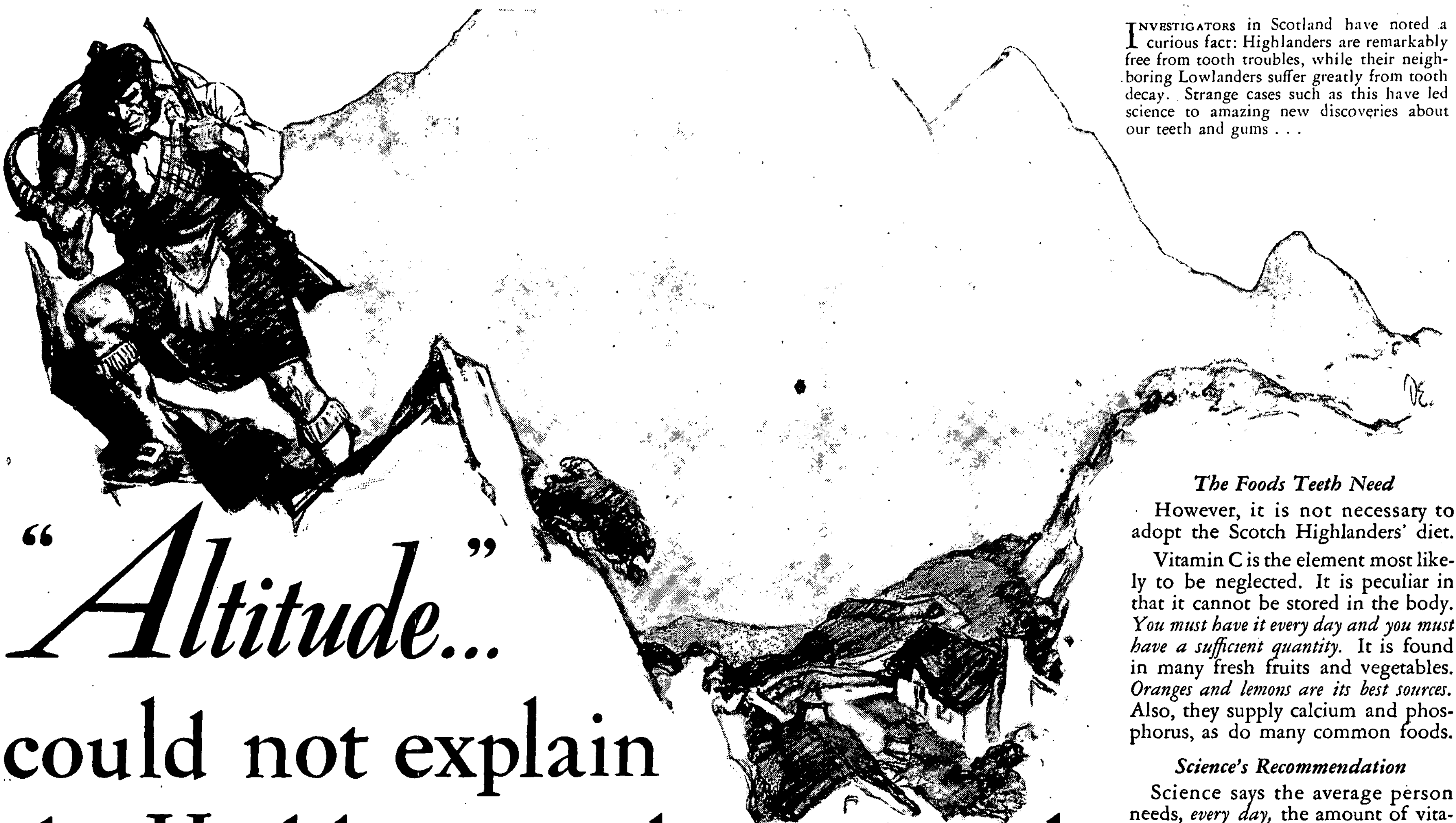
"Good-by."

He hung up the receiver and sat staring at the wall for a moment, then he got up in a rage and looked about the room for something to break. But presently he sank back into his chair and said:

"I'll bet Burne talked her out of it."

The evening of the fight Harworth was restless and couldn't find anything to hold his attention. He paced up and down the library, whistling aimlessly, saying nothing and barely nodding when Stein spoke to him. Stein sat reading an evening paper with his glasses nearly to the tip of his nose. Finally he said:

(*Continued on page 67*)



INVESTIGATORS in Scotland have noted a curious fact: Highlanders are remarkably free from tooth troubles, while their neighboring Lowlanders suffer greatly from tooth decay. Strange cases such as this have led science to amazing new discoveries about our teeth and gums . . .

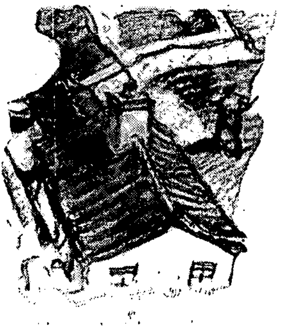
"Altitude..." could not explain the Highlanders' better teeth

But science now has found the reason—and explains why 9 out of 10 Americans suffer from tooth decay, gum troubles or pyorrhea!

SCIENCE has discovered why some people are practically free from dental troubles—while others suffer from tooth decay and gum disorders in spite of modern, hygienic methods.

The riddle of the Highlanders' better teeth is now answered. His diet is different from that of the Lowlander, who eats refined, "civilized" foods—similar to those of our careless, American diet.

The Lowlanders' diet, like our own, is lacking in an important element needed by the teeth, bones and gums, science says. This element is vitamin C. Lack of it caused the scurvy of sailing ship days. And authorities now agree that an insufficient supply in our modern diet is causing a modified, "landlubber's scurvy," which results in *gum troubles, tooth decay and pyorrhea!*



Our teeth are living things. They must be built soundly at the start, and they must be fed constantly with the right foods. They are made of calcium and phosphorus, chiefly. But they are made *by* vitamins.

Calcium and phosphorus are the bricks that go into the building. Vitamin C is the worker that puts them in place. If *any* of these elements is slighted, our teeth, gums and bones suffer for it!

Why We Need Vitamin C

Expectant and nursing mothers must be certain to have sufficient calcium, phosphorus and vitamin C in their diets. Otherwise the child cannot be normally developed. And Nature, in an attempt to safeguard the infant, will steal the missing materials from the mother, seriously weakening her bones and teeth.

Growing children must be amply protected—*particularly* until their permanent teeth are safely formed.

And everyone, science warns, should see to it that he feeds his teeth as regularly as his appetite—every day.

The Foods Teeth Need

However, it is not necessary to adopt the Scotch Highlanders' diet.

Vitamin C is the element most likely to be neglected. It is peculiar in that it cannot be stored in the body. *You must have it every day and you must have a sufficient quantity.* It is found in many fresh fruits and vegetables. *Oranges and lemons are its best sources.* Also, they supply calcium and phosphorus, as do many common foods.

Science's Recommendation

Science says the average person needs, *every day,* the amount of vitamin C contained in two full-sized (8 oz.) glasses of *fresh* orange juice to each of which the juice of half a lemon has been added. The lemon increases the vitamin C potency. It also adds a bracing tang and zest.

Thus to protect yourself amply against "landlubber's scurvy"—to build healthy teeth, gums and bones, and to prevent other ailments now traced to a lack of vitamin C, be sure you have the two daily glasses of lemon-orange juice science recommends. By so doing you gain also the beneficial *alkaline reaction* of citrus fruits which helps to prevent and correct Acidosis.

Send Now for New Vitamin-Health Booklet

Send for *free* booklet, "Telling Fortunes with Foods," explaining all the health uses of Sunkist Oranges and Lemons, with normal diet and safe reducing menus. We will also send *important new supplement,* containing latest findings on the part vitamins play in building sound teeth and healthy bodies. Just mail the coupon.

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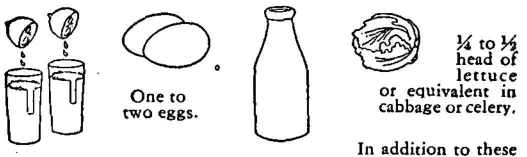
Good Rules for Good Teeth

1. Have these foods in your daily diet:



Two 8 oz. glasses of fresh orange juice with the juice of half a lemon in each.

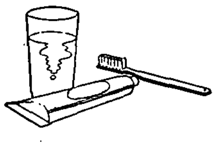
One to two eggs.

One to two pints milk.

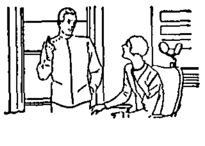
¼ to ½ head of lettuce or equivalent in cabbage or celery.

In addition to these essentials, eat other fresh fruits and vegetables, meats and cereals as desired.

2. Brush your teeth twice every day.



3. See your dentist twice every year.



Sunkist Oranges have the "richest juice and finest flavor." Sunkist Lemons have bright, wax-like skins and fullest juiciness. Both are fresh in your market all the year. Look for "Sunkist" on the skin and tissue wrapper of oranges and on the wrapper of lemons.

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Please send your free booklet, *Telling Fortunes with Foods,* with important new supplement on vitamins.

*Name*____________________

*Street*____________________

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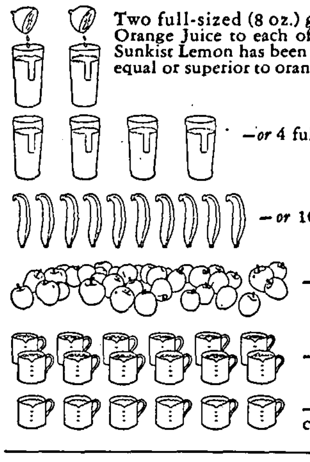
**How Much Vitamin C You Need*

Everyone receives *some* vitamin C every day, but few people receive an amount adequate to protect teeth and general health. Authorities now say *you need every day* the amount contained in the indicated quantity of one of these foods:



Two full-sized (8 oz.) glasses of fresh Sunkist Orange Juice to each of which the juice of half a Sunkist Lemon has been added. (Note: Lemons are equal or superior to oranges in vitamin C potency.)

—*or* 4 full-sized (8 oz.) glasses of tomato juice.

—*or* 10 average-sized bananas.

—*or* 3 dozen average-sized apples.

—*or* 12 cups shredded pineapple.

—*or* 6 cups canned *or* 15 cups home-cooked spinach.

More complete table of vitamin C foods in free booklet. See coupon.

© 1931 Stanco Inc.

Clean inside-well outside!

"PLAYED him for three mortal hours and twelve minutes, I did, and when he eased up alongside close enough to be gaffed, doggone if I didn't think I was hooked on to the granddaddy of all fishes!"

So goes the Captain's story, and the size of the fish isn't half as important as the fun he had catching it. Health! Living every minute—fishing or working—with joy and pep and enthusiasm!

Doctors pretty well agree that (barring germ diseases) most illness and headache, most drowsiness, lack of pep and ambition, most cases of seeing the world through blue glasses generally, are due to failure to keep "clean inside." One famous British physician goes so far as to say "auto-intoxication (the self poisoning that comes when you are not internally clean) is perhaps the most important factor in the production of disease."

Just as most doctors agree in blaming this condition for much of our sickness, so they also agree that the Nujol type of treatment is the safest way to relieve it. Crystal-clear Nujol can't possibly hurt you. It isn't a medicine at all. It has no drugs in it. It isn't absorbed—so it can't make you fat. It is colorless—tasteless—and children love it.

The tonic effect of Nujol on your whole body is due to the way it helps you without using weakening drugs. Since it is harmless as pure water, many doctors advise taking it as regularly as you brush your teeth or wash your face. It's common sense, isn't it, that if you keep as clean inside as you do outside, you increase your chances of being well—and therefore happy—all the time? Remember two things if you want to enjoy "Nujol health."

One: Don't expect results over night. This is nature's own method, and nature is never violent. Your body will respond gratefully, and day by day you will feel better as this soothing treatment takes effect.

Two: Be on your guard. Don't accept any substitute. Your druggist has Nujol—always in a sealed package—always trademarked "Nujol" so you will be sure to get it.

Probably you know many people who owe their health and their happiness—yes, and their success—to keeping well the natural Nujol way. Why don't you try it? Begin this very day!

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so can You!
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health

INSIST ON NUJOL . . . . REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

Protection

Continued from page 64

"I'm hungry, Frank. What's holding things up?"

"I don't know," said Harworth. "I think I'll go out and eat."

Stein put down his paper and looked up.

"Say, what's wrong with you?"

"Nothing. Nothing."

"Well," said Stein, "you're giving a great imitation of a guy with something on his mind."

Harworth shrugged.

"I heard you walking around last night," said Stein; "it must've been three o'clock."

"I read late."

"Yeah?"

HARWORTH turned and looked at Stein. "You keep tab on me like a Dutch uncle, don't you?"

"Well, I been doing it for a good many years. What about it?"

Harworth frowned, then smiled.

"Nothing, August," he said. "I'd be a damn' lonesome guy if I didn't have you around."

"Never mind," said Stein, pleased. "I'm a pretty lucky old bird, with a berth like this. I was headed for the poorhouse back in '19."

"No, you're too smart for that."

"Well," said Stein, "I'll admit I never sold pencils on the street, but smartness don't cut no ice if you don't get the breaks."

"That's a fact," said Harworth. "I remember once when I tried to borrow fifty dollars at the First National back in Cleveland and I couldn't get a cent."

"You didn't have no security. I've heard this before."

"That's all right. I knew the guy."

Stein laughed but said nothing.

"Yeah. I had a hot tip but I was broke and couldn't scare up a cent. It was Gascon Cadet. He finished four lengths to the good and paid ten to one. With that five hundred dollars I could have put in with Tod Murray's faro game. He cleaned up afterwards. You sure have to get the breaks."

"Frank, you never forget things, do you?"

"How do you mean?"

"You've told me that story a dozen times."

"Well, it was the way Manning turned me down on that fifty. His old man used to work for mine. Young Manning went to night school and got away from the neighborhood, but my old man kept his family once for nearly a month when he was out of work. And here he turns me down for fifty bucks."

Stein laughed.

"It's the way of the world," he said. "A guy as smart as you ought to know that. Gratitude's a thing you don't find very often. It kind of surprises you when you do, or it ought to."

"I know," said Harworth. "And how about that time I lent Joe Edwards two hundred dollars when I only had four hundred to my name!"

"Joe Edwards?"

"Yeah. The fellow who married that rich woman down in Wheeling."

"Oh, yeah."

"Well, I was broke in Wheeling one time and he wouldn't speak to me on the street."

Stein laughed.

"Is that what's the matter with you now?"

"Well, I just got to thinking, that's all. Those're the kind of things that makes a guy tough."

"Why not?" said Stein. "It don't hurt anybody to be tough, if he's tough in the right way. A guy that hands out his money promiscuous is a fool. Some people call it generosity, especially people who haven't got any money."

"Sure," said Harworth, "only . . . Look, August, everybody isn't that way. I mean, there must be people that aren't. What's it all about, anyway, if that's all people think about?"

"Don't get deep," said Stein, looking up in surprise at Harworth. "Go get your dinner some place and then go see the fights. You're getting stale, that's all."

Harworth took out a handkerchief and mopped his face.

"I guess I'm getting soft."

"Don't do it," said Stein. "It's a hard world. But, look here, Frank, it seems to me you ought to be pretty well satisfied with things as they are."

"Well, I'm not."

Stein took off his glasses and put them in a case, then he shook his finger at Harworth:

"You're one of the luckiest guys in the world. Five years ago the seat was out of your pants and now look: you're getting so rich that pretty soon you'll have to hire people to help you spend it."

Harworth said nothing and there was a long silence. Several times Harworth opened his mouth to say something, but thought better of it and checked himself. He felt the impossibility of making Stein understand him. He wanted to say that things looked wonderful till you got them; he wanted to say that people seemed fine till you knew them; he wanted to give some kind of expression to an attitude of mind which had been growing on him and which had been further aggravated by his meeting with Joyce and his friends. Instead, he said:

"Well, I think I'll go over to the Drake and get my dinner."

"Sure," said Stein.

"GOOD evening, Mr. Harworth," said the head waiter. "All by yourself tonight?"

"Yeah," said Harworth. "I want to sit over in the corner, away from the orchestra."

"Right this way."

Harworth followed the head waiter across the long dining-room, but before he reached his table he saw Louise Joyce. She was sitting with a pretty, dark-haired woman. He had known she was lying to him about having to go out of town; but he felt hurt just the same. He went on a step or two, but she turned and called to him:

"Mr. Harworth."

With a start, he came back to their table and bowed.

"This is Mrs. Magnussen," said Louise.

"How do you do," said Harworth, bowing. Helen looked at Louise, then smiled up at Harworth. He thought that she was very good-looking with her dark face, her big dark eyes, her white teeth.

"I didn't go out of town after all," said Louise.

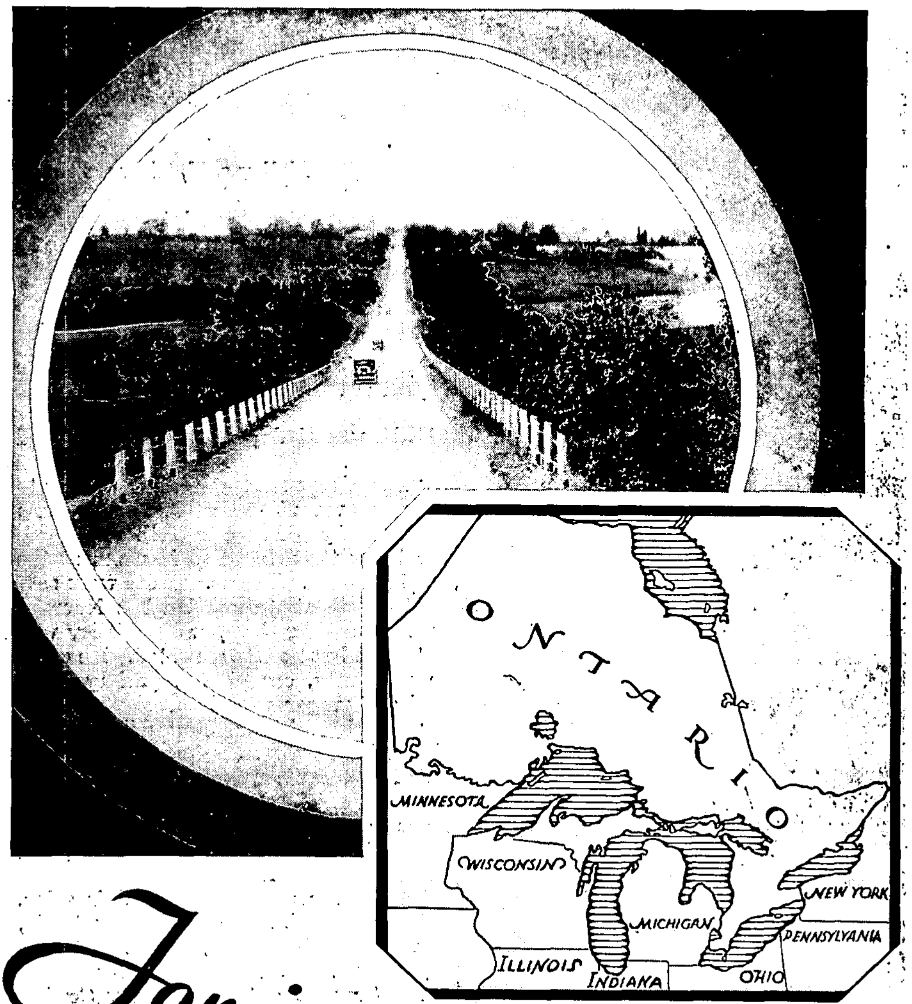
"I see," said Harworth.

Louise flushed slightly and Helen Magnussen looked from one to the other, puzzled. Louise had mentioned Harworth to her casually and told her that he was very rich but slightly ridiculous. Helen didn't think he was at all ridiculous, quite the opposite, and she glanced suspiciously at Louise.

"I didn't find out till just a little while ago," said Louise.

"It doesn't matter," said Harworth. "I understand—perfectly!"

(To be continued next week)



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Fingerprints

Continued from page 10

"Well," O'Malley said, "I guess that's all we can do here."

We went out and got into the car.

"What do you make of it, O'Malley?" I asked. "Is Norman guilty?"

"How do I know?" O'Malley answered.

"Well," I said, "I'd like to stick around."

"I ain't going to do anything more right now. I'll let you know."

THE second day afterward he called me up.

"There's something might be going to happen over at the station house," he stated, "if you'd care to be there."

I knew that they had Norman at the station house. I went. There were several people at the station but Norman was not among them, and O'Malley was not there but he was expected. He came in presently, carrying a package, and had a stranger with him.

"This here is Mr. Colling," he introduced him. "Mr. Colling and his wife live in the building next to where Norman lived. So I asked him would he come over to the station house and tell us what he can about the Normans, and he said he would."

We all went into the captain's office.

"The first thing we want you to do, Mr. Colling," O'Malley told him, "is to try on this glove."

He brought out the glove. Colling looked at him quickly in surprise, but he took the glove and put it on. It fitted.

"I don't know anything about this glove," he remarked, "but it would fit a hundred thousand men besides me."

"Sure," O'Malley replied. "Probably it would fit several million. Now the next thing, will you make the fingerprints of your right hand on a piece of paper for this gentleman?"

Colling, frightened, was ready to refuse but saw that it was useless. The expert took his fingerprints. O'Malley unwrapped his parcel and I saw that it was the steering wheel of the Norman car, which had been so wrapped as to preserve its surface. He gave it to the expert, who powdered it with a white powder, and when the powder was blown off, the prints of a man's fingers grasping the wheel remained. The expert compared the prints on the wheel with those of Colling's fingers. Colling, anxious, grew steadily paler.

"They the same?" O'Malley asked the expert, finally.

"Yes."

"Well, Mr. Colling," O'Malley said, "I guess we got you. You'll understand that if I tell you how I done it. This glove here had been cleaned so there was a number inside it like the cleaners always put there. It took me about a day going from one cleaner to another to find out whose mark that was, and then I was lucky because they had it on the books that the gloves had been delivered to your address.

"I asked around and found out that sometimes, when Norman was away, you and Mrs. Norman had been seen together. Norman was out of town a good deal. I asked him, did he have any money, and he said he had about fifteen hundred dollars that his wife kept for him in a savings account, but the bank told me that Mrs. Norman had drawn that money all out the day that she was killed. So then I remembered that she had taken the labels out of her clothes, and there I had it; you and her were going away together, but instead you killed her. You took off your glove before you shot her and afterward you couldn't find it. Then you drove the car home and parked it by the Norman garage as the safest way of getting rid of it."

Colling stared at him; then he broke.

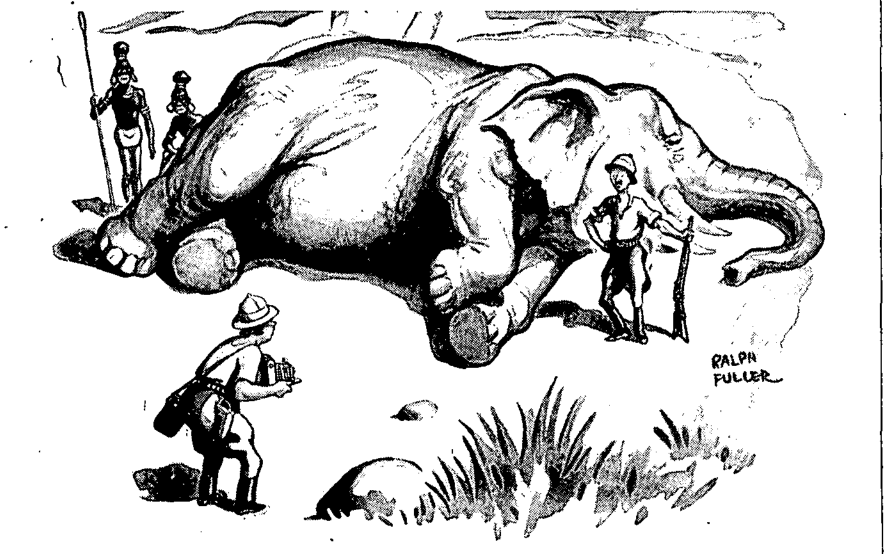
"I had to do it," he said, sobbing. "We had been going together for a year and she said that if I didn't go away with her she'd tell my wife about us."

"I DON'T understand this, O'Malley," I said, after we had left the station house. "They said there were no prints on the steering wheel and yet you found Colling's prints there."

"Did you fall for that the same as he did?" O'Malley asked. "You ought to try to be smarter. Those weren't his fingerprints. They were mine. I put them on the steering wheel and fixed it with the expert to take a long while examining them while Colling watched him and say that they were his. If he was innocent he'd know it was a plant, but if he was guilty he'd know they might be his. I figured he'd been worrying about losing the glove, and the prints might break him. They did."

"It was great police work," I commented, "and you'll get pleasure out of telling Norman that you've caught the man that did it."

"Me tell him?" O'Malley questioned. "No; I like that guy Norman. He loved his wife. Some harder cop than me'll have to tell him that she had been fooling him for over a year and had taken his money and was leaving him for someone else."



Wife—"Throw out your chest, Horace, and put your foot on his neck"

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287 Best Jokes About Doctors
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EXCLUSIVE

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As you examine this list bear in mind that each book listed had to be written especially for us on a royalty basis, or we had to buy the right to publish. This involved an enormous financial outlay which we cannot bear after June 30. Copyrights at the rate of 20 books for $1 will surprise you, but here we are with our real bargain offer, if order is mailed before the closing date of this sale—June 30.

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656 What Married Men Should Know
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679 Chemistry for Beginners
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688 Teeth and Mouth Hygiene

689 Woman's Sexual Life
690 Man's Sexual Life
691 Child's Sexual Life
696 How to Pronounce Proper Names
697 4,000 Words Often Mispronounced
703 Psychology Self-Taught
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724 Burbank Funeral Oration. Judge Lindsey
726 Facts About Venereal Diseases
727 Psychology of Affections
730 Mistresses of Today
731 Mental Differences of Men and Women
734 Book of Useful Phrases
759 How to Conquer Stupidity
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768 Best Jokes About Lawyers
773 Good Habits and How to Form Them
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810 Scandals of Paris Life
815 Dictionary of Familiar Quotations
816 Famous Shakespearean Quotations
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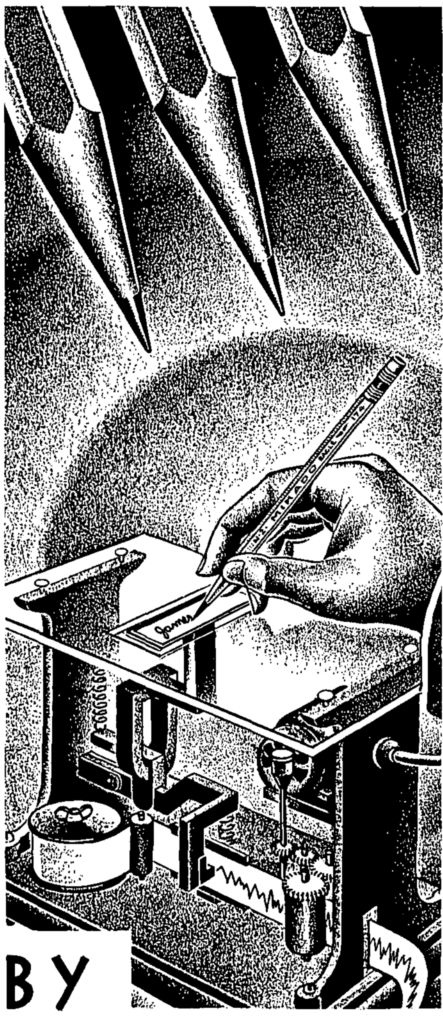

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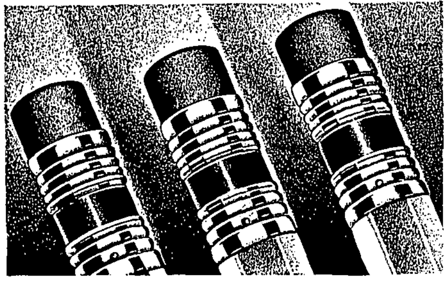


In the Swim

Continued from page 16

He would copy model evening dresses, make the neck and shoulder line identical, make the effect of the skirt the same, but abbreviate it to the proper height above the knee. That is what he did. The result is the dressmaker bathing suit. These dressmaker bathing suits are remarkably like swimming suits in the essentials, snug-fitting through the chest and under the arms so that the straps may be let down for sun-tanning, without anything else giving way. The trunk length and the skirt length are the same, halfway between the knee and waist.

Beauty and the Beach

But what intriguing variations have come out of the new recipe! Little slit aprons back and front conceal the trunks below them. In other models side pleats give width to the skirts. Then there are the out-and-out trunks, tailored so that they will fit and not bag or pull, but with clever pleats in the front so that at first and even second glimpse they seem to be skirts.

These dressmaker models when in light colors are made of double jersey. Not the thick jersey that we have been accustomed to in bygone years, but thin, delicate stuff. This allows for small tucks and delicate finishing. Moreover, it molds the figure so much more softly. One thickness of this cloth would be transparent when wet if it were in a light color, but with two you are properly clothed for the beach and the water.

Many of the suits sport jaunty bolero jackets. With one of these jackets matching or contrasting with the bathing suit below it, a béret or a tight little jersey cap topped with a pompon, you will have as charming an ensemble as any modern mermaid could desire. Some women will of course prefer longer coats to the dash of the bolero. These are also of jersey, worn the length of a sports dress.

It seems to me beach costumes have never been so lovely, nor of such varied fabrics—pure white linen, printed linen and printed silks, the oyster white of rajah silk, amusing mesh linen like fine fishing net in small plaids, imported cotton tweeds, flannel, jersey and our old friend terry cloth.

One beach outfit that I admire particularly is all white linen—low-necked pajamas with wide trouser legs, bolero jacket and a big floppy hat.

I have noticed a good many sailor costumes in heavy linen or jersey with striped shirts. In the upper stratum of the seagoing class are the ocean-blue pajamas that any yachtsman might mistake for his own, except again for the width of the legs—typical of most pajamas this year.

Hats have apparently evolved from all over the world—knitted bérets once peculiar to Breton fishermen, Chinese mandarin hats, straw coolie hats, wide drooping-brimmed linen hats that could go back into an old-fashioned garden.

Shoes have just as wide a range geographically—and in material. There are rubber shoes of all kinds. There are clogs, with and without heels, painted wooden sandals, with brightly colored lacings for the legs. There are cork-soled sabots and straw-soled slippers. But of all this range I prefer the simple rope-soled peasant shoes, because they are flexible and—let me whisper this in your thrifty ear—they don't wear out!

From Here to There

Continued from page 13

ing 500,000,000 pounds. The other ends are likewise looped around steel rails in concrete, but here the concrete was poured into a hole cut into the Palisades—the living rock—about two hundred feet deep. The concrete became literally a part of the rock, making it permissible to say that the western anchorage is the Palisades themselves. If you are interested in the weight of those eternal walls, you might compute it for yourself. Then let us know.

The Golden Gate span will be longer—4,200 feet—but that structure will not have the massive carrying power of this one. For that reason it will not cost so much. Forty million dollars is the estimated cost of the Western giant.

With our present steel, the maximum length we might hope for between supports of a suspension bridge is about ten thousand feet—something less than two miles. Beyond that the cables might stand the strain, even of a roadway; but the load they would support would be insufficient to warrant the enterprise. For example, at a distance of twenty-five thousand feet between supports you could lay a roadway on the cables but not a pound of traffic. At fifty thousand feet the cables would snap under their own weight.

Even at ten thousand feet a span would fail economically to justify itself. The load you could place thereon would not be great enough to warrant so huge an expenditure. The ideal construction calls for a sag of the upper cables of one tenth the distance between supports. And this gives you a hint of the height the towers would have to rise for a ten-thousand-foot span.

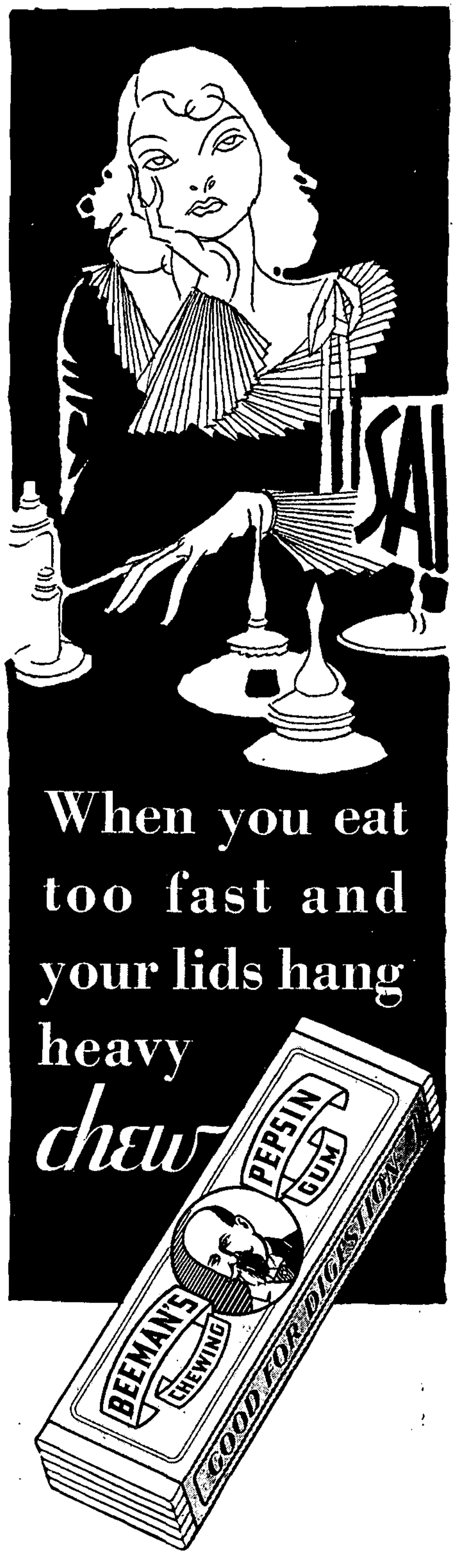
One of these days they may erect a suspension bridge between Staten Island and Long Island, across the Narrows of New York harbor. If they do it will be five thousand feet between supports.

A Seven-Minute Connection

That will mean that the foundations for the towers will have to go deeper than bridge towers have ever gone before, that the size of the anchorages will greatly exceed those of the Hudson River bridge and that the fall of the upper cables will be five hundred feet. And as for the size of the cables—well, even the engineers are impressed. But it can be done.

Great as is the Hudson River span and greater though its successors may be, they demand no more ingenuity than smaller operations call for.

For example, the three-span truss bridge on which the Pennsylvania Railroad tracks cross the Muskingum River at Tyndall, Ohio. This structure, 720 feet long and weighing 7,000,000 pounds, was rolled into its working place one morning some years ago in just seven minutes and the operation of the road was not delayed nor impeded a second. Two minutes later a great west-bound express passed over.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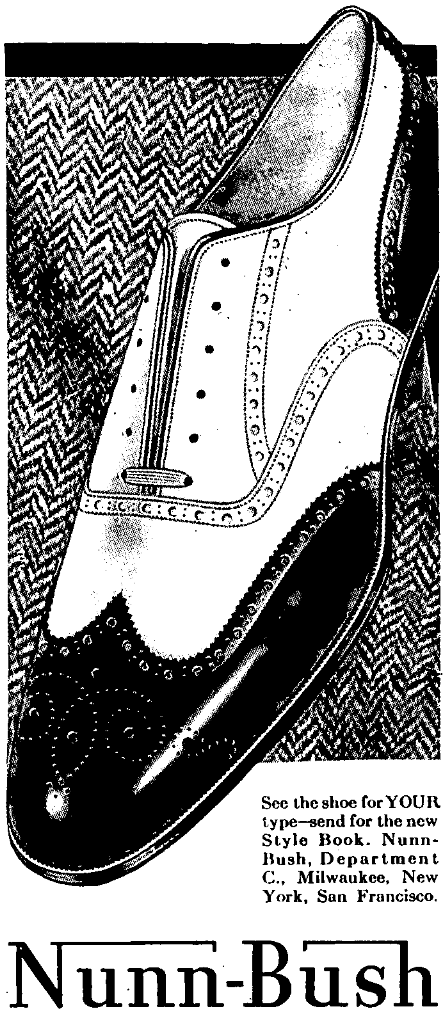

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What's Moral Turpitude?

Continued from page 21

loose in New York City, I suppose. It's against the law to keep him over a reasonable length of time."

There is one case on record, in the Department of Labor in Washington, of a self-confessed criminal alien who had been kept under detention for almost a year while the deportation officials tried to discover to what country the man belonged, so that they could secure the proper passport for him.

A lawyer, hearing of the case, secured the man's release; the court blamed the deportation officials for having illegally detained the man on the mere *charge that he was a criminal alien.* You can't put a man in jail for that.

We're Kind to Criminals

Incidentally, in tracing down the trail of criminal aliens, this writer came across a secret concerning undesirable aliens that Washington officials do not often discuss. They think that the less said about it in these days the better. It is this:

The United States finds it impossible to deport Russian criminals.

Russian criminals are safer from deportation than any other kind. A Russian may commit any crime on the calendar and the deportation officials may take him in charge at the penitentiary after he has ended his sentence, but their power over him is nil. If he *wants* to go home, the government will try to find a job for him as a seaman. If he doesn't want to go home, provided he has entered the country legally within the past five years, he can't be expelled.

Why not? Well, simply because there is no Russian embassy nor are there any Russian consuls in the United States. The United States has no diplomatic relations with the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

Wherefore, even if the government officials are able to prove that a criminal alien was born at a certain minute on a certain day in a certain town in Russia and that, beyond the slightest doubt, he is a citizen of Russia, nevertheless Ivan, if he entered the country legally, is here to stay. What's more, if he entered the country illegally, as recently as six years ago, he has the right, like aliens of all other nationalities, to demand and receive, if he has otherwise behaved himself, "residence papers," which make him irremovable.

There isn't another country in the world as kindly to alien criminals as the United States.

It is not possible to expel an alien merely because he is "undesirable."

There is a phrase, already referred to, in our law, which is a mighty shield of protection for the criminal alien. It consists of three words: "involving moral turpitude."

Now I have asked many different officials what the term "moral turpitude" means, speaking officially. Either they don't know or they don't agree. The dictionary definition is: "Turpitude: inherent baseness or vileness of principle, words or action; shameful wickedness; depravity."

"A convicted petty thief," said Mr. W. W. Husband, Second Assistant Secretary of Labor, in endeavoring to illustrate the meaning of "moral turpitude" as it is used in the Immigration Bureau of the government, "is subject to deportation because the crime or theft involves moral turpitude.

"On the other hand an alien cannot be deported for violating the prohibition law. It has been held that such violation does not involve moral turpitude."

A certain judge in Texas, some years ago, rendered such a decision and the Department of Labor has abided by this decision and accepted it as a department principle ever since.

No alien, in ten years and more of prohibition, has been deported or could be deported for violating the very constitutional law of the land. This is at a time when persons are being sent to jail for five years for Federal prohibition violation and for life under certain state laws. All of the organized prohibition law violations by aliens in our great cities have gone unpunished by deportation. And deportation is about the *only* punishment that the alien really fears. None of this protection of alien prohibition violators is based on any law passed by Congress. It is based merely on a department ruling, issued by some department lawyer, that violating the prohibition law does not "involve moral turpitude."

It is safe to say that, under this department ruling made by some minor official, groups of foreigners hardly able to speak English have built up their beer and whisky rings within our cities and have introduced their criminal methods—peculiar especially to Southern Europe—of killing competitors or those who will not pay tribute.

And these aliens, thus protected, have been more daring and have gone farther in their desperate methods of law violation than have the prohibition violations of citizen stock. Congress had a chance to stop this. Early in the prohibition decade the Senate killed a bill that would have deported any alien upon his first violation of the Volstead Act. Politicians from the big cities swayed the Senate in its vote.

They Must Go to Jail

"Why don't we deport our undesirable aliens?" is a question that almost every citizen has asked at one time or another. Here's a fact that I have established beyond the slightest doubt: An alien, with little sense of the spirit of American background, tradition or law may get off a boat, move into your neighborhood, open a blind pig and create, under the Stars and Stripes which wave over your particular community, a noisome community ulcer. He may be arrested time and again—or he may have a pull with the authorities and escape arrest—but the men at Washington whose duty it is to get undesirable aliens out of the country will be helpless. Mr. Husband puts it this way:

"An alien may spend a large part of his time in prison as the result of repeated convictions as a bootlegger or even, in some cases, as a *dope peddler*, and yet be immune from deportation because it has been held that such offenses, no matter how flagrant they are, do not involve moral turpitude.

"Hair-splitting legal discussions as to what constitutes moral turpitude save the alien and keep him in our midst long after he had proved himself a most undesirable citizen. We need a simple statute that will permit us to put an alien aboard a boat as soon as he proves himself a breaker of either local or Federal laws. We haven't any such statute at this time."

How bad, in this sweet land of liberty, does an alien have to be before he can be kicked out of the place as a criminal?

Well, if he can stay here five years without being convicted of a felony, with a sentence of one year as punish-

(Continued on page 72)

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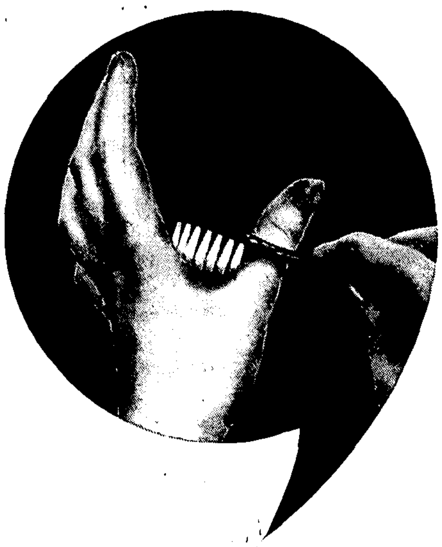

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(*Continued from page 71*)

ment, he has made the grade. He's good for life, as a resident, unless, within the second five years of his presence here he receives *two* convictions and two one-year sentences or more.

Let those of us who are puzzled about why alien criminals are not deported put this down in our minds:

Our deportation officials must go to the penitentiaries to get aliens for deportation, or to penitentiary records for their evidence. They cannot go into the slums or the underworld and pick them out, hit or miss, to be taken away to the boats.

Foreigners and Crime

Just being a bad man, a very bad man, isn't enough for deportation. An alien must have been convicted in a court and have served at least one fifth of his first five American years in one of our penitentiaries for some crime in full keeping with an unspeakably vile and debased character before he loses his right to stay here.

And even then, as we have seen, he may stay anyhow. There are ways, known in our great cities, for an alien to dig himself deeply into America, like a woodtick, keeping his mouth shut and staying here permanently; a criminal alien but a powerful citizen of our underworld.

Some years ago, in its early struggle against beer gangsters, Chicago pleaded with the Federal government to "come to Chicago and take these crooked Sicilians out of our midst." Washington moved on the "foreign enemy" in Chicago, promptly and in great force; some forty-seven secret service men looking like all different kinds of foreigners, speaking all tongues and full of all sorts of detective undercover tricks. Chicago breathed easily again, like Brussels at the end of the Great War. But the town started panting again, shortly: for the sum total of all that battle by Washington against the foreign invaders of poor Chicago was the deportation of only six men to Italy. Hundreds of their kind remained unmolested by the supposedly powerful Washington clean-up crew.

"We need a law," says Mr. Husband, "under which aliens who persistently violate Federal and local laws for which they may be imprisoned can be expelled from the country."

This clause "involving moral turpitude" is buncombe. Privately, and not for publication, immigration officials will tell you so. It is a barricade behind which the alien criminal's well-paid and politically minded lawyer hides his client from Uncle Sam's clean-up men. "He may be a criminal," says the lawyer, "but he's not a debased or a vile one."

Now, hastening to be emphatically fair, it is imperative to say that "foreigners" do not, by any means, make up any considerable portion of our prison population. The proportion of aliens who become criminal is less than the proportion of native stock that does so.

The latest figures, taken from our penitentiary records, are of the year 1926. They show that, among 29,330 white prisoners, 3,413—something over ten per cent—were foreign born. I give the figures, neutrally, without intending to reflect on any nation.

Italian prisoners led with 770; Mexicans came next with 624. Prisoners born in Southern Europe outnumbered the Irish 10 to 1; the Scandinavians, 5 to 1; Germans, 3.5 to 1; Russians, 2.5 to 1; Canadians, 2 to 1. Italian immigration has been extremely heavy in past years and the large number of Italian immigrants here explains, in part, the above record. Another thing that explains it is the tendency of Italians to make their own wines—a tendency which leads them into violation of the liquor laws, for which in our large cities they most frequently go to jail.

"A good many gangsters have foreign-sounding names."

W. W. Husband, Second Assistant Secretary of Labor, is speaking. Any newspaper reader in the United States will agree with him. Names that end in vowels, or in "ski," "stein," or "vitch" are in the great majority in any list of racketeers and criminals. Even in the heart of Kansas, that whirlpool of good, sound native-stock blood, a crew of gangsters, rounded up near Wichita for bootlegging, consisted almost entirely of foreign-tongued boys. What Al Capone, racketeer of Chicago, likes least is to have his name pronounced in Italian fashion with the final vowel; he wants "Capone" to rhyme with "bone."

One thing that is likely to happen in the United States, in our coming struggle against racketeering—which will grow more intense as the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment comes nearer, because the racketeers must make a living at something, somehow—is that the great mass of us, reading these lists of "foreign-sounding names," as Mr. Husband describes them, are likely, in our minds, to toss all persons with such names into the general list of "criminals." We must avoid this; the ancestors of all of us were "foreigners" at one time. We know that race and nation do not guarantee honesty.

But the fact that there are millions of such persons who *are* decent citizens cannot blind us to the fact that the great run of criminals of the organized gangster type are men with "foreign-sounding names."

All right! If men of "foreign-sounding names" are the chief conductors of racketeering, why not deport them? Why not put them all on boats and send them to their own countries? Assistant Secretary Husband, of the Department of Labor, knows this "foreigner" business all the way from the Sanjak of Novy Bazaar, in the Balkans, to Hennepin Avenue, in Minneapolis.

This writer asked him these questions:

"Why," he said, simply, "most of the conspicuous ones are as much entitled to remain in the United States as you are. Some of the most notorious of them were born here; a few of them, who do not speak English very well, were brought here as children and became citizens through the naturalization of their parents. You can't send them away to any other country. *This* is their country."

Only Two a Day

As to the aliens, we have already seen the difficulties in removing them to their native lands. There are 400,000 of them here unlawfully. So says Secretary of Labor W. N. Doak. But he estimates only 100,000 of them are deportable. That means if local authorities catch them at crime and sentence them to at least a year in jail. If they don't arrest them—it's just too bad!

Sixteen and a half thousand aliens were expelled from the United States last year, according to the report of the Department of Labor for 1930.

This is an average of about forty-five a day. Most of them were deported because of illegal entry.

Only 760 of these 16,500 expelled persons were listed as alien criminals—an average expulsion of about two a day. One third of them were Mexicans, who were put over the Texas and California borders without much ceremony. There is not much bother with the Mexican embassy about deportation. The remaining five hundred were Europeans or Orientals, who had to be landed from boats with properly visaged passports in closely guarded ports.

Thus, we put just about two criminal aliens per day on boats for distant lands.

In the meantime, in the city of New York alone, over thirty aliens are arrested daily for crimes of various sorts.

And there are many loopholes through which this niggardly daily quota of a pair of expelled criminal aliens can get back into the United States.

The same official report shows that during any one year there is an average of about ten thousand *known* and *recorded* desertions by seamen in American ports.

It is by enlisting as seamen and deserting ship in San Francisco, New York or some other large port that most of the criminal aliens reach our midst.

It's a very simple matter for that daily pair of expelled criminals to get back here, hidden among the seamen who desert here daily.

To all intents and purposes, we are utterly helpless in the United States to drive the criminal alien from among us.

He is one of the army of thugs from whom, sooner or later, we must take away the prohibition "grands," the all-powerful, all-poisoning one-thousand-dollar bills of the bootleggers.

"We need new laws—" that's what we all say, whenever things don't seem to be going right in our land. But we *do* need new laws about alien criminals.

They steal into this country, at our borders. The honest alien awaits his turn for entry; the criminal alien, who has been a criminal in his own land and will be a criminal here, sneaks in. The gangland of his own nationality receives him; it shelters him, as well.

Try This Remedy!

How shall we reach him, make him tell about himself, and send him back home?

This writer, after long investigation, believes there is one simple answer:

The indeterminate prison sentence.

Under this form of sentence, which is now being advocated by most of the students of criminology, the laws do not provide how long a man shall remain in prison. The judge merely sends a man to the penitentiary after he has been convicted of a crime.

A board of experienced men decides when a prisoner shall be turned loose. Its decision is based upon his behavior, upon his attitude and upon his willingness and readiness to fit himself into society.

Under the indeterminate sentence the alien, just like any other prisoner, could readily be persuaded to tell officials all about himself; his birthplace; his habits; his criminal connections and all other facts necessary to his final release. His unwillingness to give such facts would only prove his unpreparedness to be released.

With no definite time set for his freedom he would be willing to make the choice of being sent back to his own country, after claiming its protection, rather than remain in an American prison. He would reverse Cosmano's famous statement and declare, "I'd rather be free in my country than stay in jail all my life in America!"

Many other evils, such as prison riots and other troubles that grow out of our old-fashioned, hopeless system of fixed sentences would be wiped out by the indeterminate sentence, by means of which a man may hope and work for early release.

But the plan would work especially well with our criminal aliens.

Cut out, in addition, the buncombe of "moral turpitude," a phrase which was put in the law for the purpose of covering the white-slave traffic only, and we will be well on the way of ridding ourselves of foreign criminals.

"AS I WUZ SAYIN'"

"**Clem Harner** has quit his reg'lar job an' become a night watchman so's he won't have to miss any baseball games.

●

"It's a clean sport, says Clem. If a player is dropped it's because he ain't good enuff and not because he's flunked at Latin. An' if a pitcher gets more money than a senator it's because he earns it.

●

"It's one of the few places left where ash trays ain't needed.

●

"There's only one thing in the world, he says, bett'n a rocky ford and nine good innings. An' that's two rocky fords an' a double-header.

●

"Clem is worried about night baseball. If it ever gits popular, he'll have to quit work altogether."

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WHEN IT'S GOT THE STUFF
. . . A NICKEL'S ENOUGH

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Let's get Married

Continued from page 8

there: the old familiar faces; but as for the two young demigods who looked as though they were about to ride the dawn, there wasn't the slightest trace of them, not even as much as two vacant chairs as a sign that they might come later.

"I'm sorry, all the more now, that the Baker boys left this afternoon," continued Mrs. Haustetter, after the rest of her little family had been introduced. "They had been staying with me all winter and I'm sure you would have enjoyed them. All ready, Pearl. You can take the soup plates away. . . ."

"How's that for rotten luck?" groaned Midge when at last the two girls reached their room again.

"And the worst of it is, we're stuck here for a week," mourned Stell in her beautiful dress. "The next place we go, we'll have to fix it so we can leave at any time—even though we have to pay a little more."

"We can easily say that we're traveling—that won't be a lie," said Midge. "We don't have to say that we're traveling for husbands."

IT WAS a good thing, too, that they arranged their next stay accordingly—two dollars and a quarter a day each, or twelve dollars if they stayed a full week—for again they found a little family which, with a few immaterial changes, might have been cast in the same mold as Mommy Mulholland's or Mrs. Haustetter's.

"I don't care," said Midge defiantly. "We've only got to keep traveling long enough—and we'll find somebody yet—just the same as those girls in the rotogravures did."

"Oh, you can't expect to find a prince with his feet under every table," said Stell with a large, careless gesture.

But the third place they tried was much like the second. . . . And the fourth was much like the third.

"What do you say?" said Stell, speaking in a discouraged voice one morning. "Shall we go back to Mommy Mulholland's?"

"Go back nothing!" exclaimed Midge the indomitable. "You can't tell me that in all the boarding houses in New York, there aren't two young fellows who don't know yet how lucky they're going to be! You take it from me, Stell, it's a trick—just as I told you before—and the important part of any trick is just keeping at it till you've got it!"

So the next morning, they rang a bell in the next block—a bell with the name "Mrs. Gertrude Trudy" above it, and a small blue and white "Board" below; and the next night, for the fifth time, Stell put on her silvery pistachio while Midge shook over herself the petals of the dress which was like a dark, red rose.

"Well, here's hoping!" they said in unison as they went downstairs in answer to the dinner bell.

They passed through the dining-room doorway; and the next moment Midge drew a deep breath as she caught sight of a keen-eyed, curly-headed young man who was sitting at Mrs. Trudy's table; and Stell tried to look languidly unconscious of the dark young man who sat by the curly one's side. . . .

The curly-headed one's name was Charlie; the dark one's name was Sam; and as though their first exchange of glances was touched by the gift of prophecy, Midge and Charlie just naturally seemed to pair together—and so did Stell and Sam. Before dinner was over, they were chatting across the table with the growing sense of adventure and excitement which is one of the charms of a new acquaintanceship—if for no other reason than because all the jokes, all the wisecracks, all the little exploratory smiles and glances are new and often surprising.

"You girls should have let us know you were coming," said Charlie, as they strolled out of the dining-room together.

"Why?" demanded Midge. "You seemed to stand the shock pretty well."

"You don't know what I'm suffering with my heart. But if we had known you were coming, we would have had tickets for a good show. Now all we can do is to take you to the movies. What do you say?"

The girls went upstairs for their hats; and as soon as they reached the privacy of their room—oh, what a look of round-eyed triumph Stell received from her little roommate!

"Well; did it work? I ask you: did it work?" exulted Midge. "Didn't I tell you that we only had to keep traveling long enough?"

"They both dress well," admitted Stell. "I wonder what they do."

"Don't you worry," said Midge. "You'll hear soon enough."

And whether or not intuition was guiding her, again Midge was right. Before the week was over, Stell knew that Mrs. Trudy was Sam's aunt—and very hard-boiled where money was concerned. Sam had been in a broker's office till the big smash came, and since then he had been in business for himself—"And even though I carry my office in my hat, every once in a while I make more money in a minute than I used to make in six months—"

"I think that's wonderful!" said Stell, openly admiring him. "Was Charlie in the brokerage business, too?" she continued, inquiring for Midge.

"No; he was in the jewelry business; but that was pretty well shot to pieces, too, and they laid off everybody but their married men. So lately he's been selling second-hand cars on a straight commission basis; and, believe me, you always know when Charlie sells a car, because he always throws a party. . . ."

"Doesn't that sound like him, though?" smiled Stell uncertainly.

THIS was in the grillroom of the Rochambeau, where they had gone to dance after viewing the antics of Mr. Herbert Williams and his droll associates; and again, whether or not it was intuition, Stell felt vaguely troubled—perhaps as a traveling salesman feels when he finds his prospect too affable and begins to get a hunch that even if an order will presently be forthcoming, it will be turned down by the credit department.

"If they only had steady jobs, I'd like it a whole lot better," she said to Midge, after they had taken off their shoes that night. "You've got something solid—something you can bank on—when there's a steady job in the family. But this business of having your office in your hat—or having to wait till somebody makes up his mind to buy a second-hand car. . . ."

"Oh, don't be a crab!"

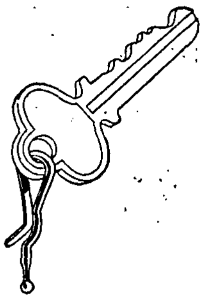
"I don't want to be a crab."

"Want to see something pretty, then?"

"What?"

With a smiling air of mystery, Midge opened her handbag and drew out a ridiculous little wrist watch set in a platinum bracelet. Around the edge of the watch was a circle of small dia-

(Continued on page 74)



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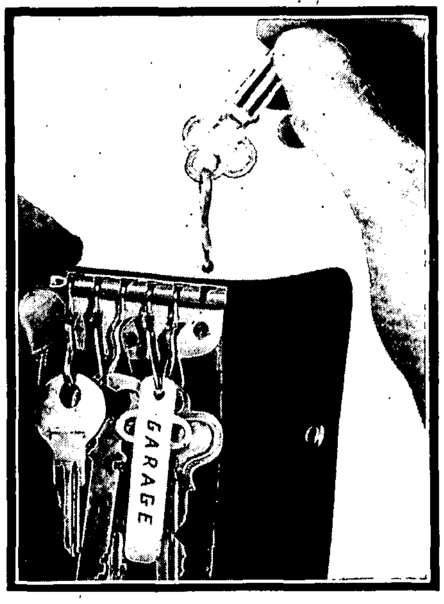

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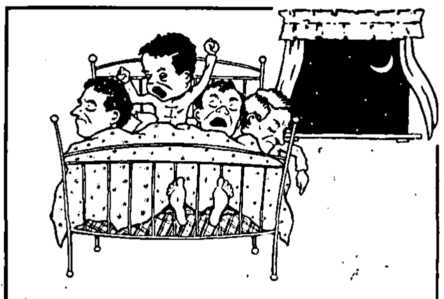

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(Continued from page 73)

monds—a circle and stones which might have reminded you of one of those modern wedding rings.

"Where did you get it?" Stell quickly asked.

"Charlie gave it to me. Of course I told him I couldn't take it," she as quickly added. "That's why I'm not wearing it. But he wanted me to keep it a while 'and get friendly with it,' he said. And I can either keep it then, or give it back any time I want to."

"I'd give it back."

"Yes, you would!"

STILL mysteriously smiling, she returned it to her handbag; and although a few minutes later she went to sleep almost as soon as her ear touched the pillow, it was nearly three before Stell could finally forget herself. She was awake, too, before seven; and knowing that she couldn't go to sleep again, she quietly dressed without disturbing Midge and started downstairs for a walk around the block—partly because she felt it would take the dark marks from under her eyes; and partly because she knew that if Midge woke up and found that she was alone, it would have a chastening effect. Stell had just reached the bottom landing when she heard a loud voice coming from the basement:

"No; I won't lend you any money. You stay in nights, like I do, and you won't have to come borrowing from me!"

That was unmistakably the voice of Mrs. Trudy—she who was so hard-boiled financially—and the answering voice was just as clearly that of her nephew, Sam.

"But it's only for a little while—"

"Go and ask Charlie, then. Why do you bother me?"

"Charlie's broke, too."

"Then tell him to sell another car. He seemed to make plenty of money the last time he sold one!"

"Oh, all right . . . if that's the way you want it. . . ."

By that time, Stell had the door open and was stepping out into the vestibule. "Darn that watch!" she couldn't help frowning to herself. "If Charlie hadn't given it to her, we'd start traveling again this evening."

She was to frown at the watch again before the day was over. Just before noon, Midge came hurrying up to Morris & Minzer's book shop, her piquant little face full of wonder and news.

"Say, what do you think!" she whispered. "I didn't want to be nosey, but my counter's right next to the jewelry department, and I asked one of the salesman how much the wrist watch was worth that Charlie gave me last night, and he looked at it through his little napkin ring and after a while he said, 'Oh, somewhere around a thousand dollars,' and he meant it, too. Said any pawnshop would lend me two hundred and fifty on it—"

"You've got to give it back!" whispered Stell, with a touch of ferocity.

"Well, you needn't blow my ear off!"

At the dinner table that evening, Charlie and Sam asked the two girls if they'd like to go out for a ride. "One of my second-hand busses," said Charlie. "Come and give it luck, and I may sell it tomorrow."

Midge jumped at the invitation as a brisk young trout jumps at a fly; but as soon as they reached their room upstairs, Stell flatly stated that she could be counted out.

"You can count me out," she said. "I'm going to stay home and read."

"Oh, come on!" Midge was presently pleading, almost in tears. "You know I can't go without you! Come on! Be a sport!"

"I've been a sport too long already," said Stell, settling herself in a chair with a book in her hand. "And if you want to know something else: I don't like your taking that watch—"

"I knew it was the watch," said Midge in a hollow voice.

"If you'll give it back to Charlie tonight, I'll go with you," continued Stell. "But if you won't, I'm going to stay right here—"

"Well—" hesitated Midge. "I've been thinking, myself, that he ought to have given me a ring before he gave me a watch. . . . All right! I'll hand it back tonight—if he'll take it. . . ."

"He'll take it, all right," said Stell grimly, "after what I tell him."

The second-hand car proved to be a sedan which looked as though it hadn't journeyed far from the palms and pillars of a Broadway showroom. Charlie took the wheel; and although this may have been imagination on Stell's part, she thought he sighed with unconscious relief when they passed a traffic cop.

"Imagine a car like this being second-hand!" said Midge, investigating the silver fittings on the side of the dashboard.

"Somebody probably lost his nerve and sold it," said Charlie, as they silently rolled uptown. "That's all you need in this town: plenty of nerve."

"You've said it," said Sam, who had been sitting quietly enough on the back seat by the side of Stell.

"Why, he's trembling!" thought Stell. "Now what's the matter with *him?*"

She was still wondering—and watching, too, with growing curiosity—when Charlie, in the driver's seat, began slapping his pockets with his free hand.

"Now what do you think?" he said. "I forgot to get some cigarettes."

"That's funny," said Sam, slapping his pockets, too. "So did I!"

"We'll soon fix that," said Charlie. "I'll turn into this side street. I think there's a cigar store at Lexington."

He crossed the avenue before stopping and then both he and Sam got out. Stell watched them through the back window as long as she could; and, although of course this could have been nothing but stark imagination, she fancied that Sam was trembling again as he disappeared around the corner. . . . Suddenly she leaned forward—the better to talk to Midge without being overheard by any passer-by.

"What do you say if we get out and go home?" she began in a tense young whisper.

"Why?" asked Midge in utter amazement.

"Because I don't like it—that's why! I don't like that watch business—and I don't like this car—and I don't like the way they've both gone off and left us—"

"You know what they said—"

"Yes; but you know that it doesn't take two men to buy a package of cigarettes. And let me tell you something else: Just before Sam got out—"

SHE was interrupted by a muffled crescendo of shots which seemed to come from around the corner. The next moment, there was a growing confusion of people running, of shouts, of a policeman's whistle—Stell and Midge stared at each other with startled eyes.

"What's the matter?" they heard someone asking.

"Two young fellows trying to hold up a jewelry store. . . ."

Stell had already got out of the car, greatly excited.

"You can stay if you want to—" she said.

"Wait a moment; I'm coming—as soon as I've slipped this darned watch back of the cushions!"

Still taking the lead, it was Stell who hailed the taxi at the next corner and told the driver where to go.

"We'll get our things from Mrs. Trudy's before the police get there, if we can," she whispered. "And then do you know where we're going?"

"Where?" asked Midge, although, indeed, she could pretty well guess.

"We're going right back to Mommy Mulholland's—like a couple of prodigal daughters—for, believe me, I've done enough traveling to last me the rest of my life! . . ."

Stell slept late the next morning; and when she awoke, Midge was standing over her, a morning paper in her hand.

"It's all right," she was excitedly whispering.

"What's all right?"

"About last night! They got away down a subway station. 'Two unidentified young men,' it says. So we needn't worry: nobody's coming around to ask *us* any questions!"

"No; but you can ask yourself a few."

"Don't I know it?" said Midge contritely. "But say: you'd better get up. Nearly everybody's had their breakfast. Gee, it'll be good to see them again!"

And indeed it was like Old Home Week when the two girls made their way downstairs as soon as Stell was dressed. "Good morning, Mr. Zollner." . . . "Good morning, Mrs. Luderick." . . . "How's the old sciatica this morning, Mr. McNally?" But when they reached the dining-room, Midge had such a surprise that she could only faintly mutter, "For the love of Pete," and even Stell was shaken for a moment from her customary golden calm. For there at the head of the table sat Mommy Mulholland, and by her side sat the two tall young men whom they had last seen on the steps next to the fur store—those two young demigods who looked as though they should have been riding dawns over Olympus instead of street cars in New York.

"Oh, here's the girls," said Mommy in her sergeant's voice. "Now didn't I tell you that they'd soon be back?"

PERHAPS, for the first time in her life, Midge was reduced to the expedient of faintly echoing last words.

"'Back'?" she weakly repeated.

"Yeah," said Mommy. "These two young gentlemen—Mr. John Baker and Mr. Eddie Baker—meet Miss Lofgrin and Miss Bergeron—these two young gentlemen moved in here the very same day that you moved out, and when they found you didn't come in for dinner, they looked so down in the mouth that I guessed the reason. So I told 'em you were only away on a little trip—that you'd left your trunks and you'd soon be back. Now wait till I see if there's anything left for your breakfasts—"

She grandly arose and marched into the kitchen—and first the Baker brothers and the two prodigal daughters looked at each other, and then they smiled at each other, and finally the girls started laughing—gently at first but presently to such good purpose that Midge choked in drinking her coffee and had to be patted on the back. After that, it didn't take them long to learn that the boys worked in a contractor's office a block to the east of Morris & Minzer's—and that as soon as breakfast was finished, they would all walk over together.

"You and your traveling for husbands," scoffed Stell to Midge when they went upstairs to get their hats.

"That's all right," said Midge cheerfully. "We didn't think it out deep enough; that's all."

"What do you mean—we didn't think it out deep enough?"

"Why, if we'd thought it out a little deeper it might have struck us that it wouldn't have done most of those dumb bunnies in the brown sheets a bit of good to have gone traveling for husbands—if the fellows hadn't gone traveling, too!"

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River Boom

Continued from page 17

other effort was made for five years. Then Captain Henry M. Shreve perfected Fulton's idea, just as Fulton himself had improved the designs of Blasco de Garay's sidewheeler, built at Barcelona in 1543; or Marquis de Jouffroy's French steamboat in 1781, and adapted the plans of American experimenters who preceded him.

Captain Shreve was a hard-headed river rat and could not be argued out of the notion that to skim over the shallows, his craft must be able, in pilot parlance, to "float on a heavy dew, and turn around on a dime." Marine engineers gibed at him, yet Shreve violated every canon of their profession by constructing a "top-heavy tub" on a keelboat hull. His machinery, which weighed one twentieth of Fulton's, he set on deck instead of in the hull. The George Washington was planned to run *on* the water and not *through* it.

Wiseacres jeered, but Shreve succeeded so triumphantly that for nearly a century the Mississippi packet, of light draft and easily handled, has followed his design.

Vast and Sudden Business

Steamboats sent a thrill of new life through our valley. They connected St. Louis with Liverpool. Pittsburgh became an ocean port, to the amazement of Italian authorities when a steamer cleared from Pittsburgh and docked at Leghorn. The toilsome upstream voyage from New Orleans to St. Louis was shortened to less than four days.

At that period the Mississippi Valley filled up rapidly with farmers who demanded an outlet for their products, and dependable transportation stimulated commerce to such an extent that bottoms could not be laid down fast enough to carry it. During the two years after Shreve's success, more than sixty steamers were launched; fifty in 1829 alone. At the close of 1832, ninety thousand persons were gaining their livelihood in and about the business of navigation. During the next ten years these numbers were doubled.

The hurly-burly inflation was paid for by a fearful toll of human life. Steamers had to be built so swiftly that owners would not go slow and play safe. Boats. Boats. Boats. Jackleg mechanics, lawyers, everybody took a shot at installing their steam equipment. Boilers burst, flues collapsed; packets burned, struck snags and sunk. Yet no calamity halted the river traffic which, in the "flush" times of the thirties and forties, was claimed to exceed that of the Great Lakes and Atlantic seaboard combined. New Orleans swelled into the second port of America, and all commodities of our mid-continent threatened to be exported through the mouth of the Mississippi. To divert this terrifying southern trend, the eastern cities completed their Erie Canal in 1825.

In the moving of such a vast and sudden business, there could be little system. Boats departed at any old time. Freight lay piled upon the banks, some of it to rot. Passengers camped beside the river and waited, waited, waited. Gradually, however, the haphazard packets settled down to regular schedules, so that a merchant of the fifties might rely upon the day, almost upon the hour, when a boat would arrive to replenish his stock.

Somewhat later, to meet the growing menace of railroad competition, steamboat captains extended their facilities. Like laundry wagons that call for and deliver, small crafts went wriggling up the bayous to isolated ginhouses, carrying in supplies to the planter's commissary and bringing out his cotton. They were rendering real service, almost from door to door, and it seemed difficult to imagine how the railroads could be more efficient.

Turn back now from the fifties to 1827. About ten years after Shreve launched the George Washington, other visionaries beyond the Alleghenies were busily hitching steam to a wagon instead of a boat. Locomotives tooted and wheels wobbled along the rails, which river veterans regarded as a joke. Soon our steamer magnates welcomed the innovation, because they found that dinky little trains were penetrating the interior and bringing a tribute which their stageplanks could not reach. Short-line railroads fed the steamboats. But when greedy tracks began to parallel the streams and rob the boats of cargoes between river points, a war began which might have been fought to a finish if a greater struggle had not overshadowed it—the Civil War, which destroyed private navigation on the Mississippi. Like frightened animals our packets fled before the bellowing of cannon, fled up the tributaries to die and rot in many a lonely bayou. Father Mississippi was swept clean.

1865-66. Peace. To repair the waste of war, hysterical shipyards turned out more than two hundred and fifty new steamers in a single year. More boats, bigger boats, faster and finer than anything that our fathers had dreamed of. Old-timers might brag of glorious days before the war, but as a matter of fact our antebellum South never imagined such luxurious travel or such marvels of beauty as the Robert E. Lee, the red-chimneyed Natchez, the J. M. White, the Grand Republic, the John W. Cannon and other packets which plied our river from the eighties to beyond the end of the century.

Just as Spanish despotism began to loosen its stranglehold upon river commerce, say about the year 1787, a mountain lad named Jody Karr had paddled out of the Cumberlands on a voyage to New Orleans, and his canoe full of deerskins represented the front-line skirmishers in our conquest of the Mississippi. After the lapse of a century Jody's bark canoe and the river pirates were gone. The flags of Britain, France and Spain were gone. Father Mississippi had become a full-blooded American when, almost exactly one hundred years after Jody Karr, another boy made the same voyage from Vicksburg to New Orleans.

Sophisticated youngsters of this generation would have considered him a funny little fellow in a home-made suit of stiff, gray stuff, probably jeans, with pockets and lapels which his mother had bound with black braid. His shoes were reënforced by copper tips at their toes, and his stockings formed stripes of assorted colors around his legs, like a *pousse café*.

An Excited Traveler

As the child came hurrying down Crawford Street hill, he carried in his pocket a scant supply of cash, and a skimpy wardrobe in his valise; but that boy carried in his heart a capacity for enjoyment that no jaded millionaire could buy.

Like a gleaming bit of fairyland the White Cloud lay at her landing place, where a resplendent Negro porter met him and said, "Lemme tote yo' gripsack,

(Continued on page 76)

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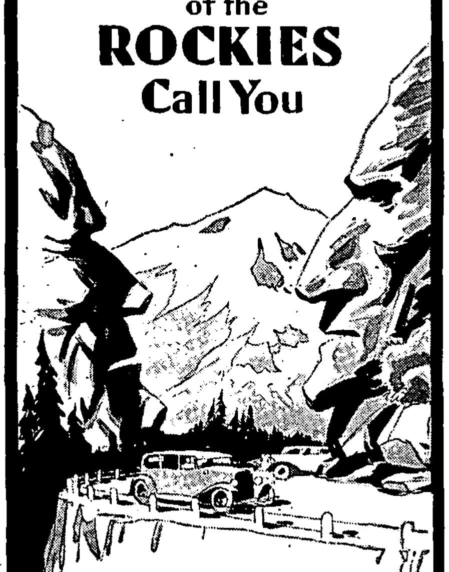

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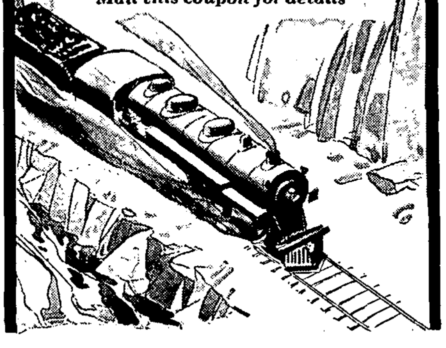

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(*Continued from page 75*)

suh?" then led his youthful passenger across the stageplank and up a broad staircase to the forward guards. Through an open doorway stretched the vista of a long, long cabin, which dipped gently in its center and rose at both ends. In a happy trance the child followed the porter, his footfalls hushed by a marvelous carpet one hundred yards long, woven in a single piece on Belgian looms. As he passed the stateroom doors their mirrors gave back his proud reflection. At the distant rear of the cabin a young lady was singing, and other ladies gathered round a grand piano, for the hardships of river travel had been softened since the voyage of Jody Karr.

Just as the Indians Saw It

"Dis is yo' room, suh," the porter turned a crystal knob which opened the door to "Virginia No. 10." Each room, as the lad well knew, was named for a state of the Union, and numbered in the order of their admission. Virginia, the Old Dominion, was the tenth to ratify. But no active boy could sit down and think about history when exciting events were happening outside.

"Thank you, porter." Very grandly the youngster gave twenty-five cents to the Negro. Five nickels, all at once, hurt mightily, but his father had instructed him to do it. Then he moderated his pace and did not actually run to the forward guards.

No public-spirited citizen could allow a boat to leave Vicksburg without taking an active part in the ceremony. Folks rushed about the landing place, swarmed over the decks, helped and hustled and hindered.

The mate, in boots and belt and beard, was driving his rousters with some belated freight. Captain Ramsay, wearing a long-tailed coat, high hat, a frilly shirt, his diamond studs linked together by a golden chain—the splendid captain himself escorted ladies aboard with the grand air of a planter who extends the hospitality of his home. Hackloads of tourists from Cincinnati had gone out to see the battlefield and were now returning. Last-minute passengers arrived. The crowd along shore coalesced with every face turned toward the boat.

The pilot blew a melodious whistle. Bells jangled loudly in the engine room. Rousters cast off their lines. Captain Ramsay mounted to his hurricane deck and posed beside a glittering brass bell. Paddlewheels revolved, very slowly, and sunlight gleamed upon her gilded fretwork as the White Cloud backed out. In the river she made a majestic turn; then, with band playing and every flag a-flutter, went steaming past the town.

On our Mississippi River every boy craves to reach the pilot house, so a pair of chubby legs in striped stockings went climbing to the hurricane deck where two tall black chimneys belched up their smoke. Behind these smokestacks is a cabin, called the "Texas," which provides quarters for the officers; and perched atop the "Texas" stands a tiny villa, a fragile cupola of carven woodwork—the pilot house, glazed on four sides, for the man at the wheel must have a clear view.

The little boy had cultivated a nodding acquaintance with this pilot and presumed upon it by creeping warily up another flight of steps at the top of which he opened a glass door and sidled into the sanctum. Stiller than any mouse the child sat upon a bench, because nobody must talk to a pilot on duty. Before him lay spread a magnificent panorama of winding yellow stream that beat against the tawny bluffs of Mississippi, or made ravenous detours to eat away a levee on the Louisiana side. Rippling waters sparkled over the sandbars; deep eddies swung lazily upstream; dead trees tossed aloft their ghastly branches and were borne southward to a grave in the Gulf of Mexico.

In all the world there is perhaps no wilder river. Two hundred years of white man's occupancy have left little mark along its banks. Unlike the St. Lawrence or the Rhine, a traveler today will view long, deserted stretches where cities and cultivated farms are not visible at the water's edge. For leagues and leagues Father Mississippi is still the monarch of his shores, and no sign of civilization can be seen from a steamer's deck. A voyager in 1931 views that river just as the Indians saw it, or de Soto and de La Salle.

The man at the pilot wheel did not speak. Spin, spin, spin, his revolving spokes flew round. Right, left; left, right, the White Cloud obeyed his slightest wish as she threaded a tortuous channel, avoiding the sandbars and the snags.

Along the track of a railroad everything is standardized, station houses cut to a pattern and painted in the same dingy colors. Passengers are bored and yawn from their windows. But when voyaging down this kaleidoscopic river each landing place constitutes a different and unique adventure. No two are alike, and each varies at changing stages of water. When the river is low, the boat must tie up at a distant sandbar. At high water she goes crashing over the tops of willow bushes and drops her stageplank on the platform of a planter's flimsy warehouse.

"There's Bayou Buck," the pilot nodded to the little boy and pointed with his corncob pipe. "We stop here to pick up a hundred bales of cotton."

The packet's arrival creates an almighty stir. Plantation Negroes flock along the river bank, their women shouting and sky-larking with the roustabouts. The planter himself comes with his family to get newspapers and to gossip with friends who may be traveling on the boat. Passengers line her guards. Even the poker game may take a brief recess.

The little boy darted downstairs and got into the very middle of a commotion on the lower deck, as mate and roustabout made preparations to tie up. The White Cloud was headed inshore toward a bit of shelving bank.

On the Stageplank

First of all, Captain Ramsay went ashore, sole, single, alone, long-tailed coat, hat in hand, paying his respects to the planter and his family—Mr. John Buck on horseback and three ladies in a carriage. After bowing profoundly and shaking hands, the captain invited them to come aboard.

"Plenty of time," the captain insisted cordially, "plenty of time to have some refreshments, while we load your cotton."

Courteously the captain escorted his guests on board, where luncheon was spread in the cabin, delicate ices, a sangaree for the ladies, a Bourbon julep for John Buck.

The plantation Negroes were not overlooked. Two cabin boys in neat white jackets had gone ashore behind Captain Ramsay. One boy carried an overflowing basket to distribute sandwiches amongst the Negro men and women. The other boy toted a wooden pail of candy, and a scoop with which he filled the upturned hands of each small black child. Everybody must get something when the packet came.

Meantime the process of loading the boat went forward like clockwork. Big Jerry, the mate, rushed out his gang of forty rousters, forty Negroes trotting in single file, singing and "coonjining" along the stageplank. The "coonjine" is an institution which seems peculiar to Father Mississippi. Its words and music are not found in any publication.

Whether it came from France or Africa, the term "coonjine" suggests exactly what it is, a rhythmic melody keeping time, time, time to the patter of bare black feet along the stageplank. The plank swings and sways in unison with their moving bodies. This way, that way, up, down.

The mate encourages his gang to coonjine, for the reason that no rouster can lag amongst a coonjine crew. All of them hustle at the same speed. Each black man shoulders his sack of cotton seed and joins the song:

"River nigger got no home,
Makes a livin' on de shoulder bone."

Often his words are extemporized, and directed to some local event; perhaps he's singing to a plantation Negro woman who sits on a pile of sacks, watching her heroes. Suddenly, somewhere in the line of coonjiners a new voice bursts out:

"See dat 'oo—man? On de sack—pile?
She's a grinn-in'. She's a smil-in'
Big white teef—at me.
I got mon-ey. I got mon-ey."

The Negro woman grins from her sack as the song flows on and on. Its words may change and singers shift at will, but the crooning melody is never broken.

Forty rousters load the cotton, their bright hooks flashing in the sunshine. Two by two, side by side they roll the heavy bales on deck.

The Captain's Orders

Upstairs at the luncheon table Captain Ramsay sits chatting with his guests, and makes memoranda of articles that the ladies want him to purchase for them in New Orleans—opera tickets, a baby carriage, a yard of ribbon.

The captain of a Mississippi packet served his friends as an errand boy; he was their purchasing agent, their go-between, and maintained a competent staff in New Orleans to perform many duties which seemed outside the scope of a common carrier for hire. If Mr. John Buck requires supplies for the commissary, if he has a piece of gin machinery to be repaired, if his wife needs a pair of gloves—Captain Ramsay will buy, pay for and deliver those articles at the plantation.

On her up-trip the White Cloud may stop with all ceremony at Bayou Buck and send ashore nothing more profitable than an arithmetic for the school girl; to which is added a bunch of bananas, "With the compliments of the Captain."

These services were rendered partly through a genuine spirit of kindliness, in part with the object of making friends, so that many a planter would let packet after packet go by, and hold his freight for a favorite boat. The earnings of a popular boat were enormous. Receipts had to be enormous, for the average life of a steamer was estimated at about five years. Snags got 'em, fire and explosions and sandbars. Within a brief period the packet must repay its cost—say $200,000—and show a profit.

Such a packet as the White Cloud consumed from seventy-five to one hundred cords of wood per day. To supply incredible quantities of fuel, woodyards sprang up along the river, like filling stations beside a highway.

Most of them were operated by ne'er-do-wells who had drifted downstream, got stranded on a high bank and went into business. Sometimes the proprietor added a barrel of home-made whisky and a few tin cups. Then he'd sit alone and watch for boats, fight mosquitoes and drink raw liquor.

The White Cloud needed some dry, well-seasoned ash, so she slackened speed near a woodyard, while Big Jerry cupped his hands like a megaphone and shouted:

"What kind o' wood is that?"

"Cord wood," the sallow native shouted back.

"How long has it been cut?"

"Four feet."

"What do you sell it for?"

"Cash."

Mate and captain and roustabout were very entertaining—between meals; but when a white-jacketed waiter appeared on deck and rang a certain bell, the little boy lost enthusiasm for everybody except the steward.

In his own department the steward is supreme. No packet master, or board of directors, will question a dollar that he spends. His orders were to "Please our passengers. Give 'em the best, and plenty of it." Their menu cards are most amazing. How could the boats afford to serve such a profusion of luxuries at the price of a cabin passage? They must have lost money on passenger traffic, and made it up on freight. Many planters traveled with their crops to New Orleans, and freight bills ran into thousands; so that a few pennies did not matter if the food tickled their palates and they patronized the boat.

A Dinner De Luxe

The little boy went in to dinner and saw a line of tables set in the cabin's center, tables that gleamed with glass and silver and the whitest of monogrammed napery. Vases of brilliant flowers. Baskets piled high with tropical fruits.

A waiter drew out his chair, within reach of the biggest fruit basket—pineapples, oranges, bananas, grapes. He sat down. The boy had never read Lorna Doone, and knew nothing of John Ridd's remark as he carved the venison pasty, "Thank God for the room that there is in me."

Behind the little boy a yellow waiter bent over and asked, "What'll yuh order, suh?"

"What can I have?"

"Dat," the waiter indicated two full pages of menu. "I'll fetch dat. *All* of it ef you say so!"

"*All* of it?"

"Sholy, suh. Us got a fine doctor on bode."

The waiter had seen many another boy sit there bewildered by an embarrassment of riches as he spelled over the bill of fare. Soup? Firmly the child shook his head. Boiled red fish? Fried perch? Crisp sliced catfish? He read on: Five different kinds of boiled meat. Five kinds of roast, including chicken and turkey. The turkey sounded nice. Vegetables? No, sirree. Too much at home. Entrées? Whatever entrées meant, there were six of them, four printed in French, which he could not read. But the "Filets of chicken with truffles"—well, he might tackle some of that.

Game? Venison? Bear steaks? Partridges? Duck? Gee whiz! The boy got stampeded, and behind him the yellow man waited silently.

Cold dishes he passed up. Then he came to "Pastry and Dessert."

Every boy has been taught that he must start at the bottom to work himself up—and is eager to start at the bottom of a menu card. No father or mother being present to cramp his style, he planned to roam unhindered through a wilderness of fruit and nuts, mountains of jelly cakes, lady fingers, raisin puddings, with acres of assorted pies, and soup plates full of ice cream—four different flavors.

"Leave it to me, suh," the waiter grinned. "I'll fetch you a *good* dinner."

"No soup," said the boy. "Needn't bring any turnips or cabbage."

In the ancient world all roads led to Rome. So, in our mid-republic all streams flow past New Orleans, bringing the products of a vast domain. If it were possible to imagine these United States without a railroad, dependent solely upon waterways, there's no guessing what a colossal city Father Mississippi might have built.

Prior to the year 1882 no railroad paralleled the river, but soon the L. N. O. & T. followed its shores from Memphis through Vicksburg, Natchez and Baton Rouge, to New Orleans. Other lines were laid along the western bank and, like those to the east, tapped a fertile cotton section, so that thousands of bales which had previously been handled in New Orleans were shipped direct to New England mills.

Our restless people demanded speed for both passengers and freight. The planter or business man who could reach New Orleans in a few hours by rail no longer spent several days of idleness and luxury on board a steamboat.

Railroads first took the long hauls from the boats, then stretched out for local traffic. Gradually their iron network criss-crossed the Yazoo-Mississippi Delta, eastern Louisiana, Arkansas and Missouri. Interior towns developed, and the preëminence of river cities was gone, because inland points could send their products to market by rail.

When the staring little boy first saw New Orleans he felt too happy to realize that even then the glamour of his river was passing away. Those glittering packets that he loved were doomed. Drab towboats must supplant them, and dingy barges bear an ever-increasing commerce. Yet, had some prophet warned him that his graceful swans must disappear, such a calamity would have seemed incredible, for the White Cloud nosed into her landing place and took position as only one of a solid mile of steamboats. Many of them the little boy knew, The Anchor Line, Ohio Boats, Vicksburg and the Bends, Missouri. Others he had never seen, Red River, Ouachita, and hundreds of smaller crafts that navigated the bayous in lower Louisiana. Packets discharged their cargoes at one door of a warehouse, while their deadliest enemies, the freight trains, rolled in through another door. Ocean liners loaded and unloaded, flying every flag and clearing for every port on earth.

Adventure Ahead

Great ships with bellied sails moved southward to the Gulf. Pirogues of hunters and fishermen paddled around the White Cloud, offering her steward wild duck, shrimp and oysters. Negro rousters chanted their homecoming melody. The band played, while passengers hurried ashore into a bustle of Creole flutteration.

Everything seemed wonderful to the bewildered boy who toted his shabby gripsack across the stageplank to that most picturesque and colorful levee. At a stall that stood against some tiers of cotton bales, a withered mulatto woman in gaudy *tignon* was selling pralines. The boy stopped, purchased five cents' worth of her delicious pecan candy, then set out to explore New Orleans, the Creole City of his dreams.

Another article by Harris Dickson about the Port of Queer Cargoes will appear in an early issue of Collier's.

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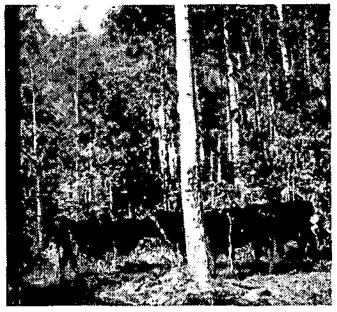

Upper: Near Ouray, in Uncompahgre National Forest. Left: Cattle find rich pasturage in Grand Mesa National Forest. Lower: Famous Chief Ouray Highway in San Juan National Forest.

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Collier's NEW Radio Hour

A Doctor in the House

Continued from page 9

Isbel. It's quite out of the question."

"Well, then, you can't come either."

"I knew that. Be a good girl." Cuffy hung up.

Isbel chewed the end of a convenient pencil for a while. She called Tommy's office. His nurse was gentle, but firm. Doctor Berents was unable, at the moment, to have a telephone conversation. Could she give him a message? She could tell him that Miss Drake, in 543, wanted attention. This, Isbel reflected, was no lie.

AT THE end of the three hours, a brisk rap on the door announced his presence at the other side of it. Isbel settled herself in her cushions and made audible her desire to have him enter.

He was very wet, and he looked cross. Sprained ankles bored him.

"I've been waiting for three hours," Isbel said, in accusing tones. "You're very wet."

"It's raining," Thomas said. "What's the matter now?"

"Well," said Isbel, "I think the ankle's all right again."

"Did you call me up here to tell me that? I suppose you couldn't have told the nurse over the telephone. Do you realize that thousands of people right at the moment are lying near death?"

"Do you realize," Isbel said, "that the average person, given a million dollars all of a sudden, would faint from the shock?"

"I can't stay here and talk nonsense," Thomas said, "I'm a busy man."

"You ought to have some recreation," Isbel said. "There's a prison pallor about your forehead. Now, I'd suggest . . ."

"Miss Drake," Thomas said sternly, "is there anything I can do for you? Medically, I mean."

"Oh, I have lots of medical problems to discuss," Isbel said. "Could you have dinner with me sometime soon?"

"I can never plan on accepting dinner engagements," Thomas said. "If you have problems you want settled, I'll be glad to take them up with you in my office . . . my hours are from three to five-thirty . . . or you might write me a note."

"You mean you'd answer them by letter?"

"If possible," Thomas admitted, "I would take them up by letter."

He went away and Isbel bit her lip in silent fury. She called Cuffy again. "Cu-uffy," she said, "that Berents man is awful. He's rude, and insolent, and a rotten doctor."

"Is your ankle worse?"

"Oh, my ankle's all right," she said.

Cuffed laughed. "Darling," he said, "I *told* you."

A week later, Cuffy's office door opened to admit a thin and unhappy-looking Thomas Berents. He sank into a chair and regarded Cuffy. "I'm being driven mad," he said. "That . . . that vixen Isbel hates me."

"I haven't seen much of Isbel lately," Cuffy said thoughtfully. "She's only called me up once. I take it you had dinner with her."

"No, I didn't have dinner with her!" Thomas howled.

"But she called up to find out . . ." Cuffy said.

Thomas leaned forward. "To find out what?"

"About your preferences in food," Cuffy said.

"And you told her . . ."

"All I could tell her was that you hated liver and bacon," Cuffy said. "You really mustn't mind Isbel. She's used to having her own way, but she's an awfully good sort at heart."

"A good sort, is she?" Tommy said. "Would the right sort find out that I hate liver and bacon and send me presents of liver and bacon every day? Cooked liver, mind you, with little rashers of bacon spread around it, from the hotel dining-room. Raw liver from butcher shops, done up in tissue paper and tied with pink ribbon! Yesterday, she sent me a side of bacon. A whole *side*, Cuffy. It's horrible. I dream of liver. The other night I dreamed they brought a cow in and removed its liver on my operating table!"

"Why don't you speak to her?"

"Speak to her! I've pleaded with her. I've made personal visits to tell her that I hate liver, that it nauseates me, that I'll go mad if I see another piece of it!"

"What did she say?"

"She just looks wistful and says she doesn't know what the matter is, but every day she just has the impulse to send me a present and all she can think of is liver."

"If I were in your place, I'd give an order that nobody bearing liver is to be admitted," Cuffy said.

Thomas smiled sadly. "I did," he said, "and it came by special messenger, in a corrugated box."

"I can't resist opening corrugated boxes either," Cuffy said. "There's something about them. I'll give this matter some thought, Tommy, and . . ."

"Wait," Tommy said, "that's not all. Look." He reached in his pocket and drew forth a sheaf of papers. "Every day she sends me one of these. Read that."

Cuffy unfolded the first one. It was written in Isbel's childish, spidery hand, and gave, one after another, the symptoms of appendicitis. She thought, she said, that the matter should be given Doctor Berents' attention at the earliest possible moment. Cuffy started up in alarm. "How is she?" he said. "Why didn't you call me?"

Thomas smiled again, sadly. "Because, my good fellow," he said, "I went up there and examined her. She didn't have any more appendicitis than I have." He paused impressively. "And when I went out," he said, "I could hear her *laughing*."

CUFFY stared at him in silence for a moment. He opened the next sheet of paper and read it through. Then he read the others and chuckled. "On the tenth, she had appendicitis," he said. "On the eleventh, it was a clear case of chlorosis. The twelfth seems to be mitral disease of the heart, and the thirteenth made a hyperthyroid of her. Yesterday, it was diabetes. I can't figure out today's report. What is it?"

"I think she ran out of symptoms and just picked some at random," Thomas said.

"She's been reading up on symptoms, all right," Cuffy said, "they're all pretty accurate."

He shuffled the papers all together and handed them to Tommy. "I'll get an idea," he said. "You leave it to me."

"That isn't all," Tommy said wretchedly.

"Good Lord, what else?"

"I . . . uh . . . I find myself strangely drawn to her. I mean, whenever I think of her, I think that I'd like to kill her, and I know that if she were around, I'd kiss her instead. I think I'm in love with her."

"You're sure you feel quite well?" Cuffy said.

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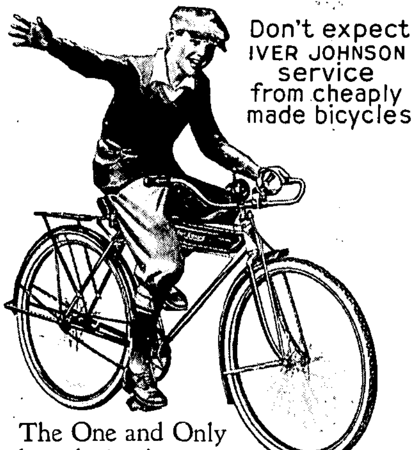

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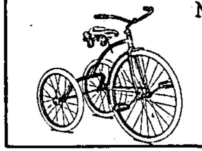

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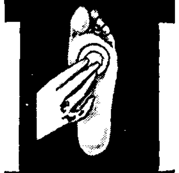
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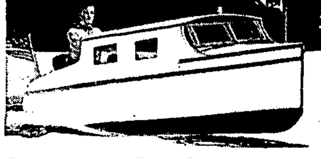

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"I do except when I think of her," said Thomas.

"Look here, the next time you get one of these reports, you call me, will you?"

"What good will that do?"

"An idea is forming," Cuffy said. "I'll fix her. She's just a spoiled brat."

"You won't do anything to hurt her?"

"I wouldn't hurt a fly."

"But Isbel isn't a fly."

"Tommy, have I ever failed you in a crisis?"

"We've never had a crisis," said Tommy.

"Well, if we had had a crisis, do you think I would have failed you?"

"I'm all mixed up," Thomas said. "We'll let it go at that. I'm to call you when I get another report."

"Go home and get some sleep. Everything will be all right."

"Nothing will ever be all right again," Tommy said miserably. "I feel sure of it."

PROMPTLY at one o'clock the next day, her report came. It was neatly written and distressingly detailed. Thomas called Cuffy. "Cuffy," he said, "it's here."

"What's there?"

"Her report. Today, she has nephritis."

"Will you do just as I tell you?"

"Yes."

"Go up and see her and just look grave. Tell her you'll have to have another doctor in for a consultation, and then call me back. After that, leave her to me."

Thomas went up to Apartment 543 after calling her on the telephone. She was in bed when he got there, what with wearing a whisper of silk under a *sotto voce* frock and round garters that slipped off easily.

Thomas struggled manfully with the impulse to shake her first and then kiss her unconscious. He sat down and assumed a professional attitude at the bedside. "How do you feel?" he said.

"Awful," Isbel said, promptly.

"About this knifelike pain in your stomach. Is it constant or intermittent?"

"Both," she said.

"It can't be," Thomas said.

"Are you telling me what can go on in *my* stomach?"

Thomas decided not to argue. "Besides the knifelike pains in your stomach and the spots before the eyes, you have a strange feeling around your heart; is that right?"

"That's right," she said brazenly.

Thomas reached in his little black bag and brought out his stethoscope. "Palpitate any?" he said.

"On very special occasions."

Thomas listened to her heart. It was a good heart and thumped along with a pleasant regularity. He looked grave and listened again. Isbel reached down and ran her fingers through his hair. He jerked and straightened. She smiled sweetly. "A piece of lint," she said.

"I . . . uh . . . am perturbed about you," Thomas said. "I'm afraid I'll have to have someone in for a consultation, Miss Drake."

"Oh, I have implicit faith in you, Doctor."

"I'm sure you have, but I'd rather have corroboration on this diagnosis."

"I don't want anybody else," Isbel said, alarmed.

"I'm afraid I'll have to override your objections, Miss Drake. It may be serious, and . . ."

"I'm apt to get awfully nervous," Isbel said.

"Dr. Maxim shouldn't make you nervous," said Thomas. "He's an old friend of yours."

"I don't want Cu-uffy . . ." Isbel started to wail, but Thomas had disappeared.

She stared at the door. Cuffy was a devil, and unsympathetic. He knew her too well. She hesitated between leaving the hotel and sticking it out. If Cuffy said she wasn't sick, she could just say she was, and there wouldn't be much that he could do about it. She decided to stick it out.

Coming up in the elevator a half hour later, Cuffy said, "Now if you get chicken-hearted, I'll cut your throat."

"If you'd only tell me what you're going to do!"

"All you have to do is agree with me. You'll know soon enough what I'm going to do."

When Cuffy entered, Isbel sat up straight. "Cu-uffy," she said, "you go home."

"Isbel darling, don't be irritable. I know being ill makes you that way, but I'm so fond of you that it hurts me. How do you feel?"

Isbel looked at him suspiciously. That was unlike Cuffy. She slid down in bed and regarded him over the roll of covers. "I'll be all right," she said.

Cuffy sat down at the bedside. "That's a brave girl," he said. "I never realized that all the time I've been calling you an alarmist and a baby, you were really ill. It makes me feel rather rotten."

"See here," Isbel said, "what are you trying to get away with, Cuffy Maxim?"

Cuffy just looked at Thomas and nodded, gravely. Thomas nodded back gravely. Together they observed Isbel in silence. Gloomy silence.

"It's nothing important," Isbel said suddenly. Cuffy looked at Thomas again.

He said: "Haven't you told her?"

"Hasn't he told me what?" Isbel said.

"I thought I'd better have you look at her first," Thomas said.

"Let me see the tongue, Isbel dear," Cuffy said.

Isbel put her tongue out and tried to get her eyes in a position to view it. She found this impossible, and her tongue began to worry her. "Listen," she said, "those pains in my stomach have stopped."

"Oh, those," Cuffy said. "We weren't worried about those, were we, Thomas?"

"No," Thomas said, truthfully enough.

Cuffy leaned over and took her wrist. He held it tightly and her hand drooped limp from the wrist. Cuffy flopped the wrist several times. "Limp," he said, and felt her pulse. "That regularity, did you notice it, Tommy?"

Thomas nodded, mutely.

ISBEL sat up and felt her own pulse. "Cu-uffy," she said, "I want to know what you're talking about."

Cuffy patted her hand. "You're a good sport," he said. "I knew you wouldn't want us to discuss your case in hushed whispers. Keep your chin up, dear, there's always a fighting chance."

"A fighting chance of what?"

"Of surviving," Cuffy said. "Answer this truthfully, Isbel. A lot depends on it."

"I h-haven't got any spots in front of my eyes," Isbel said. "That was a story."

"Everybody has spots before his eyes sometimes," Cuffy said. "It's relatively unimportant. Tell me, are you lethargic in the morning? Do you wake up and want to turn over and go to sleep again right away?"

"Ye-es," Isbel said.

"I thought so. Do you ever wake up in the middle of the night with a sudden start and wonder where you are?"

"No," Isbel said.

"Oh, lord," Cuffy moaned, "that *settles* it."

"Settles what? I want to *know*."

"You were such a healthy kid," Cuffy said mournfully.

"Cu-uffy Maxim, you tell me what's

(*Continued on page 80*)

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(*Continued from page 79*)

wrong with me! This instant, do you hear?"

"Do you speak Spanish, Isbel?"

"Is that another symptom?"

"No. It's an obscure disease, Isbel, peculiar to women. What you have is chronic *descaro*. There isn't a doubt of it."

"Oh, dear," Isbel said, "is there any cure for it?"

Cuffy looked at Thomas. Thomas was busy coughing into his handkerchief. "Sometimes," Cuffy said, "in the hands of the right man, it can be cured. I don't think I could cure you. It's a long chance, any way you want to take it. Even the best men have failed to cure it."

Isbel looked around rather wildly. "Cu-uffy," she said, "you go right back to your office and read up on that disease. You find out what doctors cure it, and where I have to go, and what I have to do, and . . . Cu-uffy, I don't want to be sick. I don't like being sick!"

"Poor little thing," Cuffy said, looking at Thomas, "and so young, too."

HE ROSE and picked up his hat. Isbel clutched at him. "Cu-uffy, where are you going now? What are you going to do?"

He patted her hand. "The world is full of pain and illness," he said. "I'm going now to do my part in relieving it. Thomas, stay close to the office in case Isbel needs you, for my sake, will you?"

"Yes," Thomas said.

"In case of emergency, you will always be able to reach me. I'll be in touch with the office every fifteen minutes."

"Cu-uffy," Isbel wailed, "I'm awfully sick right now!"

"You must be patient, dear," Cuffy said, in soothing tones. "Lie down, now, and try to rest."

"But what are you going to *do?*"

"I'll come back later in the evening. Thomas will always be available."

"I may be dead by tonight, Cu-uffy!"

Cuffy shook his head sadly. "There isn't a chance of it," he said. He went out and closed the door softly.

Isbel looked at Thomas. "What did he mean by that?"

"I don't know," Thomas said.

"Is it a lingering death?"

"Sometimes it takes years for the patient to die," Thomas said.

The telephone rang. Isbel answered it. "Yes, he's here," she said. "Yes, ye-es . . ." She put the receiver down and looked at him. "There's somebody in your office," she said, "and the girl wants you to come down. I don't want to be left alo-one!"

"I'll come right back," Thomas said. "I'll come back as soon as I can."

Isbel sank weakly to the edge of the bed. "I want to tell you something when you come back," she said. "I . . . I don't feel like talking now, but I have to confess something."

He nodded. "I'll hurry," he said.

When he had gone, Isbel stared at the ceiling and pondered her sins. She wondered how long it took to die, and how it felt, and by the time she'd gone into it thoroughly, she had decided not to.

She called her family doctor. A whole army of doctors would be put to work at research if necessary. Her doctor was at the hospital. Isbel called the hospital. Her doctor was operating.

Isbel bit her lip reflectively.

Fifteen minutes later, Thomas, sitting at his desk by the window, saw an ambulance draw up before the door. While he listened to Mrs. Latham's gleeful account of her nervous state, he watched the ambulance idly, wondering why he had not been called in. Emergency cases in the hotel usually brought frantic calls for him.

Mrs. Latham was astounded, the next moment, to see him blanch, bound from his chair and disappear into the corridor. He reappeared on the street in a fraction of a second, jumped into his roadster and pursued the ambulance, which was swaying dizzily north.

Tommy prayed as he drove. He also ignored traffic lights and the bellows of policemen. He thanked heaven that he had not been at the other end of the office when they carried her out.

Five blocks down the avenue, he managed to draw abreast of the shrieking vehicle and hail the driver. He persuaded him, by urgent gestures, to come to a full stop. By convincing the driver that he was Isbel's doctor, he gained admission to the ambulance. "Don't," he said, "go to a hospital. She's slightly deranged. I'll handle it. Just keep driving."

The driver scratched his head perplexedly. "Do we get paid for this joy ride?" he said.

"Of course."

When Thomas climbed in the back, Isbel said weakly, "Don't joggle me when you take me out."

Tommy sat down beside her. She opened her eyes. For a moment, she observed him with slight hostility. Then, remembering that her days might be numbered, she decided to be charitable. "You don't have to come," she said.

"Isbel . . ." Tommy said.

Isbel wriggled. "You . . . you might have called me Isbel before I got sick," she said. "That's the way all things happen, too late."

"It's not too late, darling," Tommy said.

Isbel forgot that she was near death, and sat up. "Tommy Berents," she said, "I've been hoping and h-hoping that some day you'd c-call me d-darling, and now you have, and now I can't do anything about it, an-and I think it's rotten of you . . . I m-mean a m-man might preserve a de-decent silence under the cir-circumstances. No woman with an incurable disease can de-decently accept a m-man in marriage, and that's what I w-wanted to con-confess to you, that I loved you, and all that t-tosh about reports was just tosh, and I'm g-going to cry, and I h-haven't got a handkerchief, and it seems to me that if Cu-uffy had been any sort of friend, he wouldn't have sent you to me, b-because he knew that every woman who ever saw you f-fell in love with you, and I'm jealous of all of them, and . . . give me your handkerchief . . . the liver I sent you was just m-meanness, but I had to make you no-notice me some way, and now I have, and it's too-o *la-ate!*"

TOMMY squirmed in his seat and reached out for her. "Isbel darling," he said, "it's not too late, and you're not ill. I love you, and I meant to tell you so when I came back upstairs, but . . ."

"You're just the noble kind of man who w-would m-make a sacrifice like that," Isbel sobbed, "and I'll never forget you for it, Tommy, but all the same, I can't accept it . . ."

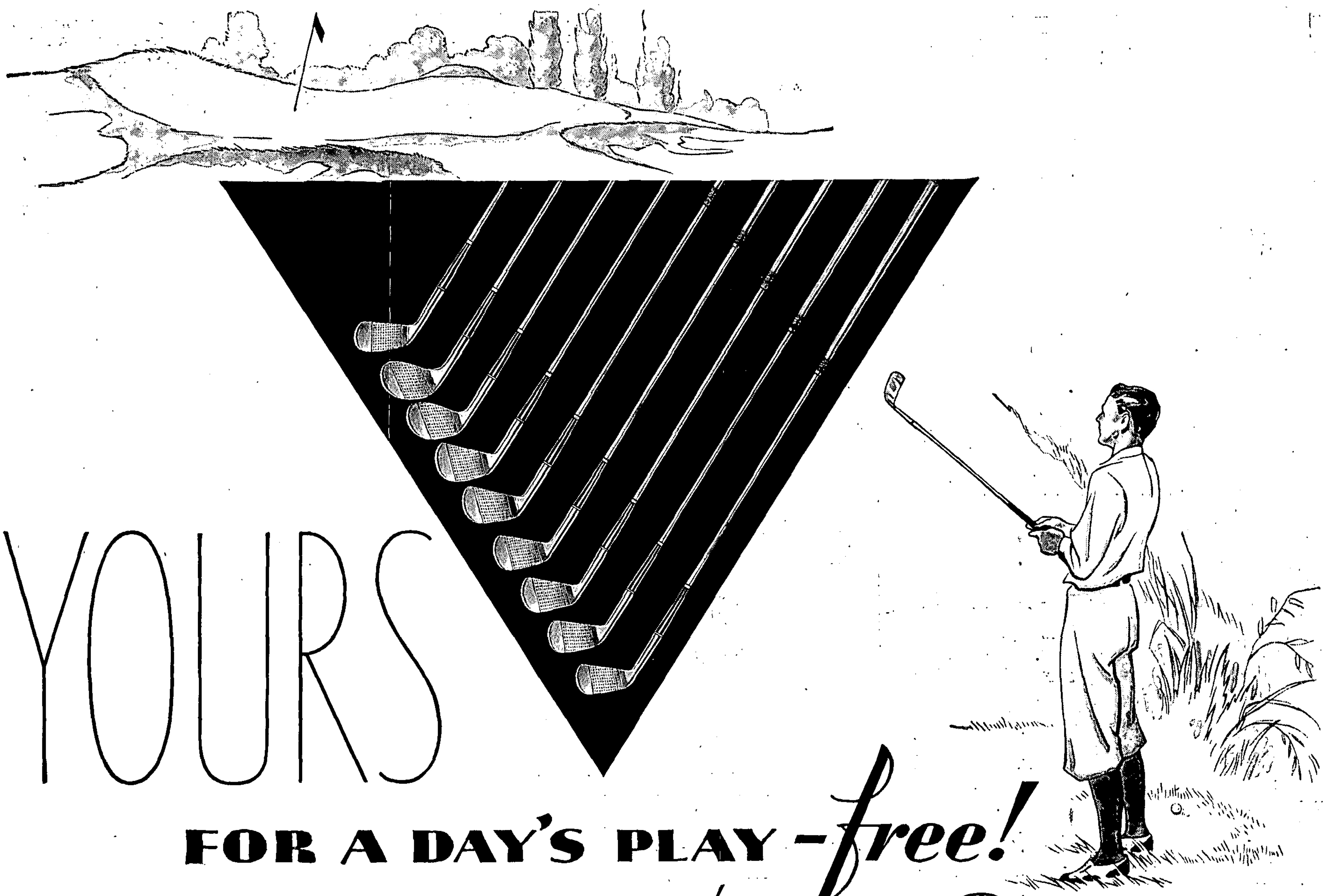
Tommy grew desperate. "Isbel," he said, "you're going to marry me, and I'm going to cure you."

This startled Isbel out of her sobs. "Wh-what has marriage got to do with it?"

"Your disease, translated," Tommy said miserably, "means chronic cussedness."

Isbel drew herself up and stared him in the eye. "Tommy Berents, have you the gall to sit there and tell me that this has all been a joke?"

And Tommy, who was going to cure her disease, got off to a flying start. He wriggled and said, "Darling, it was all Cuffy's idea. . . I didn't know what he was going to do. . . ."



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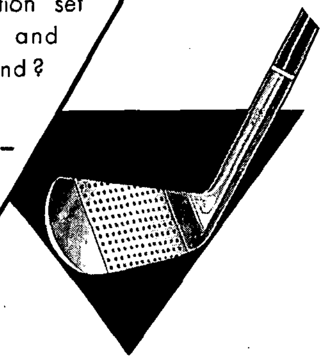

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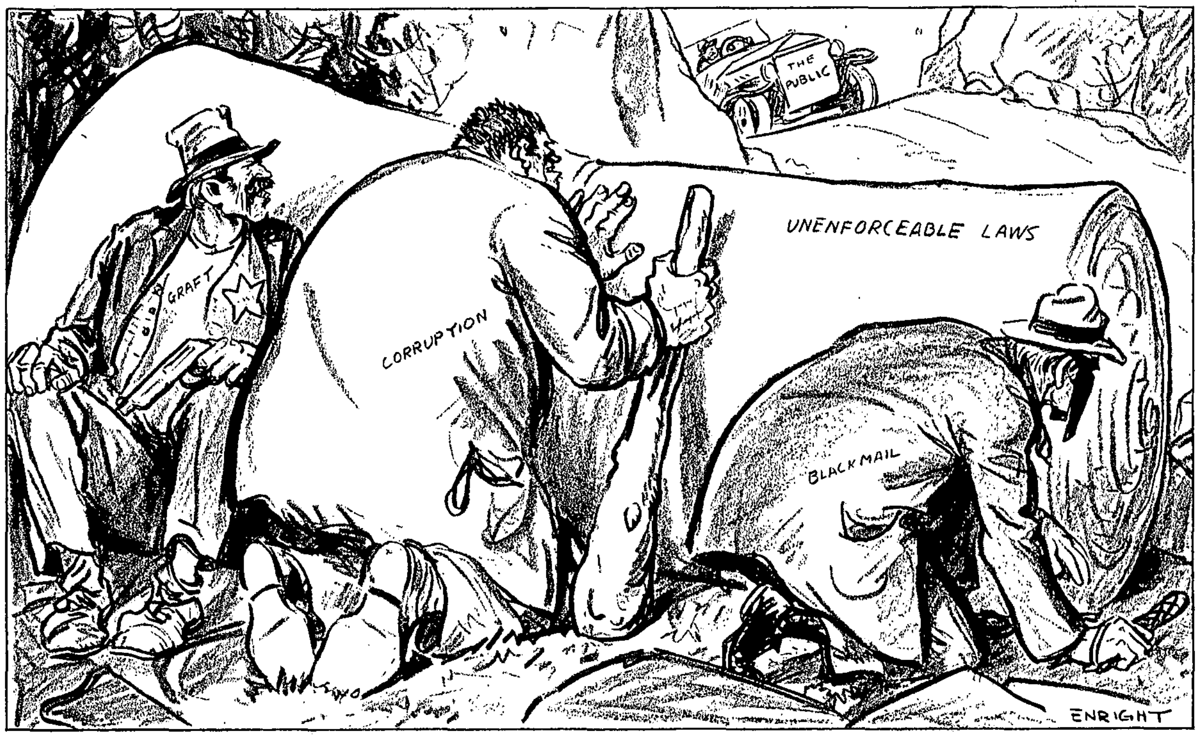


IF YOU are looking for real signs of sensible progress in this country, consider the matter of our motor laws.

A few years ago nearly every state in the Union had on its statute books traffic laws which few obeyed. Speed was ridiculously limited. Fifteen and twenty miles an hour were the common legal limits in villages and cities and only ten or fifteen more miles were allowed in the open country.

Of course the laws were ignored and most of the violators went scot-free. A few were arrested, sometimes justly and often arbitrarily.

Unenforceable statutes and ordinances made the majority of motorists lawbreakers. Policemen, constables and other law-enforcement agents actually had discretionary power to arrest almost anyone they pleased to stop.

The consequence was widespread corruption. The motorist who knew he was technically guilty of breaking a traffic rule would easily succumb to the temptation to give the traffic cop five dollars or more rather than go to a court in which unquestionably he would be fined whether guilty or innocent unless he had active political support.

This system of petty graft and minor injustice bred contempt for government. Traffic laws, not only in the cities but in many rural sections, were the source of bribery and senseless governmental tyranny.

Traffic regulation is far from perfect now but, very generally, laws have been reasonably modified. As the law and prevailing custom tend to coincide, less is heard of bribery and of injustice. This kind of corruption is fading out.

In this country we have the habit of passing laws without giving thought to their practicability. After an impracticable law has been passed, the police have to exercise discretion in enforcing it.

Such discretion is an open and an irresistible invitation to bribery. Human nature being what it is, weak and greedy officials will inevitably use their opportunities corruptly or at least unfairly.

This habit of heedless legislation, of writing hopes and aspirations into laws regardless of the consequences, goes deep into our history.

Nearly every city thus writes into its building codes provisions which are not enforced and which often never were intended to be enforced.

An inspector sometimes approaches a building owner and calls attention to certain deviations from the code which were allowed or ignored during construction.

The infraction of the law may be wholly unimportant from any consideration of health or safety. Nevertheless it exists. The building owner has the alternatives of investing a large sum in unimportant structural changes or of giving the inspector and those with whom he shares his loot a much smaller sum.

Too many otherwise honorable men yield to the temptation to bribe an official merely to eliminate a nuisance.

Prohibition, of course, is the most spectacular illustration of our attempt to make a law of an aspiration. Nothing in our history has ever proved to be such a shocking breeder of corruption and of contempt for law. Yet prohibition is but a glaring example of a confirmed national habit.

Our economic history is filled with vain attempts to enforce unworkable laws. Often, fortunately, the law has been frustrated without actual money bribery but the effect upon government has been evil.

The anti-trust laws were designed to stop the formation of huge corporations and to accelerate the development of small businesses. The law was meant to keep business small at a time when railroads, the telegraph, the telephone and other tools of mechanical invention made it profitable for men to operate large organizations.

The consequence has been that law has been tortured into meanings utterly fictitious. The anti-trust laws and all the other brood of laws intended to hamstring large business organizations have not checked the drift. They have made for indirection and insincerity in public officials and, where politics was on a low level, for actual corruption.

Because Congresses and legislatures passed business laws which ignored the facts of our economic life, the courts, especially the Federal courts, have assumed the responsibility for making rules by which business can live. Today the decisions of the United States Supreme Court and not the laws of any state or of the United States are the actual guides of business.

The remedy for this sort of stupidity is of course to repeal those laws which experience has proved unworkable and to consider much more expertly the consequences of proposed new legislation.

So far as motor traffic is concerned the law is being accommodated to the facts. Bribery is disappearing as the temptation to bribery is withdrawn. Motor laws are more respectable.

The impulse to change came unquestionably from the vast spread of motoring. When twenty-odd millions drive, the legislatures have to consider the motorist vote.

What has been accomplished in this one field exhibits magnificent possibilities. Prejudice and ignorance wrote the first traffic laws, and nullification and bribery resulted. Experience and technical inquiry suggested the basis of progressive legislation, and bribery disappears while respect for the reasonable statutes increases.

For Greater Safety on Every Highway

EVERY FORD CAR IS EQUIPPED WITH A SHATTER-PROOF GLASS WINDSHIELD

For greater safety in driving, every Ford car is equipped with a Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield. By reducing the dangers of flying glass, it has saved many lives and prevented injuries in automobile accidents.

The value of this important safety factor has been known for years, but its use has been limited by expense. It is brought to you on the Ford as standard equipment only because of the efficiency and economy of Ford methods. Much pioneering work has been done to find ways to manufacture in large volume at low cost.

It is interesting to know how the Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield of the Ford is made and why it gives so much extra protection. Two pieces of plate glass, carefully ground and polished, are covered on one side with a thin coating of gelatine. This coating is baked hard, sprayed with liquid celluloid and treated with a solvent.

Then, between the two pieces of glass, like the middle of a sandwich, is inserted a layer of special celluloid. This also has been treated with a solvent.

When heat and pressure are applied to the glass sandwich, this solvent helps to dissolve the surfaces in contact and they are actually fused together. The final operation is sealing the edges as protection against air and moisture.

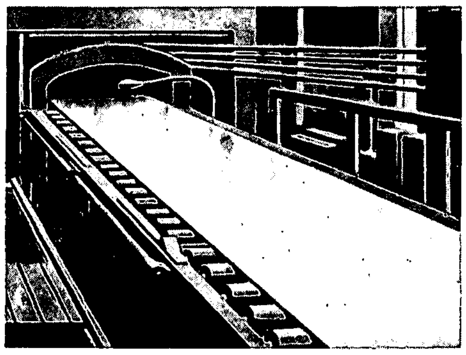
This laminated windshield will withstand a 50% harder impact before breaking than plate glass of equal thickness, and is more flexible under impact.

When struck an unusually hard blow it will crack, but the danger from flying glass is minimized because the pieces adhere to the layer of celluloid. Many improvements in methods and material have been made in the past three years.

Today, Triplex shatter-proof glass is recognized as one of the greatest contributions to safety since the introduction of four-wheel brakes. High speed and crowded traffic emphasize the need of the protection it affords. It is another reason why the Ford is so often referred to as a "value far above the price."

No Flying Glass Here

A woman and three children were in this Ford when a passing car upturned a horseshoe in the road and sent it crashing into the windshield. No one was hurt because of the shatter-proof windshield. The glass did not fly.



13,000,000 *Square Feet of Glass*

The Ford Motor Company was the pioneer in making glass by a continuous machine process. Its manufacturing economies and unusual facilities make it possible to give you a Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield on the Ford without extra cost. The Rouge plant alone has a capacity of 13,000,000 square feet of glass annually. This calls for a yearly consumption of 27,300,000 pounds of silica sand, 8,580,000 pounds of soda ash, 7,930,000 pounds of limestone, 1,820,000 pounds of salt cake, 6,136,000 pounds of cullet, 78,000 pounds of charcoal, and 156,000 pounds of arsenic.

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The Ford Victoria—one of many body types. You may purchase the Ford on convenient, economical terms through th Authorized Ford Finance Plans of the Universal Credit Company.

ADVANCED G M FRIGIDAIRE REFRIGERATION

To the Father

of a young woman about to go in for housekeeping

Doubtless your daughter will receive a bountiful abundance of asparagus tongs, book ends and backgammon sets . . . and doubtless, too, there will be quite a nice check tucked away in an envelope marked "From Father". . .

But, if you will ask your wife, she will tell you that a thoroughly modern electric refrigerator is about the best "surprise present" that can be bestowed upon a brand new home-maker . . . it's such a perpetual sort of gift . . .

Now, of course, the Bride (especially this particular Bride!) desires the Best . . . and there are *many* good electric refrigerators to choose from . . .

Did you know that Frigidaire, always in the forefront of its field, is responsible for developments in the past fifteen years that have made household refrigeration so healthful, convenient and economical?

The Frigidaire shown in the adjoining photograph, for instance, offers advantages you would possibly not expect to find in any refrigerator.

And we believe that every Frigidaire Dealer has enough facts and figures and thermometers and hygrometers to *prove* it to the satisfaction of any open-minded man. Why not take an hour off, one of these days, visit our display room and see for yourself?

Frigidaire Hydrator

Incased in pure white porcelain

Frigidaire offers a new standard of Advanced Refrigeration

This new Frigidaire stands for all that is modern in refrigeration. It provides a service so complete, so far beyond the ordinary, that once you investigate you will never be satisfied with less.

You will be delighted with the outstanding beauty of the pure white cabinet in Porcelain-on-steel . . . with the desserts you can freeze so quickly by turning the "Cold Control". . . with the ice cubes that tumble so easily from the Quickube Ice Tray . . . with the crisp, fresh vegetables you take from the Hydrator.

And your enthusiasm will continue to grow as you use Frigidaire. For time and use will bring out the advantages of the seamless, acid-resisting interior . . . the service-shelf top . . . the elevated food shelves . . . the quiet, concealed, surplus-powered unit that uses current only a few hours a day.

Best of all, the very improvements and refinements that make Frigidaire the *advanced* refrigerator, make possible many important savings in the home. Frigidaire is the truly economical refrigerator for you to own. Frigidaire Corporation, Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.

FRIGIDAIRE

>>>>>>>>>>>> THE NEW ALL WHITE PORCELAIN-ON-STEEL FRIGIDAIRES ARE SOLD WITH A THREE-YEAR COMPLETE GUARANTEE <<<<<<<<<<<<